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WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LONDON:
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

J. Brown sculp.

Yrs Ever W Landor

Walter Savage Landor Esq.

From a painting by [illegible] R.A.

LONDON, CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

Walter Savage Landor

A Biography

By

John Forster

Volume First

1775 - 1821

Landor's Birthplace at Warwick

London: Chapman & Hall

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A BIOGRAPHY.

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BY JOHN FORSTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

1775–1821.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.
1869.

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Note. All the letters quoted in this book are from original sources, and, with a few exceptions specially stated, have not before been printed.

CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I. Certain references that occur in this volume might be misleading without a mention of the fact that the commencement of it was written in the winter of 1865, and that the entire volume was printed off in the summer of 1867. The completion of the book has been necessarily delayed until now (1869).

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p. 34 note, l. 4 from bottom, "Arella" should be "Avella."
62, in the mention of Studley-castle, "a mile and a half" should be "fourteen miles."
81, title of § IX. should be "*Walter Birch, and Succession to Family Estates.*"
84, l. 3 from bottom, "were" should be "was."
100, l. 12 from bottom, "her" should be "his."
110, l. 7 from bottom, "Warwickshire" should be "Staffordshire."
114, last line, insert comma after "another."
115, l. 7 of second par. "learning *and*" should be "learning *or*"
153, l. 6 from top, "from" should be "for."
169, l. 4 of second par. "Cambacères" should be "Cambacérès."
171, l. 7 from bottom, "himself" should be "itself."
196, l. 13, "he" should be "we."
239, text and note, "Requelme" should be "Riguelme." So also at p. 353.
258 note, l. 1, "reached him" should be "was received."
269, l. 8 from bottom, "stages" should be "steps."
293, l. 6 from top, "through" should be "thorough."
376, transpose asterisk from "gnats" in l. 2 to "replies" in l. 3.
497, ll. 7 and 8 from bottom. The allusion to the poem quoted should be altered to "first printed in its present form some years after this date."

VOL. II. p. 232, here, and in some other places, "Crabb" should be "Crabbe;" and I have somewhat post-dated Landor's introduction to Mr. Robinson. They knew each other earlier.
307, here, and occasionally elsewhere, "Carey" should be "Cary."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

BOOK FIRST.

1775–1797. ÆT. 1–22.

WARWICK, RUGBY, OXFORD, AND SWANSEA.

I. *Introductory.* II. *The Landors and the Savages.* III. *Birth and Childish Days.* IV. *At Rugby School.* V. *At Ashbourne.* VI. *At Trinity College, Oxford.* VII. *Before and after Rustication.* VIII. *First published Book.* IX. *A fair Intercessor.* X. *A Moral Epistle.* XI. *Retreat to Wales.*

I. INTRODUCTORY.

I AM not insensible to what is generally taken to be expressed, in matters of literature as in many other things, by great popularity. The writer whom crowds of readers wait upon has deserved his following, be it for good or ill; and the desire to read without the trouble of thinking, which railways have largely encouraged and to which many modern reputations are due, has not prevented the growth of other reputations that will outlive the contemporaries who conferred them.

But with this popular literature which in some

form always exists, changing its form with the age, there has existed at all times a literature less immediately attractive but safer from caprice or vicissitude; and finding its audiences, fit however few, the same through many ages. England has been very fortunate in it. Its principal masters have been the men who from time to time have purified, enlarged, and refixed the language; who have gathered to it new possessions, extending its power and variety; but whose relation for the most part to their reading contemporaries, far from that of the petted or popular favourite, has been rather that of the thoughtful to the little thinking or the learned to the little knowing. They have been too wise for the foolish, and too difficult for the idle. They have left unsatisfied the eager wish for the sensational or merely pleasurable on whose gratification popularity so much depends; and they have never had for their audiences those multitudes of readers who cannot wait to consider and enjoy. Taking rank with this rare class is the writer, WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, of whom I am about to give some account.

It is not my intention to speak otherwise than frankly of his character and of his books. Though I place him in the first rank as a writer of English prose; though he was also a genuine poet; and there is no exaggeration in the saying of one of his American admirers,* that, excepting Shakespeare, no other writer has furnished us with so many or so delicate aphorisms of human nature; his faults lie more upon the surface than is usual with writers of this high order. It was unfortunate for him in his early years that self-control was not necessarily forced upon a temperament which had peculiar need of it; and its absence in later time

* Mr. J. Russell Lowell of Boston.

affected both his books and his life disastrously. Even the ordinary influences and restraints of a professional writer were not known to him. Literature was to him neither a spiritual calling, as Wordsworth regarded it; nor the lucrative employment for which Scott valued it. Landor wrote without any other aim than to please himself, or satisfy the impulse as it rose. Writing was in that sense an indulgence to which no limits were put, and wherein no laws of government were admitted. If merely a thing pleased him, it was preëminent and excellent above all things; what for the moment most gratified his will or pleasure he was eager to avouch wisest and best, as in the thing that satisfied neither he could find suddenly all opposite qualities; and though a certain counterpoise to this was in his own nature, his opinions generally being wise and true, and his sympathies almost always generous and noble, it led him frequently into contradictions and extravagance that have deprived him of a portion of his fame.

There is one person who better than myself could have done what I am about to attempt. The younger of Landor's two surviving brothers, the Rev. Robert Eyres Landor, would on every account have been the best biographer of one to whom he is not more closely akin by birth than by a curious similarity in his genius. But while this yet was possible the occasion had not arisen; and what Landor himself desired I should do, is now undertaken at the further request of both those brothers, who have given to it all necessary help. Of what kind this has been, the reader will have ample means of judging; and if the early portion of the biography should awaken any interest in him, he will find it to have been chiefly derived from the characteristic and pleasing letters of Mr. Robert Landor.

II. The Landors and the Savages.

Landor's father was a physician. "It was, I believe, "not unusual," his brother writes to me, speaking of ninety or a hundred years ago, "for even the eldest "sons of private gentlemen to engage in some pro- "fession during their father's lifetime, if their fathers "were not old. The regular army could afford but "little room for them. Perhaps the greatest number "were educated in your profession, as best qualifying "them to manage the business of after-life. But some "preferred medicine. Our father took his degree at "Worcester-college, Oxford, and succeeded Sir Charles "Shuckborough, an old Warwickshire baronet. A still "older baronet many years after, who lived in the "adjoining parish to Ipsley-court, was first Doctor "and then Sir Charles Throckmorton. The different "branches of the medical profession were kept much "more distinct a hundred years ago than at present. "After the death of his father and his own succession "to the two Warwickshire estates, our father resigned "his practice, and lived part of the year at Ipsley- "court and part at Warwick."

At Warwick was born Doctor Walter Landor's most famous son, the first issue of his second marriage. Of the six children born to his first marriage, with the daughter and heiress of Mr. Wright of Warwick, all but one died in childhood; and this daughter, on whom had been settled the bulk of her mother's fortune, married a Staffordshire cousin, Humphrey Arden of Longcroft. Doctor Landor's second wife was Elizabeth Savage, eldest daughter and co-heiress with her three sisters of Charles Savage, the head of an old Warwickshire family

the bulk of whose property had been transferred to a younger branch who bore the name of Norris. The paternal fortune, not very large even before it was divided, the eldest daughter shared with her three sisters; but after her marriage to Doctor Landor, two estates in Warwickshire, Ipsley-court* and Tachbrooke (clearbrook), were bequeathed to her by the representatives of the Norris branch of her family, two great-uncles, very wealthy London merchants; and so much of the original land of the Savages of Tachbrooke was thus restored. The condition of strict entail to the eldest son accompanied the bequest, as if the object were to revive so far the consideration and condition of the old family; and, Doctor Landor's paternal estates in Staffordshire being in like manner entailed, there remained for the younger children that might be born to his second marriage, apart from any possible bequests from other relatives or prudent savings by their mother, only the succession to a smaller estate in Buckinghamshire left

* In a letter to me of August 1852 Landor described Ipsley-court, which with his Lanthony estate has descended to his eldest son, as having been purchased by Mr. Samuel Savage early in the last century, with some farms and a park. "He never resided there; and his "steward, the rector of the parish, took down the noble old house, "leaving only the two wings, one of which my father inhabited, "adding a dining-room of thirty feet or more. The whole length "exceeds ninety. The opposite wing contains offices, stables, coach-"houses, &c. These wings were added in the time of Charles II. "Nothing can be less architectural. The views are extensive, rich, "and beautiful. My father cut down several thousand pounds "worth of oaks; my mother as many. It is about forty years since "I saw the place; but there are still, I hear, oaks of nearly a cen-"tury's growth." I must in candour add, that his earlier allusions are less complimentary. In a letter to his sister Elizabeth from Florence in 1830, he asks about the new tenant of Ipsley, and hopes he has taken it for many years. "Never was any habitation more "thoroughly odious—red soil, mince-pie woods, and black and greasy "needlemakers!"

equally to her and her three sisters by the same Mr. Norris, after expiry of the life-interest in it of another descendant from the same family, the Countess of Conyngham. This estate was called Hughenden-manor, and is now the property of Mr. Disraeli.

Well-born as Walter Savage Landor thus was, on the side of both parents, no title can yet be established for such claim to high consideration or remote antiquity on the part of either, as from time to time has been put forth in biographical notices of him, and even in his own writings. For here the reflection has to be made,—strange in its application to such a man,—that, possessing few equals in those intellectual qualities which he was also not indisposed to estimate highly enough, he was not less eager to claim a position where many thousands of his contemporaries equalled, and many hundreds surpassed him. I had on one occasion the greatest difficulty in restraining him from sending a challenge to Lord John Russell for some fancied slight to the memory of Sir Arnold Savage, Speaker of Henry the Seventh's first House of Commons; yet any connection beyond the name could not with safety have been assumed. When he says in one of his Imaginary Conversations that his estates were sufficient for the legal qualification of three Roman knights, he is probably not far from the truth; but it is much more doubtful whether any one of his forefathers of either family possessed in land an income equal to his own before it was squandered by him. Between the two classes of the untitled gentry of England his family by both father and mother held a place of which any man might have been proud; but it was not exactly all he claimed for it. To the rank of those powerful commoners of a former age who were not less than the noblest either in name or

influence, it did not belong; but it ranked with the highest and oldest among that class of private gentlemen who stood between these and the yeomanry,—men of small but independent fortunes, equally respectable, and educated not less well; and, during several generations, the property of both Landors and Savages had thus been held and handed down by their eldest children. There is pleasant allusion to these matters, and to his brother's occasional weakness respecting them, in one of Mr. Robert Landor's letters.

"It seems that the family was seven hundred years "old, and several notices of my brother's death repeat "the same tale. We may go back about halfway,* but "no farther. Some of us enjoyed provincial honours "and offices; and Walter believed that a certain Arnold "Savage was the Speaker of the House of Commons of "that name. One of my churchwardens had a sister "with whom I searched the parish registers for certain "ancestors of hers. Finding only parish officers, not

* The reference here is to the Savages: the Landors, as will be seen towards the close of the letter, being more certainly of older date. Family-deeds in Mr. Henry Landor's possession, witnessed by Robert de la Lande and Peter de Bracebridge, must have dated before the statute of Quia Emptores (1268); and Mr. W. H. Bracebridge, writing to Mr. Henry Landor seven years ago, throws some light on the claim to a more remote antiquity. "In Dansey's 'Lives of the Crusaders' "(p. 60) I find our names again together, viz. that of 'Robert de la "'Lande, of that family which held manors in Warwickshire,' and "of 'Peter de Bracebridge, (who) took upon him the sign of the "'cross—of a family of this name of consideration in Warwickshire.' "This was in 1191. It is also stated by Dansey that at the siege "of Acre (when an assault was made on that town), the English "and Germans attached ladders to the walls; whereupon the Pagans "tied cords to them, and tried to drag them over the walls; whereon "Ralph Telli, Humphrey de Pell, and *Robert de la Lande* and Roger "Glanville mounted the ladder and put out the Greek fire which had "been thrown on it, but Telli mounting higher cut the ropes with "his sword" (p. 122).

" one of whom rose higher than a yeoman, the lady,
" who was indeed very handsome, assured me that they
" were descended from Julius Cæsar quite directly; and
" was much pleased on learning from me that this Ju-
" lius was descended from Iulus, the son of Æneas, the
" son of Venus: and thus I could account for beauty in
" herself, both divine and imperishable. She was forty;
" and I gained the character, soon lost again, of ex-
" treme politeness. I related this anecdote to my bro-
" ther, who could not apply it. In a translation of
" Rabelais published about fourteen years ago, I found
" the word *Landor** applied to such fools as were supreme
" among all other fools; and a long note was required
" to enumerate their varieties. Till then I did not be-
" lieve that any language could contain so many oppro-
" brious terms, so whimsical and contemptuous. The
" last time that my brother was at Birlingham I tried
" to read the long list of them, but was interrupted by
" such loud screams as must sometimes have shaken
" both your library and mine. There was not only
" astonishment but delight in his laughter. When I
" suggested that probably our ancestor was the greatest
" fool among all those who accompanied the Conqueror,
" and thus acquired the highest place and name, he ac-
" cepted the priority. But then he might have reserved
" for himself the power to escape. For it appears that
" our name originally was Del-a-La'nd (De la Laundes);
" and my brother Henry has in his keeping some old
" writings conveying an estate signed and sealed in
" that name. When it was that so many Norman
" names gained English terminations, as must have
" been the case, the heralds know best."

* The word 'landore,' the reader need hardly be told, is not a fantastic name, but the old French word for a heavy fellow.

III. Birth and Childish Days.

The family identity of fools and Landors does not seem long to have survived the laughter of Rabelais. Some of the name did good service in the civil wars of Charles and Cromwell; and Staffordshire had a stout whig Landor for its high-sheriff in the reign of William the Deliverer, whose grandson, falling off from that allegiance, stood up as stoutly for the jacobites, and whose great-grandson was the leading physician in Warwick, when, on the 30th January 1775, in the best house of the town, facing to the street but overshadowed at the back by old chestnuts and elms, the eldest child of himself and Elizabeth Savage of Tachbrooke, christened Walter and Savage, was born. The other children of the marriage may at once be named. They were Charles, Henry, and Robert; Elizabeth, Mary Anne, and Ellen: born respectively in 1777, 1780, and 1781; in 1776, 1778, and 1783. The three daughters died unmarried; Charles and Robert entered the Church, after taking their degrees at Oxford; and Henry, who had been at Rugby with Walter and Charles and desired to have gone like them to Oxford, had, upon his brother Robert obtaining a scholarship to that university from Bromsgrove-school, to yield to his father's doubt whether his income could properly support all three sons at college, and himself to enter the office of a London conveyancer.

It was the elder brother's misfortune in his youthful days that he alone should have wanted the healthful restraints which the others underwent of necessity. No care with a view to a profession had any need to find a place in his thoughts. He stood first in the

entail of the family estates; and if he could confine his desires within such limit, and live meanwhile on his father's allowance, he had simply to qualify himself for improving or wasting them. This he too well knew; and though his father, as he observed in Walter the development of unusual intellectual promise, would eagerly have imposed upon him corresponding duties and obligations, the attempt only led to disagreements, and the unsettled wayward habit was never afterwards reclaimed.

Landor once proposed to send me reminiscences of his life. He had been reading the delightful fragment of the days of Southey's boyhood, and the fancy struck him to write from time to time some such recollections of his own. But he went no further than his sixth year, finding the difficulties beyond that date to be insuperable; and unfortunately his letters were so carefully, for better preservation, slipped into some book at the time, that they are not now to be discovered. It was in vain I urged him to continue what he had been eager to begin. He had satisfied himself of the propriety of abstaining. He had found that though in boyhood we stand alone we are afterwards double in more and better than the Platonic sense, and that no instrument is fine enough for the amputation. I pressed him no farther.

There remains no remembrance of Landor's infancy or childhood, therefore, beyond such expressions as he now and then himself let drop in old age. Writing in 1853 from the house in which he was born, and which his sister Elizabeth occupied till her death in the following year, when the last witness of his childish days passed away, he mentions having picked up from the gravel-walk the first two mulberries that had fallen; a

thing he remembered to have done just seventy-five years before. Tachbrooke alternated with Warwick in these child-memories. From his seventh year he had associations with the Tachbrooke garden; and when near his eightieth year he directed the now owner of the house, his brother Henry, to the exact spot where he would find the particular apple-tree of one of their boyish adventures, "close upon the nut-walk, and just of the "same size and appearance as it was seventy years ago." To this old place he was indeed especially attached, and his allusions to it were incessant. It was the scene of his earliest games and sports, where his "heedless child-"hood played, a stranger then to pain;" where his boyhood too soon had run through its few happy days; and where often he wished that he might find his final rest. These are the expressions continually applied to it in letters to members of his family, while his memory still could go back even beyond his seventh year. To his brother Henry in 1852 he exclaimed: "Dear old "Tachbrooke! It is the only locality for which I feel "any affection. Well do I remember it from my third "or fourth year; and the red filberts at the top of the "garden, and the apricots from the barn-wall, and aunt "Nancy cracking the stones for me. If I should ever "eat apricots with you again, I shall not now cry for "the kernel."

As soon as he could quit the nursery he had been sent to a school at Knowle, ten miles from Warwick; and even of this time, when he had reached the age of about four years and a half, his letters have a recollection which is worth preserving. Writing to his sister Ellen from Florence at the close of 1831, he says: "I remember when I went to Knowle an old woman "coming from Balsal-Temple to little Treherne for a

"guinea, which he paid her yearly. She was 102 "when I was four and a half; so that it is in the range "of possibility that she might have seen people who "had seen not only Milton, but Shakespeare, Bacon, "Spenser, and Raleigh. I myself have conversed with "a man, not remarkably old, who had conversed with "Pope, Warburton, and Fielding."*

* Other portions of this letter are so curious that the reader will thank me for preserving them. Adverting to an old Warwick friend's death he continues: "She must have died extremely old: she was "old forty years ago. I have an acquaintance here, an American "by birth, formerly a painter, who remembers the election of Pope "Ganganelli. He was in America when General Wolfe was killed— "'*but a mere child, as you may suppose*,' says he. He is now a "hundred and thirteen or fourteen, and will not own that he is "above eighty-nine, until reminded of Wolfe and Ganganelli. On "this occasion, some years ago, he said, 'Yes, sir, I am eighty-nine; "'I was eighty-nine at the time you mention; and eighty-nine I "'will stick at, to the last.' He painted the picture of the late Lord "Middleton and his family about sixty years ago, at Middleton; "soon after which he declined the profession because he found him- "self growing old. Fifty-five years ago he walked with a stick— "since that time he has left it off. He keeps late hours, and is not "very abstemious in food or wine. A little while ago, somebody had "read in the papers of a man in Russia who was a hundred and "thirty-two years old. When this was told him, he said, 'I daresay "'that he is more, but won't own it: people when they are *getting a* "'*little in years* don't like to say any thing about it.' His hearing "is perfect. I asked him one day in joke, How he liked William "Penn. He did not perceive that I was quizzing him, although he is "very suspicious, but answered gravely, 'Penn, *I believe*, was dead "'before my time—at all events his estate was a good way from "'Philadelphia.' 'Then you never even saw him.' 'No, no—not I.'" Continuing what is said in the text of the man who had conversed with Pope, and who will shortly again be mentioned, Landor adds: "This was Dr. Harrington of Bath, who at the time I mention was "not above seventy-two years old. He told me that he dined with "old Allen at Prior Park when he was about ten or eleven years old, "and saw there Pope and Warburton; and several years afterwards "(five or six) Fielding. Pope died the year afterwards, that is, in "1745. But old James Smith, my American, might have had gray "hairs in his head at Pope's death." I do not know what Lord

Another incident of a year and a half's later date he recalled when writing to Southey in 1811 of his Lanthony estate in the Vale of Ewias, and its infinite variety of flowers—those "beautiful and peaceful tribes" he so often wished that he knew more about. "They always "meet one in the same place, at the same season; and "years have no more effect on their placid countenances "than on so many of the most favoured gods. I re- "member a little privet which I planted when I was "about six years old, and which I considered the next "of kin to me after my mother and elder sister. When- "ever I returned from school or college, for the attach- "ment was not stifled in that sink, I felt something like "uneasiness till I had seen and measured it. There is "no small delight in having a friend in the world to "whom one dare repeat such folly." With a delight that may perhaps be measured by the surpassing beauty of the lines in which it is expressed, he repeated the folly in later years to a wider audience.

"And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold."

Varied at the same time with these enjoyments of youth were its other commoner occurrences, which bring to most of us a foretaste of the later troubles. All the trials he ever underwent, he declared repeatedly, were as

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Macaulay would have said to all this; but he might probably, and rightly, have demurred at the outset—that the evidence did not satisfy him. It is curious, however.

nothing to his sufferings over grammar and arithmetic, of the last of which he remained ignorant all his life "according to the process in use." And a still worse calamity, a deep lower than the lowest, was dancing: so that when he came to have a son of his own present age, he had gloomily to prophesy that he bid fair to be a worse dancer than he had himself been, for quite vainly had he striven to impress upon him the dreadful truth that all other miseries and misfortunes of life put together were nothing to this.

IV. At Rugby School.

From Knowle, when about ten years old, Landor was transferred to Rugby; at that time under Doctor James, a scholar of fair repute who did something to redeem the school from the effects of the long and dull mastership that preceded his. Many stories are told of Landor here, and some that in his old age obtained sanction from himself, which must nevertheless be pronounced apocryphal.

He is said to have been without a rival in boxing, in leaping, and in all sports allowed or forbidden; to have been the boldest rider and most adventurous despiser of school-bounds of whom the Rugbæans of that day boasted; and to have astonished equally the townspeople, the schoolboys, and the masters by a reckless defiance of authority. That he defied authority, here as in most other places, is certain enough; but the methods and modes described are not those he is likely to have used. The picture of him on horseback out of bounds galloping beyond the reach of pedestrian authority, bears small resemblance to the studious wilful boy, at once shy and impetuous,—not indeed backward in the ordinary

sports of the school, but in boxing not more than the equal of any of his three brothers, of whom none were in a remarkable degree pugnacious or skilful, and in riding certainly inferior to them all. Charles more especially, the brother next to himself, was his admitted superior in athletic exercises; and Rugby recollections have doubtless given to Walter many of the exploits of this younger brother, always more active and fonder of country sports, and to whom the language quoted would be more applicable though still extravagant. Charles had a larger and finer presence, both as boy and man, and to the last was an admirable horseman. Walter was of strong build, but never in early or later life rode well; and though he took part in cricket,* football, and other games, and was even famous for the skill with which he threw the cast-net in fishing, he was at all times disposed rather to walk by the river-side with a book than to engage in such trials of strength and activity. In one of his letters he remarks both of school and college days that he oftener stuck in the middle of a Greek verse than of a brake; and he writes on one occasion to Southey much in the style of an inexpert horseman: "I was very fond of riding when I

* Other allusions to Rugby may be worth giving from one of his letters to his sister Elizabeth from Florence in January 1831. Mentioning the fact of the publication of Dr. Buckland's book on Geology, he describes having dined with the Doctor three years before at Lord Dillon's, and adds: "He told me I little suspected, when I was playing "at cricket at Rugby, that I was running over some hundreds of "hyenas. Several parishes in that neighbourhood are resting entirely on immense droves of these brutes. He says they must "have occupied the world before men did, yet the marks of their "teeth are still visible on the thigh-bones one of another.—I have "been reading a book which I was laughed at for reading when "at Rugby, and which I believe I then threw aside, *Sandford and "Merton.* I find it one of the most sensible books that ever was "written for the education of children."

"was young, but I found that it produces a rapidity in "the creation of thought which makes us forget what "we are doing." His brother Robert tells me that he never followed the hounds at Rugby or any where else, and that when he kept three horses he never mounted one of them; they were only for his carriage. Average-sized as he was, he was the least, though not the weakest, of the four brothers; well-shaped, but not in youth so good-looking as those who knew him only in after-days would imagine.

For a moment I recall the well-remembered figure and face, as they first became known to me nearly thirty years ago. Landor was then upwards of sixty, and looked that age to the full. He was not above the middle stature, but had a stout stalwart presence, walked without a stoop, and in his general aspect, particularly the set and carriage of his head, was decidedly of what is called a distinguished bearing. His hair was already silvered gray, and had retired far upward from his forehead, which, wide and full but retreating, could never in the earlier time have been seen to such advantage. What at first was noticeable, however, in the broad white massive head, were the full yet strangely-lifted eyebrows; and they were not immediately attractive. They might have meant only pride or self-will in its most arrogant form but for what was visible in the rest of the face. In the large gray eyes there was a depth of composed expression that even startled by its contrast to the eager restlessness looking out from the surface of them; and in the same variety and quickness of transition the mouth was extremely striking. The lips that seemed compressed with unalterable will would in a moment relax to a softness more than feminine; and a sweeter smile it was impossible to conceive. What was best in

his character, whether for strength or gentleness, had left its traces here. It was altogether a face on which power was visibly impressed, but without the resolution and purpose that generally accompany it; and one could well imagine that while yet in extreme youth, and before life had written its ineffaceable record, the individual features might have had as little promise as they seem to bear in a portrait* of him now before me belonging to his brother Henry, and taken in his thirtieth year. The eye is fine; but black hair covers all the forehead, and you recognise the face of the later time quite without its fulness, power, and animation. The stubbornness is there, without the softness; the self-will untamed by any experience; plenty of energy, but a want of emotion. The nose was never particularly good; and the lifted brow, flatness of cheek and jaw, wide upper lip, retreating mouth and chin, and heavy neck, peculiarities necessarily prominent in youth, in age contributed only to a certain lion-look he liked to be reminded of, and would confirm with a loud long laugh hardly less than

* An engraving of this portrait of him in his thirtieth year, and another of a painting of him by Boxall on the eve of his seventy-eighth birthday, illustrate these volumes. With Boxall's work he was greatly pleased, and wished it to appear in any posthumous edition of his writings. "I care little," he wrote to me in December 1852, "how many folks look at me when it is clear and evident that I "do not step out to be looked at. If I have any vanity or affecta-"tion, let me at least have the merit of concealing it. No author, "living or dead, ever kept himself so deeply in the shade throughout "every season of life. Perhaps when I am in the grave, curiosity "may be excited to know what kind of countenance that creature 'had who imitated nobody, and whom nobody imitated: the man 'who walked thro' the crowd of poets and prose-men and never 'was toucht by any one's skirts: who walked up to the ancients 'and talked with them familiarly, but never took a sup of wine or a crust of bread in their houses. If this should happen, and it probably will within your lifetime, then let the good people see the old man's head by Boxall."

leonine. Higher and higher went peal after peal, in continuous and increasing volleys, until regions of sound were reached very far beyond ordinary human lungs.*

With this accompaniment I have heard him relate one Rugby anecdote that is certainly authentic. Throwing his net one morning in a stream to which access on some previous occasion had been refused to him, the farmer who owned the land came down upon him suddenly; very angry words were exchanged; and Landor, complying quite unexpectedly with a peremptory demand for his fishing apparatus, flung the net over the farmer's head with such faultless precision as completely to entangle in its meshes his enraged adversary, and reduce him to easy submission. Nor did he less riotously laugh at the relation of one of his many differences with the head-master in his later years at the school, when he would entangle him as suddenly in questions of longs and shorts; and the doctor, going afterwards good-naturedly to visit him in his private room, would knock vainly for admission at the bolted study-door from within which Landor, affecting to discredit the reality of the visit or the voice, and claiming there his

* There is so good a description of this laugh in a clever article of the *London Quarterly Review* shortly after Landor's death, that the reader will thank me for quoting it. The writer is speaking of his morning calls in Bath, with his small Pomeranian dog, as events to the friends he visited. "He used to enounce the most *outré* "opinions; and when some sentiment more extravagant than the "rest had excited the laughter of his audience, he would sit silent "until they had finished laughing, then he would begin to shake, "then to laugh aloud, *piano* at first but with *crescendo* steadily "advancing to the loudest *fortissimo;* whereupon Pomero would "spring out from his lair, leap into his master's lap, add his bark "to Landor's roar, until the mingled volume of sounds would swell "from the room into the sleepy streets, and astonish if not scanda-"lise the somewhat torpid Bathonians who might be passing by."

right to protest against all intrusion of the profane, would devoutly ejaculate *Avaunt Satan!*

Among his schoolfellows was Butler, afterwards head-master of Shrewsbury and Bishop of Lichfield; but Landor had the reputation in the school of being the best classic. The excellence of his Latin verses was a tradition at Rugby for half-a-century after he left; and one of the fags of his time, a peer's son, has described the respectful awe with which he read one day on the slate, in the handwriting of Doctor James himself, "Play-day for Landor's Latin verses." His familiarity with Greek was less conspicuous, that language having become his more especial study only in later years; and there is doubtless some truth in the playful allusion of one of his letters written when he was eighty-four. "I have forgotten my Greek, of "which I had formerly as much as boys of fifteen have "now. Butler, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, and "myself were the first at Rugby or I believe any "other school who attempted a Greek verse. Latin "I still possess a small store of."* But what would seem most to have marked itself out as peculiar in his mastery of both Greek and Latin, even so early as his Rugby days, was less what masters could teach him than what nature herself had given him. This was a character and habit of mind resembling closely that of the ancient writers; ways of seeing and thinking nearly akin to theirs; the power, sudden as thought itself, of giving visual shape to objects of thought; and with all this, intense energy of feeling, and a restless activity of imagination, eager to reproduce themselves in similar forms of vivid and picturesque expression. It was this that gave originality to his

* Letter to Lady Sawle, 8 Feb. 1858.

style, even while he most appeared to be modelling himself upon antiquity. He had the Greek love of the clear, serene, and graceful, of the orderly and symmetrical; he had the Greek preference for impulsive rather than reflective forms of imagination; and he had the sense of material grandeur, and the eager sympathy with domestic as well as public life, peculiar to the Latin genius. In this way to the last he was more himself of the antique Roman or Greek than of a critical student of either tongue; although the marvellous facility with which he had been writing Latin verse from his youth gave him always a power over that language which might well supply the place of more severe requirements of scholarship. Very largely also during all his life had the power contributed to his own enjoyment; and it is in this view, rather than in the light of tasks or lessons, we have to speak of his classical attainments even so far back as his boyhood. Such acquaintance with parsing, syntax, and prosody as the Rugby exercises at that time called for, cost him of course no effort; and long before he had formally qualified for the rank he was practically the first Latinist in the school. His tutor was Doctor Sleath, the late prebend of St. Paul's;* but though this good man had some influence over him, it was exerted in vain to induce him to compete for a prize poem. "I never "would contend at school," he wrote in one of his last letters to Southey, "with any one for any thing. I "formed the same resolution when I went to college,

* Among his papers I found interesting proof that age had not obscured his recollection of kindnesses received at Rugby, in the copy of a note he had sent with his Collected Works in 1846 to his old tutor. "My dear Dr. Sleath, Do not fatigue your eyes with reading "the small print I send you; but accept it graciously from your "ever obliged and affectionate W. LANDOR."

" and I have kept it." With something of the shyness that avoided competition, there was more of the pride that would acknowledge no competitor; and he was in truth never well disposed to any thing systematised either in pursuits or studies. What he did best and worst, he did in his earliest as his latest life for the satisfaction of his own will or pleasure.

The subject thus adverted to will frequently recur, and frank confession of my want of qualification to speak of it critically must accompany all remarks of my own. I will yet venture to say of his Latin verse, which he wrote as abundantly as English and of which he had himself the higher opinion, that I believe more of the pleasure of original poetry to be derivable from it than from any other modern Latinity; and though here and there it seems to me to be somewhat difficult in construction, it has never any thing of the schoolmaster's expletives or phrases, but in that as in other respects may be read as if a Roman himself had written it. Nor is it less certainly to be said of his Greek, that though he more rarely composed in that language, he had the sense inseparable from a poet and scholar of the vast superiority of its literature, and derived from it an influence that in his own original writing became strikingly visible. He is one of the dozen men in a generation who can be said to have read Plato through in his own tongue; and when he had passed his eighty-fifth year he read in the original Greek the whole of the *Odyssey*. I will add a remark from one of his brother's letters. " At school and college he had gained " superiority over his companions, and, seventy years " ago, very little Greek was sufficient for such dis- " tinction. There are better scholars passing from our " public schools now than were then the fellows of my

"college who had taken their master's degree. But "Walter increased his Latin all his life long, because he "had pleasure in it. He had also a fondness for the "derivation of words: reading the Port-Royal Gram- "mar twice through, and Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary "once.* But it was not till after he had left England, "and was preparing to qualify himself for the *Imaginary* "*Conversations* and *Pericles and Aspasia*, that he applied "his thoughts thoroughly to Greek literature; and even "then his reading was very confined. His friends must "regret his estimate of Plato especially. But there was "no deception, no false pretence, in his criticisms. He "did not affect more scholarship than he possessed: "but because his contemporaries had once been in- "ferior to him, he believed that they must ever remain "at the same distance from him; that they must be "inferior still; and hence the appearance of too much "pretension. Compared with such scholars as the "Universities are producing now, he was a very idle "student, idle indeed. You will accept these opinions "of mine as worth hardly a moment's consideration, "unless they are confirmed by your own; for I am "now, and ever have been, as ill-qualified to estimate "Walter as he was to estimate Plato. Parr once de- "scribed him to me as a most excellent Latin scholar "with some creditable knowledge of Greek; and I be- "lieve that not much more could be said fifty years "later. Nor did he pretend to more."

Of any taste as yet developed in him for particular branches of English reading or study, there is no trace; but one of his letters to Southey in 1811 tells us of his

* "Of the Greek Grammar," he tells Southey in one of his letters, "I knew so little at seventeen that I read over the Port-Royal "yearly for more than twenty years."

first literary purchase. "The two first books I ever "bought were at the stall of an old woman at Rugby. "They happened to be Baker's *Chronicle* and Drayton's "*Polyolbion*. I was very fond of both, because they "were bought by me. They were my own; and if I did "not read them attentively my money would have been "thrown away, and I must have thought and confessed "myself injudicious. I have read neither since, and I "never shall possess either again. It is melancholy to "think with how much more fondness and pride the "writers of those days contemplated whatever was be-"longing to *Old* England. People now, in praising "any scene or event, snarl all the while, and attack "their neighbours for not praising. They feel a con-"sciousness that the foundations of our greatness are "impaired, and have occasioned a thousand little cracks "and crevices to let in the cold air upon our comforts. "Ah, Nassau and Oliver!—*Quis vobis tertius hæres?*" Certainly neither Sidmouth nor Castlereagh, Southey would himself have answered; and the mere tone of the question is some proof that the purchase from the old woman's stall was indeed a good one, and that to have read "attentively" at this time of life two such hearty old lovers of their country as Baker and Drayton had left a wholesome impression on this Rugby boy.

On the same form with him and Butler, all four having entered at about the same time, were Henry Cary and Walter Birch, both of them also Landor's contemporaries at Oxford. Writing from Florence at nearly the close of his eighty-fifth year,* he says: "Do "not despise Cary's *Dante*. It is wonderful how he "could have turned the rhymes of Dante into un-"rhymed verse with any harmony: he has done it.

* Oct. 23, 1860: the letter is addressed to Mr. Robert Lytton.

"Poor Cary! I remember him at Rugby and Oxford. "He was the friend of my friend Walter Birch, whom "I fought at Rugby and who thrashed me well. He "was a year older, and a better boxer: we were inti- "mate ever afterwards, till his death."* Many letters remain to attest this intimacy, which, a few years after Landor's brief residence at Oxford, his brother Robert closely shared on coming into residence at Worcester-college; Birch having by that time obtained a fellowship at Magdalen, and deservedly high repute among the most distinguished men in the other colleges. His elder brother was second master at Rugby;† and Landor often generously spoke of Walter Birch himself as having been the best Rugby scholar, as well as the boy with whom he had formed his closest and indeed his only real friendship. "I see this morning," he wrote to me in 1854, "that Routh, the President of Magdalen, is dead. He "was made president just before I entered the uni- "versity. The first scholar admitted to his college "after the election was my friend Walter Birch, the "best scholar at Rugby not excepting Butler. We "used to walk together in Addison's walk along the "Cherwell. From Rugby we had often gone to Bilton, "one mile off, a small estate bought by Addison, where

* "Cary," the letter goes on in characteristic fashion, "had some "subordinate place in the British Museum. He was a learned and "virtuous man. Our ministers of state were never more consistent "than in their neglect of him. One would imagine that they were "all poets, only that they did not snarl or scowl at him."

† To this brother of his friend, Landor sent a copy of his Collected Works in 1846 with the subjoined note: "My dear Dr. Birch, My "old friendship with your brother Walter, my only one at Rugby, "gives me a right of sending to you what it is the will of Providence "that I cannot send to him. Accept it as a mark of my esteem for "your manly character and graceful erudition; and believe me, my "dear Dr. Birch, yours sincerely, W. S. LANDOR."

" his only daughter, an old fat woman of weak intellect,
" was then living, and lived a good while after—three
" or four years. Surely I must have assisted in another
" life!"

Beyond such glimpses as these, there is little more to relate of his Rugby days. Though he had not many intimacies in the school he was generally popular and respected, and used his influence often to save the younger boys from undue harshness or violence. This is mentioned in some recent recollections by one who was with him at Rugby; and an illustration may be added from a letter of his brother Henry's, when both had passed their seventieth year. "Do you think I ever
" forgot your kindness to me at Rugby, in threatening
" another boy who ill-used me if he again persisted in
" similar conduct? Or your gift of money to me at
" that time, when I verily believe you had not another
" shilling left for your own indulgences?" * A like interference on behalf of another schoolfellow of his own standing, with whom otherwise he had little in common, led to an intimacy that should be mentioned here; not for any thing it adds to our knowledge of his school-days,† but because it brought pleasant associations to

* Henry to Walter Landor: Tachbrooke, 2 Jan. 1847.

† I shall be forgiven for quoting a letter to myself of August 1851, as well for its incidental mention of Rugby and its other amusing references, as for its closing allusion to Walter Birch and Coplestone. Mentioning a writer "who likes to be fine" as having been
" scornful at ladies (by possibility) *eating with their knives*," he goes on: "He means using them as we generally use forks. Every
" body did it before silver-pronged forks were common. When I
" was at Rugby we had only steel forks of three prongs. Verily do
" I believe, on recollection, that they were only of two until the age
" grew delicate. It is probable that our Sardanapalus George the
" Fourth had no silver fork at eight or nine years of age. Coryat
" in his *Crudities* is horrified at the luxury of the Venetians, among
" whom he first saw such a portent. I once observed a French lady

his later life. Between him and Fleetwood Parkhurst, son of an old Worcestershire squire descended from the Fleetwoods and Dormers, there was a discordance of taste and temper in most things: yet their connection survived the Rugby time; they met frequently after their school-days; they visited each other's families; Parkhurst was the only Rugby boy who went with him to the same college at Oxford; and they travelled on occasions together until quite thrown asunder by a quarrel,* which nevertheless in no respect abated the affection already conceived for his son's friend by the elder Mr. Parkhurst, and continued through the old squire's life. At Ripple-court on the banks of the Severn, the family house, there was for years no happier guest; and when nearly half a century had passed, and Fleetwood's youngest sister had wedded a public man of distinction to be named later in this narrative,

" of high rank, no less a personage than a duchess, not only use her " knife as a baker uses his shovel, but pick her teeth with it, resting " her elbow on the table. In France the Graces seem to leave the " room when the ladies sit down to dinner. They are certainly more " free and easy at such times than ours are. Nine in ten of ours " would think it indecorous to *cut* their turbot, but would rather " tear it in pieces and besmear their plates with it. The more fools " they—as well as the more inelegant. Turbot, by the fork alone, is " almost as indomitable as venison. If I were anybody of conse- " quence, I should like to shock Squire ——'s ultra-Chesterfieldism " by a display of my manipulation on a turbot four inches thick. " He should see the precision of my quadratures.—I am glad you " think highly of Coplestone. He was the friend of my friend " Walter Birch, who had only a single unworthy one, WALTER " LANDOR."

* I find in one of Landor's letters of 1844 a reference to the close of the life of this companion of his youth. He had fallen dead in the streets of Bristol. " Little as poor Parkhurst is to be " respected, I am shocked and grieved at his death. A happier one, " however, there could not be. I shall often think of our early " friendship and our happier days."

Landor reminded her of days still gratefully remembered.

"Where Malvern's verdant ridges gleam
Beneath the morning ray,
Look eastward: see Sabrina's stream
Roll rapidly away. . . . .
The Lord of these domains was one
Who loved me like an only son."*

Remaining at Rugby till he was past his fifteenth year, he had meanwhile been joined there by his younger brothers Charles and Henry; and in a letter to the latter written in 1847 we get our first glimpse of their father, Doctor Landor, at this early time. Naming some communication received from the head of the Lawley family, he says Lord Wenlock had reminded him that their families had been intimate for sixty years, but that his own memory carries him farther back. "It is sixty-five years since Sir Robert Lawley stood "godfather to our brother Robert. I was at Canwell

* The poem from which these lines are taken was sent to Mrs. Rosenhagen in May 1839 with a letter in which he tells her: "I "am not quite so young as I was, nor quite so free from cares and "infirmities as you remember me at Ripple. Believe me, I very "often think of the very kind friends who received me there with "such cordiality. Your father was as fond of me as if I had been "his son; and never did I shed so many tears for the loss of any "man." In one of his letters of 1830 from Florence he prays his sister Elizabeth not to omit to tell her that he often thinks of the many happy days he spent at Ripple. "I believe I should shed "tears if I saw the place again. No person in my early days was "so partial to me as her father was." Finally let me give from another of his letters a dialogue (not altogether imaginary) illustrative of this friend of his youth. "My excellent old friend Mr. "Parkhurst was appointed by Lord North to be one of the commis- "saries to the armies in North America. On his return he met Lord "North in the Park. 'What, Parkhurst! you a commissary! and "'in your old family coach?' 'Yes, my lord! thank God! and "'without a shilling more in my pocket than when I set out.' 'A "'pretty thing to thank God for!' rejoined my lord."

" (so was Charles) with my father when I was about " eleven years old. We went coursing, for we rode our " ponies. One morning we went into the stable, and " Sir Robert said to my father, stopping in a certain " spot, 'Landor, how many bottles of port have we " 'drank together just about here?' 'Better talk of " 'dozens, Sir Robert,' said my father. He and his " father must have known my grandfather, for he " quoted as a saying of his father's that my grandfather " was *an honest dog for a Jacobite*, and screamed with " laughter as he said it." It was but a year after this incident that young Walter had a visitor who might have seemed not wholly unconnected with those dozens of port, and to have brought him unsought and premature instalment of his entailed estates of inheritance. The alarm was a false one, this particular legacy going to his younger brothers; but the reader will appreciate the quiet humour with which one of them, who received from his father no better portion, tells the tale.

"Though followed," writes Mr. Robert Landor, " by two younger brothers as soon as they could be " received at Rugby, there remains nothing worth re- " cording till he was twelve years old—when a violent " fit of the gout, gout which might have qualified him " for an alderman, restored him to his mother's care at " Warwick. Never was there a more impatient suf- " ferer; and his imprecations, divided equally between " the gout and his nurses, were heard afar. It is also " strange that there never was any return of this dis- " order. Our father suffered from it, and all three of " the younger brothers; but though Walter's appetite " much surpassed the best of ours (or the worst), he " escaped it during more than seventy years. However " active at dinner, he was always temperate after it;

" and I never saw the smallest sign of excess, though " he greatly enjoyed three or four glasses of light wine. " He remained at Rugby till fifteen or sixteen, and " gained the character of more than common scholar- " ship by his Latin verses especially. However violent " his temper might have been, I think that he was " liked as well as respected by his schoolfellows; for " some of them, whom I knew many years later, always " remembered him with pleasure."

But before finally quitting Rugby, an event of importance in a poet's life is to be recorded. While still in the school and not more than fourteen, he had written his first original verses; with a certain sobriety of tone as well as absence of commonplace in the metre not usual in so young a beginner, and probably derived from exercises previously made in translations of which we can premise a word or two on his own authority. "The only " Latin metre I ever tried in English," he told Southey when thanking him for his *Vision of Judgment* in 1824, " is the Sapphic. This is extremely easy. When I was " at Rugby I wrote a vast number, and some few at " Oxford. My earliest attempt was the translation of " Sappho's odes: of which I remember only a part of " the first stanza—no very good specimen. First I had " written 'O Venus, goddess'—afterwards 'Venus! " 'O goddess both of earth and heaven.' The next I " forget. The third was,

" 'From the sublime throne variously tinged
Hear my petition!' "

This sort of practice was no bad preparation for his first original attempt, made upon a cousin's marriage at her own request, and on the whole not worse or better than such things commonly are. But more interesting

than the verses themselves is the letter I find with them in his papers, endorsed by himself "Miss Norris," addressed to "Mr. Landor, at Rugby," and written from his father's house in Warwick. The writer, who was of the family from whom his mother derived the estates of Ipsley and Tachbrooke, had obtained some influence over him, and here uses it to confirm what was best in his tastes and temper, with correction of what was worst in both. She thanks him for his poetry, thinks it exceedingly pretty, and wonders he should hesitate a moment to present it to the lady who requested he would write it for her. He is to recollect that at his age people are not to expect a Milton or a Pope; and that should any inaccuracies occur, which she assures him she has not been able to discover, they will be attributed to youth and inexperience. She says that Mrs. Landor desires her love to him, and hopes he received her letter and some pigeons she had sent for him and his brothers. She sends Doctor Landor's respects; and says he has not been able to find for her an earlier poetical piece containing Walter's thoughts on public and private education, which he had wished that she should read. "I cannot help," she continues, "admiring your way of employing your time. Youth is doubtless the season for study and improvement; and though we may not at all times find it agreeable, yet when we consider how despicable a figure the ignorant and uninformed make, it excites us to persevere with unceasing industry. I think you are much in the right to make the most learned your friends and companions; but permit me to say, that though I think a proper spirit commendable and even necessary at times, yet in my opinion it is better to submit *sometimes* to those under whose authority we are, even

" when we think they are in fault, than to run the risk " of being esteemed arrogant and self-sufficient." The date of the letter is the 23d of September 1790, little more than a year after the fall of the Bastille; and the revolt against authority it rebukes with such wise tenderness, has relation to one of the many differences between the scholar and his master which had occurred at this time. Landor was afterwards so willing to forget these encounters, and to recal nothing of the old doctor not kindly and grateful, that the allusion to them now shall be brief.

He seems to have thought, when in the school, that Doctor James either would not or could not appreciate what he did in Latin verse, and that when he was driven to take special notice of it, he took the worst and not the best for the purpose. Thus, when told very graciously on one occasion to copy out fairly in the Play-book verses by himself of which he thought indifferently, Landor in making the copy put private additions to it of several lines, with a coarse allusion beginning, "Hæc sunt malorum pessima carminum " quæ Landor unquam scripsit," &c. This offence was forgiven; but it was followed by another of which the circumstances were such as to render it impossible that he should continue longer in the school. The right at first was on Landor's side, for Doctor James had strongly insisted on, and the other as firmly had declined, the correction of an alleged false quantity found really not to exist. But, apart from the right or wrong of the dispute, an expression in the course of it rudely used by the pupil, and not necessary to be repeated here, was very sharply resented by the master; and when the matter came to be talked about, only one result was possible. " When between fifteen and sixteen,"

writes Mr. Robert Landor, "he was not expelled from "Rugby, but removed as the less discreditable punish- "ment, at the head-master's suggestion. There was "nothing unusual or disgraceful in the particular trans- "gression; but a fierce defiance of all authority, and a "refusal to ask forgiveness."

Yet not so should we part from his Rugby days. He has himself given a picture of one of the latest of them appealing to kindlier remembrance. Sitting by the square pool not long before he left, he had written a little poem on Godiva; and, in a note to his Imaginary Conversation on the charming old Warwickshire story, he not only relates how the schoolfellow to whom he showed his earlier effort laughed at him, and how earnestly he had to entreat and implore him not to "tell "the other lads," but he repeats the verses. With which, as he transcribes them in his villa at Fiesole, there comes back to him the very air of the schoolboy spot in which first they were written, and fervently he wishes that the peppermint may still be growing on the bank by the Rugby pool. It is a pretty picture, and the lines themselves are of a kind to haunt the memory.

"In every hour, in every mood,
O lady, it is sweet and good
To bathe the soul in prayer;
And, at the close of such a day,
When we have ceased to bless and pray,
To dream on thy long hair."

V. At Ashbourne.

Rugby had nevertheless given pretty nearly all in the way of scholarship she had to give to Landor, when he was thus, though still too young for the university, compelled to bid her adieu. An intermediate place be-

tween school and college it was necessary to provide; and, writes Mr. Robert Landor, "at sixteen he was con- "signed to the tuition of a clergyman living in Derby- "shire who had no other pupil, and who seemed well "qualified for the office by patience and gentleness. "Walter always spoke of him with respect; but though "by no means ignorant, the tutor had very little more "scholarship than the pupil, and his Latin verses were "hardly so good as Walter's." This was Mr. Langley, Vicar of Ashbourne,—the charming country village Landor has so prettily described in his delightful conversation of Walton, Cotton, and Oldways, where he takes occasion also to render tribute to his worthy old tutor, and makes Walton say of such masters and their scholars that they live like princes, converse like friends, and part like lovers. "He would take only one private pupil," he says in a note to that conversation, "and never had "but me. The kindness of him and his wife to me was "parental. They died nearly together, about five-and- "twenty years ago. Never was a youth blessed with "three such indulgent and affectionate private tutors as "I was; before by the elegant and generous Doctor "John Sleath at Rugby, and after by the saintly Ben- "well at Oxford." In a letter to myself written hardly eleven years ago, he makes another allusion to these days passed in Derbyshire between sixty and seventy years before which may be worth preserving.* "My "old tutor at Ashbourne, poor dear Langley, had seen "Pope when he came to visit Oxford from Lord Har- "court's at Nuneham. Doctor Harrington of *Oceana's*

* Other similar allusions were frequent; as in a letter to me of 1851. "It is exactly sixty years since I saw Chatsworth. I was at "that time under a private tutor at Ashbourne, having just left "Rugby, and being a little too young for Oxford."

" family dined at Allen's, where he did not meet Pope " but did meet Fielding. Pope, I believe, was then " dead. Harrington was almost a boy, fourteen or fif- " teen years old. He sat at dinner by his father, and " Fielding on the other side. Warburton was there, " and with great pomposity made a speech eulogistic " of Allen, who had said a few words modest and un- " important. 'Gentlemen,' said Warburton, 'many of " 'us have enjoyed the benefits of a university education, " 'but which among us can speak so wisely and judi- " 'ciously?' Fielding turned his face round to Har- " rington and said pretty loudly, 'Hark to that syco- " 'phantic son of a —— of a parson!' I doubt whether " the double genitive case was ever so justly (however " inelegantly) employed."* When recollections such as these came back to Landor, he might be pardoned the exclamation we have lately heard from him, that surely he must have assisted in another life! Born in the year when the English colonies in America rebelled; living through all the revolutions in France, and the astonish-

* I permit myself to add, as every way very characteristic of the writer, then on the eve of his eightieth year, the closing lines of this letter of my old friend. He was waiting at the time the visit I generally paid him on his birthday. "In the twentieth year of the British " Republic some old man may recount tales of you and me. He " will not be a very old man, if public affairs are managed another " year as they have been this last.

' FORSTER! come hither, I pray, to the Fast of our Anglican Martyr.
Turbot our Church has allow'd, and perhaps (not without dispensation)
Pheasant; then strawberry cream, green-gages, and apricot-jelly,
Oranges housewives call *pot*, and red-rinded nuts of Arella,
Filberts we name them at home—happy they who have teeth for the crackers!
Blest, but in lower degree, whose steel-arm'd right-hand overcomes them!
I, with more envy than spite, look on and sip sadly my claret.' "

ing career of the great Napoleon; a sympathiser with the defeated Paoli and the victorious Garibaldi; contemporary with Cowper and Burns, yet the survivor of Keats, Wordsworth, and Byron, of Shelley, Scott, and Southey; living while Gibbon's first volume and Macaulay's last were published; to whom Pitt and Fox and even Burke had been familiar, as were Peel and Russell; who might have heard Mirabeau attempting to save the French Monarchy, and Mr. Gladstone predicting the disruption of the American Republic; it would seem strange that a single life should be large enough for such experiences, if their very number and variety did not suggest the exaggeration of importance that each in its turn is too apt to receive from us all, and impress us rather with the wisdom of the saying of the greatest of poets, that

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of: and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

When the two years at Ashbourne were passed, they had left some profitable as well as pleasant remembrances. He dated from this time his better acquaintance with some of the Greek writers, especially Sophocles and Pindar; he turned several things of Cowley into Latin Sapphics and Alcaics; he wrote a few English pieces; and he translated into verse the *Jephthah* of Buchanan, a poem afterwards destroyed, but of which he had himself so high an opinion that he said he could not have improved it even after he wrote *Gebir*. I should strongly have doubted this, upon examination of several poems of the present date preserved in the volume collected and printed four years later, for he was still within the trammels of Pope's versification, and though in conception often original, in execution was

still almost always imitative; but that other indisputable evidence is before me of the higher character given gradually to his own style by the mere effort of translating. There was indeed but one stride to be taken to *Gebir*, which appeared within three years after the volume referred to; and the reader will probably admit, at that portion of my narrative, that a more remarkable advance in power was never made, and rarely such an achievement in literature by a man so young. Let me show meanwhile, by example of a poem written at Ashbourne,* in what different ways the same subject was treated now and in the days that were so soon to follow of his greater maturity of mind. It is the difference between a Pope translation and a Greek original.

MEDEA AT CORINTH (1791).

"So, when Medea, on her native strand,
Beheld the Argo lessen from the land;
The tender pledges of her love she bore,
Frantic, and rais'd them high above the shore.
'Thus, thus may Jason, faithless as he flies,
Faithless, and heedless of Medea's cries,
Behold his babes, oppose the adverse gales,
And turn to Colchis those retiring sails.'
She spake: in vain: then madden'd with despair
Tore her pale cheeks and undulating hair.
Then, O, unmindful of all former joys,
Threw from her breast her inoffensive boys;
Their tender limbs and writhing fibres tore,
And whirl'd around the coast the inexpiable gore!"

THE SAME SUBJECT (*a few years later*).

"'Stay! spare him! save the last! . . .
I will invoke the Eumenides no more—

* In a note to one of its lines on the misfortunes of the King of France he remarks, that "When this was written Louis had only "returned to Paris after his flight," which was in 1791: and to the fate which afterwards befel the king he applies a passage from the *Electra* of Sophocles.

I will forgive thee—bless thee—bend to thee
In all thy wishes! do but thou, Medea,
Tell me, one lives!' 'And shall I, too, deceive?'
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice;
And swifter than two falling stars descend
Two breathless bodies—warm, soft, motionless
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
They lie three paces from him. Such they lie,
As when he left them sleeping side by side,
A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks
Between them, flusht with happiness and love.
He was more changed than they were—doomed to show
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarred
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years!"

Even in the earliest poem here quoted, however, which contains also a paraphrase from Cowley, there is greater merit than the Medea passage would indicate. In single verses occasionally there is a happy delicacy of touch, as in the picture of Eve:

"And her locks of gold
Gales, airy-finger'd, negligently hold."

From time to time, too, a personal trait is given with extraordinary force; as where he states his preference for nature and enjoyment over studies and self-mortification.

"Thus, throughout nature every part affords
More sound instruction than from 'winged words.'
By me more felt, more studied, than the rules
Of pedants strutting in sophistic schools;
Who, argumentative, with endless strife,
In search of living lose the ends of life;
Or, willing exiles from fair pleasure's train,
Howl at the happy from the dens of pain."

Of those same "winged words" that could offer instruction higher than the schools, he speaks also not unworthily.

"Had verse not led in adamantine chains
The victims sacrificed on Ilion's plains,
Who would have heard of Hector? who have known
The rage of Peleus's immortal son?"

Nor will space be grudged for a few couplets more; from a poem not now obtainable, and which shows Landor's mastery in writing when he had hardly entered his seventeenth year. He describes the origin of pipe and pastoral.

> "By bounteous rivers, 'mid his flocks reclin'd
> He heard the reed that rustled in the wind.
> Then, leaning onward, negligently tore
> The slender stem from off the fringed shore.
> With mimic breath the whisper soft assay'd—
> When, lo! the yielding reed his mimic breath obey'd.
> 'Twas hence, ere long, the pleasing power he found
> Of noted numbers and of certain sound.
> Each morn and eve their fine effect he tried,
> Each morn and eve he blest the river's reedy side!"

Poets of the highest originality take their point of departure from an imitative stage, and Landor in these verses shows no exemption from the rule. But from the first the influence of his classical studies and temperament is more than ordinarily manifest, and the completeness and rapidity with which it formed his original style is worthy of remark. I have hinted at this in allusion to his *Jephthah* translation. A marked instance has been given in the second version of the *Medea* just quoted; and another more extraordinary presents itself in a translation of one of the most famous episodes in Virgil, which I have found in scraps of his handwriting of the date of 1794, and with which I shall close this section.*

> "The shell assuaged his sorrow: thee he sang,
> Sweet wife! thee with him on the shore alone,
> At rising dawn, at parting day, sang thee.

* Since this was written, I find that these very lines, with extremely trivial alteration, were printed by him in the *Examiner* thirty years ago as having been "written at college." He subsequently reproduced them without that prefatory remark, but with an interesting note, in his *Dry Sticks*.

The mouth of Tænarus, the gates of Dis,
Groves dark with dread, he enter'd; he approacht
The Manes and their awful king, and hearts
That knew not pity yet for human prayer.
Rous'd at his song, the Shades of Erebus
Rose from their lowest, most remote, abodes,
Faint Shades, and Spirits semblances of life;
Numberless as o'er woodland wilds the birds
That wintery evening drives or mountain storm;
Mothers and husbands, unsubstantial crests
Of high-soul'd heroes, boys, unmarried maids,
And youths on biers before their parents' eyes.
The deep black ooze and rough unsightly reed
Of slow Cocytus's unyielding pool
And Styx confines them, flowing nine-fold round.
The halls and inmost Tartarus of Death,
And (the blue adders twisting in their hair)
The Furies, were astounded.
On he stept,
And Cerberus held agape his triple jaws:
On stept the Bard . . . Ixion's wheel stood still.
Now, past all peril, free was his return,
And now was following into upper air
Eurydice, when sudden madness seiz'd
The incautious lover: pardonable fault,
If those below could pardon: on the verge
Of light he stood, and on Eurydice,
Mindless of fate, alas, and soul-subdued,
Lookt back . . .
There, Orpheus! Orpheus! there was all
Thy labour shed, there burst the dynast's bond,
And thrice arose that rumour from the lake.
'Ah, what,' she cried, 'what madness hath undone
Me, and (ah, wretched!) thee, my Orpheus, too!
For, lo! the cruel Fates recall me now,
Chill slumbers press my swimming eyes . . . farewell!
Night rolls intense around me as I spread
My helpless arms . . . thine, thine no more . . . to thee.'
She spake, and (like a vapor) into air
Flew, nor beheld him as he claspt the void
And sought to speak; in vain: the ferry-guard
Now would not row him o'er the lake again:
His wife twice lost, what could he? whither go?
What chaunt, what wailing, move the powers of Hell?
Cold in the Stygian bark and lone was she!
Beneath a rock o'er Strymon's flood on high

Seven months, seven long-continued months, 'tis said,
He breath'd his sorrows in a desart cave,
And sooth'd the tiger, moved the oak, with song.
So Philomela mid the poplar shade
Bemoans her captive brood: the cruel hind
Saw them unplumed and took them: but all night
Grieves she, and sitting on the bough, runs o'er
Her wretched tale, and fills the woods with woe."

Few ancient pieces have been chosen oftener by translators as a ground of competition; yet, from Dryden to Wordsworth, there is no one who has excelled, if any has equalled, this translation by a youth of nineteen. Its minute fidelity to the spirit of the original I will indicate by a touch which all the others have missed. They make the nightingale sitting on "*a*" bough, but Landor restores "*the*" bough; the fatal bough from which the spoiler had taken her brood. But to me the lines are interesting, and are here specially given, for their illustration of the growth of his own genius. If I had met with them any where, not knowing the lines of Virgil, I should have supposed them to be an original poem of the writer's later life. He has nevertheless not passed the imitative stage. His own thoughts have not yet found their style. Their written character is still to come.

VI. At Trinity-college, Oxford.

At eighteen years of age Landor entered as a commoner in Trinity-college, Oxford. It was the memorable year of 1793, which had opened at Paris with the execution of Louis Seize. Of the excitement that prevailed; of the conflicting passions that were raging every where, grief on the one hand at the downfall of ancient institutions, exultation on the other at supposed triumphs of justice and reason; it is needless to speak. To the

young* it was natural to believe that a new world was opening; and the glorious visions that attended it descended largely, it may well be imagined, on the students at both Universities. As Wordsworth says for himself, society became his glittering bride, and airy hopes his children. I cannot find, however, that Landor was at any time much excited in this way. The American rebellion was oftener in his thoughts than the French revolution. He was a Jacobin, but so would have been if Robespierre and Danton had not been. He reasoned little, but his instincts were all against authority, or what took to him the form of its abuse. With exulting satisfaction he saw the resistance and conquests of democracy; but pantisocracy, and golden days to come on earth, were not in his hopes or expectation. He rather rejoiced in the prospect of a fierce continued struggle; his present ideal was that of an armed republic,† changing the face of the world; and as the outbreak of the revolution had not made him republican, neither did its excesses cure him of that malady. He gloried to the last in avowing his preference for a republic; though he would also date his hatred of the French, which he maintained with almost equal consistency, from the day when they slew their Queen. Mr. Shandy might have connected all this with his birth on the anniversary of Charles the First's execution.

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* "Bliss was it in the dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!"
Wordsworth in Coleridge's Ode:
the same words, with change of "the" for "that" in the first line, reappeared in his own *Prelude*.

† Speaking to Southey of Napoleon's career in 1811, he says: "This revives in my mind a toast I was accused of giving at Oxford: "May there be only two classes of people, the republican and the "paralytic!"

He remained at Oxford little more than a year and a half, between 1793 and 1794, and used to call the hours passed with Walter Birch in the Magdalen walk by the half-hidden Cherwell (the road of which Addison was so fond) the pleasantest he could remember, as well as the most profitable. Of his studies there is little to be said. For a portion of the time he certainly read hard, but the results he kept to himself; for here, as at Rugby, he declined every thing in the shape of competition. "Though I wrote better Latin verses than any under-"graduate or graduate in the University," he wrote to Dr. Davy in 1857, "I could never be persuaded, by my "tutor or friends, to contend for any prize whatever. I "showed my compositions to Birch of Magdalen, my old "friend at Rugby; and to Cary, translator of Dante; "to none else." It is at the same time unquestionable that his extraordinary talents, and skill in both the ancient languages, had impressed greatly his tutor Benwell, and the president and fellows of Trinity; and I have heard him say frequently that Benwell ("dear good Ben-"well") shed tears when his favourite pupil was obliged to quit the college. But the Universities then, with far less inducement to study than now, had even fewer restraints than at present exist for youths unable to restrain themselves; the license generally allowed left a man quite equally free to use, abuse, or waste his powers; and we have only to wonder how so many lads of fortune, so let loose at that critical time, could manage to get on in after-life with any kind of credit. I hardly remember an allusion by Landor to the examination-halls or lecture-rooms, except that in the latter, one day, *Justin* was given them to construe, and that though indignant at the choice of such an author, he was reconciled on finding there the story of the Phocæans, which

he straightway began to turn into English blank verse, a measure he had not before attempted.

One other subject that interested him, however, finds mention in his letters. There is allusion in one of them to a small disquisition sent at this time to Doctor Parr, with whom an acquaintance, already formed at Warwick, was soon to ripen into intimacy. The object of the essay was to give opinion as to the origin of the religion of the Druids; and its argument may be very briefly stated. It appeared to Landor that Pythagoras, who settled in Italy and had many followers in the Greek colony of the Phocæans at Marseilles, had ingrafted on a barbarous and bloodthirsty religion the human doctrine of the metempsychosis; for that, finding it was vain to say, 'Do not murder,' as none ever minded that doctrine, he frightened the savages by saying, 'If you are cruel even to beasts and insects, the cruelty will fall upon yourselves; you will be the same.' He explained also the "beans" of the old philosopher in the exact way that Coleridge took credit for afterwards originating; though in this both moderns had been anticipated by sundry other discoverers, beginning with Plutarch himself.*

* See De Quincey's *Autobiographic Sketches*, pp. 146-7 and note. I subjoin what Landor wrote to me in a letter of the 23d Oct. 1854. "To-day, having had a tooth drawn and a jaw in danger of a di- "vorce, I have been reading Mr. De Quincey's *Selections*. I was "amused at finding attributed to the sagacity of Coleridge a remark "on Pythagoras and his beans. I made the same remark in a letter "to Parr, which Dr. John Johnstone wished to publish with all my "others. It may be also found in the letters of *Pericles and Aspasia*, "I believe. Mine to Parr was written in 1794 or thereabouts, and "when the name of Coleridge had never reached me. These are "estrays and waifs not worth claiming by the lord of the manor. "Coleridge and Wordsworth are heartily welcome to a day's sport "over any of my woodlands and heaths. I have no preserves." Since writing this note I have found among Landor's papers Parr's acknowledgment of the letter referred to. "Dear Walter," wrote

But not always so philosophical or remote were his labours out of the lecture-room. Much nearer lay London than either Justin or Pythagoras; the summer of 1794, when Landor's Oxford residence was about to draw to its close, was a time of unexampled excitement; and some notice must be taken of the other than classical subjects in which his ardent temper engaged him. The Scotch judges had transported Muir and Palmer and Gerrard as felons, for desiring parliamentary reform; the English judges were expected to hang Holcroft and Horne Tooke as traitors for "corresponding" with the same desire; and by all this Landor was stung into writing a satire, making himself interlocutor with a clerical friend. He listens to the other's warning:

> "Hush! why complain? of treason have a care;
> You hear of Holcroft and of Tooke—beware!"

and indignantly rejoins:

> "Before a tyrant Juvenal display'd
> Truth's hated form and Satire's flaming blade;
> With hand unshaken bore her mirror-shield:
> Vice gazed and trembled—shriek'd and left the field.
> Shall I dissemble, then?"

following up his question by vigorous denunciation of the war with France, and impassioned appeal to Poland then just rising again:

> "O, bear no longer! longer canst thou bear
> Three royal ruffians thus thy rights to tear?
> Rights that thy guardian countryman has sign'd,
> Freedom's pure page, the lesson of mankind."

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the kindly old scholar, "I thank you for your very acute and "masterly reasoning about Pythagoras, but I am no convert to his "being in Gaul; for the doctrine of transmigration is much older, "and prevailed among the Celts and Scythians long before Pytha- "goras. It is believed, even now, in the north of Europe, and would "naturally suggest itself to any reflecting barbarian. However, you "have done very well in your hypothesis.—I am, with great regard "and respect, dear Walter, your sincere friend, S. PARR."

The friend again interposes:

"Mistaken youth! the milder plan pursue,
To love what statesmen and what monarchs do.
Hence no political, no civil strife,
Thy death will hasten, or torment thy life.
In the same steps the greatest men have trod,
Far our superiors."

To which Landor:

"*I believe in God.*
This only reason, courtly priest! I give.
Go, cease to moralise: learn first to live."

From three other poems of this date, none of them being elsewhere now accessible, brief extracts may also be permitted. The first illustrates the war against liberty by picturing a French village into which it had brought desolation, repaired again, and peace restored, by the arms of the Republic; and both in the thought and in the form of the verse (which, as far as I am aware, he never again used), there is considerable beauty. The "arms unbound" is a touch of the happiest kind—in its careless yet conscious keeping with the spirit of the poem.

"'Twas evening calm, when village maids
With Gallia's tuneful sons advance
To frolic in the jovial dance,
Mid purple vines and olive-shades.

Their ancient sires that round them sit,
Renew in thought their youthful days;
Some try the tottering step, or praise
Their former fame for gallant wit. . . .

But, O, the rulers of mankind
Ruthless their fellow-creatures seize,
Nor radiant eyes nor suppliant knees
Of Beauty can their fury bind . . .

Smoke fills the air, and dims the day:
No more the vine of matted green
Or thin-leaved olive now are seen,
Or bird upon the trembling spray . . .

But o'er yon slope, a willing hand,
With smiles unfeign'd, and arms unbound,
March to the pipe's enchanting sound
From fierce Oppression's proud command.

'Foes once, by force; now happy friends!
Be welcome to the sprightly dance,
To peace, to liberty, to France,
Where pride's accursed empire ends.'"

The second, of which the opening stanzas show the sweet modulation of genuine verse, paints a Sunday morning in May.

"O, peaceful day of pious leisure!
O, what will mark you as you run!
Will Melancholy, or will Pleasure,
Will gloomy clouds, or golden sun?

O, shine serenely: let me wander
Along the willow-fringed way,
Where, lingering in each meander,
Charm'd Isis wins a short delay."

The third is an "Ode to General Washington," in which are lines that not many boys of nineteen have before or since excelled in strength of expression or dignity of sentiment.

"Exulting on unwearied wings
Above where incense clouds the court of kings,
Arise, immortal Muse! arise!
Beyond the confines of the Atlantic waves,
O'er cities free from despots, free from slaves,
Go, seek the tepid calm of purer skies.

* * * *

But, hail thou hero! born to prove
Thy country's glory and thy country's love,
To break her regal iron rod:
Of justice certain, fearless of success,
Her rights to vindicate, her wrongs redress,
Her sceptre to transfer from tyrants to her God.

* * * * *

And even *thou* to Nature's law
Wilt bend, with reverence and majestic awe,

As now to thee thy Country bends:
Yet, O my Washington! the fatal hour
Deprives thee only of an *active* power,
Nor with thy victories thy triumph ends.

* * * * *

The days of playful youth engage
The pleasing memory of age:
Thus, when we fly from toil and pain
Thither, where the Just remain,
No clouds that float beneath can screen
Our former country from our wistful sight!
O Man! how happy to review the scene
Thyself hast blest! how godlike a delight!"

If the rumours that went abroad through Oxford of Landor's fierce and uncompromising opinions had rested only on pieces such as these, he might fairly have challenged the truth of epithets thrown against him by assailants; but unhappily his tongue was under less instinctive control than his pen, and, there being students of his own college who held opinions in the other extreme with as little disposition to withhold expression of them, the result was not favourable to peace in the halls of Trinity. Even among those of Landor's own way of thinking in the university, there were many who seem purposely to have kept aloof from him; not because he was a Jacobin, but because he was a "mad" Jacobin; though it is not at all clear that the epithet might not have been accepted to mean a more sensible sort of Jacobinism than was popular in the particular quarters from which it proceeded. "At Oxford," said Landor, recalling this time in his old age, "I was about the first "student who wore his hair without powder. Take "care, said my tutor; they will stone you for a repub- "lican. The Whigs (not the Wigs) were then unpo- "pular; but I stuck to my plain hair and queue tied "with black ribbon." Hardly for this eccentricity,

however, was the epithet applicable in their mouths who applied it. His inspiration doubtless had been the minister Roland's refusal to go to court in either knee-buckles or shoe-buckles; and, under influence of the same example, a youth six months older than Landor was then also waging at Balliol so fierce a war against old ceremonies and usage that he too had resisted every attempt of the college barber to dress or powder him, and had gone into hall in flowing locks; yet the remark upon the madness of Landor's Jacobinism was given by this very student of Balliol, a few years later, as his only reason for not having now sought Landor's acquaintance. *Gebir* had then appeared and been placed in the first rank of English poetry by the same youth, who in the interval had himself published *Joan of Arc;* when, upon the name of the writer of *Gebir* becoming known to him one day, all the Oxford recollection flashed back upon him. "I now remember," Robert Southey wrote to his friend Humphrey Davy at Bristol, "who the author of the *Gebir* is. He was "a contemporary of mine at Oxford, of Trinity, and "notorious as a mad Jacobin. His Jacobinism would "have made me seek his acquaintance, but for his mad-"ness. He was obliged to leave the University for "shooting at one of the Fellows through the window. "All this I immediately recollected on getting at his "name." The latter recollection was not quite accurate, but the substance of it unfortunately was true;*

* The letter of Southey quoted in the text having been found in 1857 among Sir Humphrey Davy's letters by his brother Doctor Davy, the latter sent a copy of it to Landor, asking him if it was true (which he could "hardly believe, except under extraordinary "provocation"). Landor replied at once; and the reader may be interested to see his brief statement of the occurrence, written after a lapse of more than sixty-three years, and to compare it with the

and it is now necessary to relate the incident which closed Landor's career at Oxford.

I again avail myself of one of Mr. Robert Landor's letters. "At eighteen he entered as a commoner in "Trinity-college, Oxford, and was rusticated after a "year's residence. Again, as at Rugby, there was no "greater offence than might have been overlooked if "the general character had been less ungovernable. "He had fired his fowling-piece into the window of "some one whom he hated for his *toryism*. Refusing "to make any concession, he was rusticated during one "year; but he was almost requested to return at the "year's end, for his abilities were justly estimated." These words have full confirmation in a more detailed account written a few months later by Landor himself to his most intimate friend at the University, which by a singular accident has survived until now. But a few prefatory words are needed to explain what it will also

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detailed account to be shortly given as written at the time, the same number of years before. This later description shows no failure of memory, and no wish to exaggerate or extenuate. Substantially both are the same. "My usual fire of laughter," he writes, "burst forth "on reading your letter. The fire across the quadrangle was hardly "louder or hardly more inoffensive. The fact is this: In the morn- "ing I had been rabbit-shooting; in the evening I had an after- "dinner party. My gun was lying in the bedroom; one of my "guests proposed to fire it at a closed window-shutter opposite—the "room was a man's with whom I had never had a quarrel or spoken "a word. Fleetwood Parkhurst was the only one in my college with "whom I had any intimacy; the rest of the company was mostly of "Christ Church. I should not have been rusticated for two terms "unless the action had been during prayers. Kett who afterwards "hanged himself, and thereby proved for the first time his honesty "and justice, told the president Chapman that he was too lenient. ". . . Southey did not find me quite so mad as he expected when "he visited me at Clifton, the first or second year (I think) of this "century." It was four or five years later than that.

necessarily communicate of Landor's present relations with his father, from which unhappily all that embittered the incident arose; and the reader will understand why I make as brief as possible this unavoidable allusion.

All who knew Doctor Landor adopt the same tone in speaking of him. What is remembered of him by his sons is identical with what I have been able to gather from other sources. The slightest symptom of arrogance or vanity none can recollect in him. He disputed no one's pretensions, and was always silent about his own. With much more than the average amount of sense and learning common to country gentlemen of that time, he made no comparisons, but took his place among them unconscious of any difference that might have placed him far above them. Social and hospitable, he never thought of rivalry. Landor himself used to say of him, that no other person ever equalled the simple pleasantry with which his anecdotes were related; and these had such a charm that his sons were accustomed to provoke their repetition by little artifices, though they could anticipate almost every word. Mentioning this in one of his letters, Mr. Robert Landor continues: "As a magistrate he had a large acquaintance "among the senior barristers, and I have often met at "his table Mr. Romilly (Sir Samuel), with other men "of both parties, for he was very liberal in opinion. "But I do not think that my brother Walter was ever "present. He hated law and lawyers then, almost as "much as he despised the church and its ministers at "all times; and the gentlemanly manners by which he "was distinguished thirty years later, had then no existence." This indicates sufficiently a source of disagreement between father and son, in which their only

point of agreement, an excessive warmth of temper common to both, had frequent occasion of exercise. With whom the wrong must have lain in such quarrels would hardly admit of doubt, even if no memory had survived to acquit Doctor Landor not only of the faintest trace of arrogance to his children, but of all contemptuous depreciation of other people, and indeed of any thing like pride. On this therefore nothing farther will be said beyond such statement as the facts render necessary.

But, delicate as the ground is on which I find myself thus early, it would be a wrong to the excellent person from whom I have derived so many interesting recollections, not to say at once that if he had less frankly complied with my urgent and reiterated request for the actual truth of his brother's earlier history, the memoir could not have been undertaken at all. My personal knowledge extended only to Landor's later life; and recollections derived exclusively from himself I found to be too often incompatible with the statements of others to be used with perfect safety. Not that Landor would at any time consciously have practised deception. The absence of it in his nature in regard to such learning as he possessed, noticed already by his brother, extended to every part of his life. Never was any man so little of a hypocrite; for it was not until he had grossly deceived himself, that any one was in danger of being deceived by him upon any subject whatever. But, with an imagination to the very last incessantly and actively busy, it was not difficult that by himself he should be so misled; that he should not at all times be able to distinguish between the amusement of his fancy and the certainty of his recollection; and that, without charging him with even carelessness as to truth, his facts should

occasionally prove to have been hardly less imaginary than his conversations. As to all else, the most just as well as ultimately the kindest account will be that, which, in remembering these things, is careful to keep equally in mind his temper and temperament, distinguishing what came by permission, and what was inherited from nature. Most characters are too narrow for much variety; but in him there was room enough for all the changes of feeling, however unlike. My own predominant impression from our years of intercourse, during all of which he was living alone, was that of a man genial, joyous, kind, and of a nature large and generous to excess; but of a temper so uncontrollably impetuous, and so prone to act from undisciplined impulse, that I have been less startled upon a closer knowledge to find it said by others, unfaltering both in admiration and tried affection for him, that during hardly any part of his life between nine years and almost ninety could he live with other people in peace for any length of time; for that, though always glad, happy, and good-humoured for a while, he was apt gradually to become tyrannical where he had power, and rebellious where he had not: and I here therefore candidly state so much, to be always kept steadily in view, that hereafter there may be less danger of doing unconsciously some injustice to others in the desire to be in all things just to so remarkable a man.

VII. Before and After Rustication.

To the youth who has just left Oxford, and who is still short of his twentieth year, the tone just used may seem to be applied prematurely. But already his character is formed; even as his handwriting, in this letter written seventy years ago and now lying before me, is

absolutely identical in form, freedom, and decisiveness of outline with that which he wrote nearly seventy years later. And just as in the later time when any thing painful had occurred to him, he would fling it aside and forget it in the writing of a dialogue or poem of which he would set aside the (imaginary) profits for the benefit of somebody or something in distress, he has already, in the interval of five months between his rustication and this letter to Walter Birch, with the same happy power of forgetting what it was not pleasant to remember, gone from his father's house to London, brought out in a volume *The Poems of Walter Savage Landor*,* devoting all its profits to the benefit of a "distressed "clergyman," and, together with his statement to Birch of the circumstances which had driven him from Trinity-college, is now sending him this volume of his poems!

"Dear BIRCH," he begins,† "You will be surprised "to receive a letter from me, but more so to see my "verses in their present form. I confess the truth to "you, that the letter does not attend *them*, but they "the letter: for I thought I could not have a better "opportunity of addressing myself to you than in their "company." He had ardently desired to explain to his friend the affair which made him leave Oxford, for he knew very well that enemies on the one side and friends on the other would make the circumstance appear in various and deceitful lights. Birch was not to think, however, that he was going to apologise for himself: no such thing. His folly appeared more hateful to him than it could to any other person, and he would show it to his friend undisguised.

* "Printed for T. Cadell, jun. and W. Davies (successors to John Cadell) in the Strand. 1795."

† The letter is dated from 38 Beaumont-street, Portland-place, 12 April 1795.

"In the morning I had been a-shooting; in the evening I invited a party to wine. In the room opposite there lived a man* universally laughed at and despised; but I must tell you why he was so—for we are naturally sorry for such people, and are careful not to increase their misfortunes. With a figure extremely disgusting, he was more so in his behaviour. *Plenus ruris et inficetiarum*, he was continually intruding himself where his company was not wanted; and, hearing others talk of hunting and other diversions, always joined the conversation, and often mistook a laugh for an applause. For the very jokes that were passed on him gratified him highly, and puffed him up with an idea of his own consequence. This was the aim of the college: laughed at first for *his* amusement, and afterwards for our own. We called him 'Duke of' Leeds. Well, it unfortunately happened that he lived opposite to me, and that he had a party on the same day consisting of servitors and other raffs of every description. The weather was warm and the windows were open: the consequence was that those who were in my room began rowing those in his, who very soon retorted. All the time I was only a spectator; for I should have blushed to have had any conversation with them, particularly out of a window. But my gun was lying on another table in the room, and I had in my back closet some little shot. I proposed, as they had closed the casements and as the shutters were on the outside, to fire a volley. It was thought a good trick, and accordingly I went into my bedroom and fired. Soon the president sent up a servant to inform me that Mr. Leeds had complained of a gun being fired from the room in which I entertained my company, but he could not tell by whom; so that he insisted on knowing from me, and making me liable to the punishment."

And now arises an illustration of character. In the circumstances stated there was manifestly no escape with honour except by frank confession; but knowing the consequence that must follow, its possible effect upon his father flashed suddenly on Landor, and, with the swift transition to extremes which was a part of his nature, he thought it on the instant worth any sacrifice

* It will be observed that to Birch he says nothing of the man's tory opinions, Birch himself having a leaning that way.

not to embitter past hope those home-disagreements of which ordinarily he was careless enough. His eager desire of the moment shut out every thing but the one opportunity of evasion, which he hurriedly seized. He assured the president that no gun was fired from the rooms in which his company were (he had fired it from the bedroom); and as his questioner could not identify any person, he did not recognise it as his own duty to reply to a vague charge. The president inquired whether any person had come up the same stairs? Very possibly there might, said Landor. Whether he himself possessed a gun? He did. If the president might see it? Certainly. Had it not been lately fired? Yes.—The president then immediately sent for the men who had been in Landor's room. They, knowing he was not likely himself to make any concession, gave discrepant answers; for they were each examined separately, and very minutely. Upon this Doctor Chapman sent for Landor again; told him he had received such contradictory evidence that he was determined to persevere till he found out the truth; and suggested that Landor should enable him to deal leniently in the case by himself stating frankly what had occurred. This was extremely generous, Landor admits, and adds that he was foolish in the last degree to refuse it: but he called to mind his own prevarication and that of his friends, and hastily resolved not to throw any light on the subject. He thought himself under no obligation to reply to a charge that could not be proved, although it was just; and he required Doctor Chapman to try him as he would a criminal. He reminded him of the privileges of a person accused; and that even if a place were improperly specified in an indictment, that alone would discharge the prisoner. But the Doctor did not

comprehend this (a wonder if he had); "he chose to "examine all the grounds; and if any one of them was "sound, it should be enough for him." He proceeded therefore; and the various contradictions being compared, the guilt was proved.

Very characteristically Landor continues:

"I was extremely chagrined. I wrote to the president, and informed him that I only was responsible for the plan I had pursued. I even vastly magnified my fault, and painted my dissimulation in the most odious colours. For, being what I never was guilty of before, it struck me with the greatest horror. You will very likely wonder at the course I took. But the reason why I refused to confess was not on my own account. I imagined that I should certainly be rusticated at all events, for firing off a gun in the quadrangle in the time of prayers. I therefore balanced the sorrow I should feel in deceiving the president, with that of irritating a father with whom I was already on the most indifferent terms. I hardly doubted a moment. For tho' my father had really shown me as much unkindness as was in his power, I was resolved if possible not to give him any farther cause of complaint. I appeal to Heaven for the purity of my motives, and that they arose not from personal fear. At the same time I confess to you, my dear BIRCH, that I have committed an action (the prevarication) which I never can forgive. The president knew very well the circumstances in which I stood; and I really think that he would not have rusticated me, if he had not thought that by going home I should be reconciled the more soon to my father. He wrote a letter for this purpose; and expressed his wishes to me on parting that I should return again to college, and assured me that the whole affair should be forgotten."

Such indeed had been the anxiety of this good Doctor Chapman to treat Landor with excess of lenity, that one of the fellows openly expressed dissatisfaction. The letter to Birch does not at all exaggerate the favourable turn given to the sentence itself, in coupling it, as the dissentient fellow remarked, with "an unex-"ampled formula." "Mr. Landor," said the president,

" it is the opinion of the fellows that you be rusticated " for two terms, *at the expiration of which I invite you* " *to return.*" And it was upon Landor's nevertheless earnestly entreating that his punishment might be of any other kind, however much severer, in order to save pain to his family not himself, that Doctor Chapman wrote to his father. But the return home failed to bring about the proper understanding; the Birch letter itself too abundantly explaining why this could not be expected. The sacrifice which the son imagined he had made was to the father very naturally an aggravation of offence; and it is impossible not to smile at the huffed and haughty tone taken up where entire and sorrowful submission might have seemed but small atonement. The extraordinary ease also with which at last the whole subject is carelessly dismissed, will not fail to be observed.

" But my father and I are more different than any other two men. I have endeavoured to make the greatest sacrifices to his happiness; but if I cannot make him happy, I certainly will not make him miserable. Because I sent to Oxford to give up my rooms, he imagined that I had no intention of returning. On this he used the most violent expressions, and the event is that I have left him for ever. I have been in London about a quarter of a year, constantly employed in studying French and Italian. The former I could read before, but not speak. The latter is extremely easy both to read and speak, and I understand it as well as French, which I have been in the habit of reading four or five years. In about another month I think of going into Italy,—but if the French should take me prisoner, I will enter their harbours singing *ça ira.* I have excellent lodgings here, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you."

He was not however to sing *ça ira* as yet, or to embark upon any such exciting adventure as he hints at. He remained a few weeks longer in London, hav-

ing nothing afterwards to remember more noticeable than an accidental meeting with the son of Egalité ;* and while kind friends had been doing their best to heal the difference with his father, he had himself been chiefly and unconcernedly busy about his volume of Poems.

VIII. First Published Book.

Mr. Robert Landor thus adverts to his brother's first published book in one of his letters to me. "The "first of Walter's publications must have appeared al- "most seventy years ago. A small volume of poems, "which were withdrawn or suppressed without any "reason as far as I can remember,† excepting that he "hoped to write better soon. There was nothing

* Speaking, in a letter to his sister Elizabeth, of the strong party-feeling in Florence after the Three Days' Revolution in France, he describes a dinner at which he had met the Duc de Laval-Montmorency and Talleyrand's nephew the Duc de Dino, who with infinite care avoided speaking to each other, and adds : "Their new king will, "however, reconcile all that are worth reconciliation. He is the "best and almost the wisest man in his kingdom. I once saw him "in London in the year 1795. He was knocking at a door in York-"place where I also had a call to make. He was extremely hand-"some and thin, which he is no longer, and spoke two or three words "in English perfectly well. I did not know who he was until I "entered the house, and then I congratulated myself that I had "insisted on his entering first—for I learned that he was so sensible "and independent a man that he rather gained his bread by teaching "French in two or three distinguished families than accept the two "hundred a-year which the King of Sardinia offered him. It was a "lucky house—for the Abbé on whom I called was made Bishop "of Agen by Bonaparte, though a Christian and a Royalist. I won-"dered as much at this as he once wondered at me for eating a "red herring without mustard and vinegar, *faute de salade*." The kind word for Louis Philippe may fairly stand against many harsh ones uttered in later years.

† See post, p. 133.

"among them, I think, discreditable in any way to "a man barely twenty years old. But he seems to "have wished that they should be forgotten, even "before the publication of *Gebir* two or three years "later." The wish was a natural one, and it will be found very shortly that Landor himself gives good reasons for it: but a book is as hard to withdraw as to circulate, and there is no rule so common as the rule of contrary in such things. It may be shrewdly suspected that the *Poems* went farther than *Gebir* for the very reason that suggested the desire to suppress them. A letter is before me written to Landor from Oxford early in 1795, by one who was already a fellow of his own college of Trinity, in which this remark is made: "For "myself, what can I do? You know *nescit vox missa* "*reverti*. But these little things promote the sale of "the copies of your volume in the University, so that "the booksellers here are at present out of a supply."

The grave good-natured writer, older than Landor by many years and to whom a living had just fallen from his college, can thus without anger refer to some lines addressed to Doctor Warton, containing a personal attack on himself which seems to have been altogether wilful and unprovoked.

> "Deign from thy brother's works to cull us
> What bold Lucretius, sharp Catullus,
> Divinely elegant Tibullus,
> And all the grand Aonian quire
> Would envy, or at least admire.
> Then Oxford shall no more regret
> The twofold night 'twixt C— and K—."

—the offence of Clarke and Kett being explained in a note to have been, that the last had published *Juvenile Poems* at the age of forty, and the first an *Œdipus* in prose. "Ouvrez, Messieurs! c'est mon Œdipe en prose."

The note however does not say all. The person with whom Clarke is coupled had done worse than publish Juvenilia at forty, having in fact been the solitary dissentient among the fellows of Trinity from Doctor Chapman's good-humoured invitation that Landor should return; and to the close of Kett's unhappy life Landor resented this ill word. On the other hand there was no sufficient reason for putting Clarke into the pillory erected in the volume for Kett; and Landor seems himself to have regretted it, when from the letter just quoted he saw how good-naturedly it was taken.

There is no trace of anger in Clarke (for the letter is his); he thinks more of expressing his delight at the poetry and scholarship of the book than of taking offence at its personalities;* and what he says of various parts of the volume, and in especial of its fifty pages of *Poematum Latinorum Libellus et Latine scribendi Defensio*, testifies strongly now the impression made then upon the Oxford graduates and masters by the powers of this unruly lad of twenty. He thinks that Catullus himself might have been proud of the "Hendecasyllabi;" wishes that courts and courtiers could but be reformed by the political pieces; declares that Persius never ex-

* "You are somewhat severe," he says, "on my contemporary " and fellow-collegian Mr. Kett, whom you have also made collinear " with myself, rather to the diversion of all our friends." He cannot help adding an epigram which had just come out as a reply to Landor:

"K— not a poet! who dare say so?
Though not an Ovid, yet a Naso."

This shows that Kett was not strong in friends, even among men of his own standing. He must have had some merit (he was one year chosen Bampton Lecturer), but nothing he did seems to have been done successfully; and what is said to have induced him finally to commit suicide (not by hanging, as Landor supposed, but drowning) was some formal censure passed upon him in the University.

celled the ease and concinnity of his Invocation;* says of a couplet for a quaker's tankard,

> "Ye lie, friend Pindar! and friend Thales!
> Nothing so good as water? *Ale is!*"

that he had seen one of the dons laughing over it heartily; and of another at the hundred and thirty-third page, on Tucker's treatise concerning civil government in opposition to Locke,

> "Thee, meek Episcopy! shall kings unfrock
> Ere Tucker triumph over sense and Locke!"

avers that he "saw Tucker himself overlooking page "138." This forgiving fellow of Trinity, in short, has only one regret in connection with his assailant—that he had, owing to some misunderstanding about the letting of his rooms to him at his first entering the

* This Invocation is noticeable still for the treasonable bitterness of its last couplet, and for its terse summary of the so-called poets whom the general dulness had thrown into prominence since the deaths of Goldsmith and Gray. As yet the voice of Cowper had but faintly been heard; Burns had still to be naturalised to England; while Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and Southey were only trying and sounding their instruments in small publications at Bristol.

> "Tho', Helicon! I seldom dream
> Beside thy lovely limpid stream,
> Nor glory that to me belong
> Or elegance, or nerve of song,
> Or Hayley's easy-ambling horse,
> Or Peter Pindar's comic force,
> Or Mason's fine majestic flow,
> Or aught that pleases one in Crowe:
> Yet thus, a *saucy suppliant* bard,
> I court the Muse's kind regard—
> 'O whether, Muse! thou please to give
> My humble verses long to live;
> Or tell me the decrees of Fate
> Have ordered them a shorter date—
> I bow. Yet O, may every word
> Survive, however, George the Third!'"

college, lost the honour of having Landor for a tenant: "especially as but for that you might now have been "a resident amongst us; and with the pipe of anti- "quity on which you so sweetly play, directed upwards, "you might have charmed any uncouth inhabitant of "your zenith, instead of having alarmed the horizon "by an instrument placed at right angles with your "shoulder."

IX. A Fair Intercessor.

At Warwick meanwhile, as I have said, kind friends were interceding to clear the horizon from any further ill consequence of the alarm to the "uncouth inhabi- "tant" of Trinity; and now that we are all dead, as Sydney Smith says, the name of one of the intercessors may be singled out.

This was Dorothea Lyttelton, the chosen and particular friend of Landor's eldest sister Elizabeth; who lived with her two rich bachelor uncles at Studley-castle, a mile and a half from Warwick and adjoining Ipsley-court; who was known to be not only heiress to both uncles, but already to possess in her beauty a more enviable dowry; whom everybody for miles about naturally was in love with; and who had not yet smiled on any of those countless suitors, though youths of all but the highest rank were said to be among them. The whole of the brothers Landor she of course led captive; and a tale is told of the youngest, that when two or three years hence she had relented and was a bride,*

* Almost as I write these words the papers announce the death of this lady's son. "We regret to announce the decease of Sir Francis "Goodricke, Bart., at Malvern. Born in November 1797, he was "the eldest son of Francis Holyoake, Esq. of Tettenhall in Staf-

and he, a lad of fifteen, had gone into her presence bent upon slaying her bridegroom in single combat with spears or bows and arrows, she suddenly to his extreme mortification displaced those desperate thoughts by taking him in her arms and kissing him. We may gather at least from the story what the family intimacy with Miss Lyttelton was; and we have proof that an elder brother had been more presuming. "I ought to "remember well that name, and little notes to my sister "subscribed D. Lyttelton," wrote Landor to me in his eightieth year, correcting Leigh Hunt's spelling of the name in his book about Kensington. "The estate of "Studley-castle joined Ipsley-court, and, there, dwelt "one whom Lady Hertford, the best judge of beauty "in the world, called the most lovely and graceful "creature she had ever known. Every day of the "vacations I went over there. It soon was *Walter* and "*Dorothea*; her uncles, too, called me Walter, and "liked me heartily; and if I had then been indepen-"dent, I should have married this lovely girl." Tales told by hope are often too flattering, but we have better means than usual of judging whether it was so here. Among his papers I found a packet of her letters carefully kept and endorsed by him, addressed to him at his London lodgings in Beaumont-street in those early months of 1795; and there will be now no breach of confidence in admitting the reader to some glimpses of them.

The first shows her very anxious about his sister

"fordshire, and Studley-castle, Warwickshire, by Dorothy Eliza-"beth, niece and heiress of Philip Lyttelton, Esq. of Studley-castle. "He was member for Stafford in 1835; was afterwards returned "for South Staffordshire; in 1834 filled the office of high sheriff "of Warwickshire; and in 1835 was created a baronet."

Elizabeth, with whom she has been passing some days, when "she talked of you to me, and distresses herself "more than you can imagine." He had been their constant theme. To talk about him was the only consolation for his absence, which had diminished the happiness of her own visit to Warwick. Never, she prays him, is he to be so cruel to her "nice little friend Eliza- "beth" as not to correspond with her. The omission was promptly repaired; and in her next letter she tells him how he had charmed his sister by writing to her, "and me by the compliment of attending to my re- "quest! She wrote to me in ecstasies."

Then there is a question as to some promise about *a bit of ribbon* he has charged her with having broken; but she will not regret an apparent forgetfulness that has proved his remembrance of her, and gratified her vanity by convincing her that the insignificance of a bit of ribbon may derive worth from *her* presenting it to him. At once, upon having his letter, she had sent to her "friend citoyenne Johnstone, who is now at that "metropolis of dissension and aristocracy, Birmingham," to procure her the colours; and—would he believe it!—the citoyenne has sent a light blue instead of a dark purple! But really it is the ignorance that has angered her more than the delay; for, "to say the truth, I can- "not think you mean in earnest I should pack off two "or three bits of ribbon those number of miles! If I "am mistaken, it rests with you to rectify it; and, upon "demand, here will be the real colours to tie up for "your watch-chain." This demand of course came, and the bits of ribbon went.

There is next the arrival of the *Poems;* which she sits up reading till one o'clock in the morning, and then cannot "compose herself to sleep" till she has told him

what "exquisite delight" they had given her: and not the printed book only, but verses in manuscript! and lines addressed to herself! How is she to find words to thank him; and ought she indeed to thank him for making her inordinately vain! But what a talent it is! and, when existing with a disposition equally happy, how great the power it gives its possessor to oblige all whom he may honour with the name of friend! "These "verses! how I could talk of them! What I have, I "can repeat as fluently as the author himself, and am "longing for my memory to be further charged." She had only to continue to long until the next post; which conveyed to her the proof of what her following letter expressed in thanking him, that her wish was become a command.

If additional evidence were wanting, however, to show in all that has thus been quoted but the friendly familiarity of a good-humoured girl for the brother of her friend, a year or two younger than herself, whose cleverness she admired and whose attentions pleased her, the other contents of that last-named letter would supply it. She had been told of his intention, already named to Walter Birch, to betake himself to Italy; and not content with a vehement disapproval of this plan, she bestirs herself on the instant with much zeal to prevent it.

She begins by thanking him for having taken so much trouble to explain his situation, for to talk of himself is more interesting to her than any other subject. They had already heard at Studley of the unfortunate misunderstanding between him and his father, and hoped it might be reconciled. But now she must tell him that she is in a humour to preach a little to him. Is he disposed to profit by a lecture? He will say she is determined to disapprove of all his schemes; but against this

journey to Italy she must loudly exclaim, as she would also against any other as distant. There she is decided. "I would have people with superior worth and abilities "stay and distinguish themselves where example, in "most wise and good things, is so much wanting. I "really do not see," she continued, proceeding to lay all the blame on the French Revolution, though as wise and gentle a monitor might to the very close of his life have applied the words she is using now at its beginning: "I do not see why you should be so disgusted with "people in general of your own country, when to my "certain knowledge you have more than your share "of friends. But this vile party political work which "now rages through the whole world, destroys all hap-"piness both domestic and public—and I think we must "all soon be of one opinion as to that."

In any case, however, he must not go to Italy. In a previous letter she had named her uncles to him as very much on his side, and as having desired her to mention them to him as his sincere friends; and now that this project has been told to them, they are quite as eager as herself to prevent it. Hence, what she will now propose; and see with what a delightful energy she does it—being nothing less than determined that it *shall be!*.

"I have a thousand things to say to you from my uncles. They talk of you much, and are ready to be mediators between you and your father. Let me then beg of you to consider on what terms and with what inducements you can be tempted to give up this voyage. Propose them to me, and I will commit them to my uncles; one of whom will make such proposals to your father as coming from themselves. I assure you they are bent upon restoring peace and content to you; and if they can serve you, *do* gratify their wish! Recollect in the course of nine months you will be of age. You will then have it in your power to increase your income if you do but approve of those

only means to do it. *Till then*, suppose my uncle was to propose your going to Cambridge? And would you agree to giving a security to make amends to the younger part of the family if your father would allow you enough to support you in studying the law at the Temple? or living independent any where else in England? For I find the truth is he cannot allow you sufficient to study the law without injuring his younger children. Three hundred a-year my uncles talk of. Now this is really coming to the point. Not merely saying *don't go*, but thinking of what you are to do if you stay. Let me entreat you, then, to tell me the terms on which you will give up this melancholy scheme. Do lay them down to me, and I will acquaint my uncles of them. Nay, write to one of them yourself! Or, will you come down and stay a little while with them, and talk over schemes and projects to restore your happiness in England? I do hope sincerely you will take time to try if you do not find it *sufferable* to stay. Give it up till you are of age merely, and then determine! What can you do in Italy? *I quite depend* upon your making me your confidant, and that I shall hear from you immediately. I will attend at all times to any thing that will serve you."

There is something extremely touching in all this pretty, persistent, feminine earnestness for the youth so wayward and self-willed, who had yet the qualities to inspire such sisterly attachment and interest as are manifest in every line she writes. Nothing more of the correspondence is preserved; but immediately after the last letter reached Landor, he quitted London for Tenby in South Wales, and his having accepted the proposed mediation is to be inferred from the fact that it shortly afterwards took place, and the arrangement ultimately made for his living away from Warwick was founded upon it.

The notion as to Cambridge, and the plan for reading law at the Temple, were rejected; but a fixed yearly sum, about half of what his eager advocate suggested, was set apart for his use, with the understanding that his father's house was at all times open to him in aid of

this allowance, for as much of the year as he chose to live in it. And so for that time there was a surrender of the flight to Italy, which had carried dismay to at least another female heart, humbler though perhaps not less true than Dorothea Lyttelton's. "Honred Sir," wrote the servant who had nursed him in his infancy, "May "Health and Happiness attend you, and may I Live to "see you at the Head of that Family who, next to a "Husband, as my Best Affections. I hope the provi- "dence of God will direct you in Every thing, but, O "Sir, I hope you will Never go a Broad. My hart "shruders at the thout of your Leaving England Least "I shud see you no more." The letter, addressed to him at Tenby in the August of 1795, I found among Landor's papers at his death with his endorsement, "*Mary "Bird—my nurse.*" She had married shortly before,* a present he then sent her now forming her apology for writing to him; and this small niche in his story may be fairly given to so old a friend of his family, whose return of the affection she bore them has record in a tablet placed to her memory in Warwick-church by Henry Landor.

X. A Moral Epistle.

While he had thus been waiting to decide upon his future career, however, his letters to his interesting

* "Molly Perry" was the maiden name of this old family servant; and was the name by which very recently in the crisis of a dangerous illness, Mr. Robert Landor, unconscious for the moment of more than eighty intervening years, called to her, supposing her still to be watching at his bed as in his infancy. Occasionally also, in letters between him and Walter, the mention of her occurs; and in some amusing comments on the disagreeableness of English hexameters, Robert makes exception for "Sternhold's 104th Psalm as "recited by Molly Bird." (August 1856.)

correspondent had not filled up all his time. Some weeks before he quitted London there came forth from the printing-press of Messrs. Cadell and Davies, with no other name on the title-page, a tract of twenty pages in verse, *A Moral Epistle to Earl Stanhope*, of which, from letters addressed to him at Tenby, I lately discovered him to have been the writer. One of its lines indeed avows the authorship. I may not long detain the reader with it; but one or two characteristic points should not be omitted.

The satire, as its title implies, is in the manner of Pope, whose workmanship in some respects it cleverly reproduces. It is an attack upon Pitt; the republican earl being put in contrast with the tory minister; and its lines best worth recalling are those that denounce the shabby public vices encouraged by Chatham's son, as in him coexisting with private weaknesses, that, for such association in the elder time, nay even in his father's time, would have been too generous.

> "Ah, Bacchus, Bacchus! round whose thyrsus twined
> Tendrils and ivy playing unconfined,
> How art thou alter'd!"

Not the less now, for the bottle in each hand, did avarice and disingenuousness flourish; not the less did spies abound; and not safer was the confidence because given at the festive hour. One can hardly imagine the lines that follow written by a lad of twenty.

> "Yet O the pleasures! when mid none but friends
> The trusty secret where it rises ends:
> At which no hireling politician storms,
> No snoring rector catches, and *informs!*
> Now, even Friendship bursts her golden band,
> Kens one with caution ere she shakes one's hand;
> No longer gives she that accustom'd zest
> Which made luxurious e'en the frugal feast;

Nor hold we converse, in these fearful days,
More than the horses in your lordship's chaise.
Yet Wine was once almighty ! silent Care
Fill'd high the bowl, and laugh'd at poor Despair;
Wine threw the guinea from the miser's hand,
Wine bade his wond'ring heart with alien warmth expand.
But—honest minister or sound divine—
He lies who tells us now there's truth in wine.
For George's premier, never known to reel,
Drinks his two bottles, Bacchus ! at a meal."

There is another passage, in which the shoulder-of-mutton of honest Marvel is hashed once more for downright Shippen, whom Walpole has visited in the hope of corrupting:

" ' Boy,' quoth Shippen, ' pray
What will thy master dine upon to-day?'
' Sir? Mutton, sir !' ' Speak boldly; why abasht?
Drest in what manner?' ' Please your honour, hasht.' "

—all of which is excellent, though only these lines may be given. But an extract from a note to them is also worth giving, to show the readiness with which he used his learning; how intimately it was a part of himself even at this boyish time; and how early had begun those applications of it which habit, making more and more easy to him, made finally a second nature. The note tells us something, too, of his opinions of the people's representatives in those days, and as to the need that existed for reform.

Remarking that Walpole's court was infamous to a proverb, he says that though comparisons would be odious, a time had very certainly at last arrived among themselves when nearly the whole of their worthy representatives might join the chorus in Sophocles:

*ὅδ' ἐστὶν ἡμῶν ναυκράτωρ ὁ παῖς· ὅσ' ἂν
οὗτος λέγῃ σοι, ταῦτά σοι χἠμεῖς φαμεν.*

They might sing, in other words, "This youth here is " our pilot, and whatever he tells you we also say:" a

song unlike that later one in which "the pilot" Pitt appeared, but in an odd kind of way, of which Landor is wholly unconscious, seeming to prefigure it. He goes on to say that Sophocles often is a satirist; that if he had lived in England he would most surely have had his windows broken for freedom of speech; and that it is a great pity, in so immense a web of scholia as that which is entangled round him, not to be able to distinguish the characters he seems to have attacked.

"The critics never observed that Sophocles joined politics to poetry; otherwise they certainly would have taken the pains to illustrate, as they went, the most striking characters of a most eventful age. This reflection led me to another—which is, that nothing would be more proper than that to every town which had representatives there should every month be sent an account how they act. This account should be reposited in some place of safety, where the constituents might refer to it whenever they please. They could then be no longer deceived; and if there existed any undue influence it would be their own fault. Even this however would be nugatory, unless the bill passes for a more general reform."

So sweeping a reformer indeed was the ardent young poet, that, not content with addressing his Epistle to Lord Stanhope, and with declaring repeatedly that he despises the title as much as he admires the virtue of so distinguished a patriot, he thinks it necessary also to prefix a prose dedication in which he is "bold enough "to assert" that when Fortune placed on the brow of Lord Stanhope the tinsel coronet for the civic wreath, she must have been either more blind or more insulting than usual. For himself, she had nothing to give, because there was nothing he would ask. He would rather have an executioner than a patron.

The remark no doubt expresses very exactly the feeling with which Landor awaited at Tenby the result of the intercession with his father.

XI. Retreat to Wales.

In the later memory of Landor the various matters consequent on his departure from Oxford continued to live only confusedly; and at the time of his letter to me in 1855 he had the belief that Dorothea Lyttelton's intercession had obtained for him a separate allowance of four hundred a year, though his own non-compliance with certain conditions compelled him to surrender it. Her letters will not only have shown how such errors may have found place in his mind, but will account for sundry statements naturally repeated since his death because put forth with his authority while he lived; and in order to explain the interesting comment which these have received from Mr. Robert Landor, of whom I had inquired respecting them before Miss Lyttelton's letters were found, their substance shall here be briefly stated.

They are to this effect: That Landor, after he left Oxford, was looking out for a profession. That his godfather General Powell, with whom upon leaving Oxford he lived in London, promised that he would obtain for his godson a commission in the army if the young republican would keep his opinions to himself. That Landor replied he would suppress his opinions for no man, and declined the offer. That his father then promised him four hundred a year if he would study for the law, and only a hundred and fifty a year if he would not. But that, the law being less to Landor's taste than the army, after a brief residence in London he put the Severn sea between him and his friends, and retired into Wales.

As for Landor looking out for a profession, this was

certainly never at any time the case. The earlier home-disagreements and objections turned chiefly upon this, that he as decidedly refused as his father eagerly desired to give such a direction to his studies as might also give purpose to his life and steadiness to his habits, —"settle him down to something," as the saying is. But, even by the time of the Oxford rustication, Doctor Landor had come to see pretty clearly that his eldest son was just as likely to qualify himself for a curacy or rectory as for a lawyer's wig, for a bishop as for a judge, or for a quaker as for either. "General Powell," Mr. Robert Landor tells me, "my brother's godfather, never "did live in London, nor did my brother ever live with "him any where else. The general's house and con-"stant residence was at Warwick, till, a great many "years later, he became lieutenant-governor of Gibral-"tar. There were five or six old officers at that time "resident in Warwick, but none so familiar with my "father as General Powell. He had served in Canada "during the American War; and, enjoying an ample "fortune, at the peace returned to Warwick, his na-"tive town, as an unmarried sportsman. When not "otherwise engaged, he spent his evenings with us; a "cheerful, good-humoured old soldier, with very gentle-"manly manners which never changed. . . . . While "Walter was a boy, the old general laughed at such "extravagance as his wish that the French would invade "England and assist us in hanging George the Third "between two such thieves as the Archbishops of Can-"terbury and York.* But at a later age military men

* The memory of my correspondent goes so far back as even to recall the occasion when he and his brothers and sisters, sitting in their mother's room, not only heard this pious wish, but saw Mrs. Landor rise immediately from her seat, and box Walter's ears from behind. They were all terrified at Walter, wondering what he might

" could not be so tolerant; and therefore, rather than " quarrel, the general hardly ever spent his evenings " in my father's house when Walter was there. Accord- " ing to the accounts you send me, General Powell had " offered a commission in his regiment to Walter, which " was declined. The general would have thought him " as well qualified for the chaplaincy. *Such an offer was* " *made to my brother Charles;* but at that time Walter " never entered the general's house, though so near, " and the general very seldom entered our father's. " More than twenty years later I prevailed on Walter " to call on General Powell, then very old and almost " dying, at Clifton. Every trace of ill-feeling was for- " gotten on both sides; but I doubt whether, during " those twenty years, they had seen each other. There " was however another military proposal of which my " brother never heard one word. The Warwickshire " Militia, assembled at Warwick, had for its colonel the " Marquis of Hertford, and for its lieutenant-colonel a " Colonel Packwood, also one of my father's friends. " On one occasion, when I think that I was present, " Colonel Packwood related to my father the resigna- " tion of some young officer through ill-health. My " father may have hoped that the unsettled and restless " habits of his son would perhaps be corrected, if em- " ployment could be found for him among many older " persons from the best county families. He asked " Colonel Packwood whether he thought that Lord " Hertford would give Walter the vacant appointment?

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do; when they heard their mother's high-heeled shoes clattering quickly over the margin of the uncarpeted oak near the door, and saw her neat little figure suddenly disappear. "I'd advise you, " mother," shouted Walter after her, " not to try that sort of thing " again!"

"Colonel Packwood promised to report my father's "wishes to the marquis. A few days after, when they "met again, my father asked whether the application "had been made: to which the colonel said that it had "not been made by him; for that at the mess after "dinner, when talking about the vacancy, he had men- "tioned my father's wish and his own belief that the "marquis would readily comply with it; whereupon "one of the officers present immediately objected to "my brother's violent and extreme opinions, exclaim- "ing, 'If young Walter Landor gets a commission, I "'will resign mine;' and this resolution being confirmed "for similar reasons by every one present, nothing more "could be done. I do not believe that Walter ever "heard of it, or the contempt which he always so loudly "expressed for the Warwickshire gentry might be ac- "counted for."

This last anecdote dates of course a little later than the time now engaging us: and is inserted, as it was written, to illustrate those exaggerated peculiarities of temperament which unexplained would make inexplicable Landor's whole career; which gave his opinions a tone of offence that not all the eloquent ability he maintained them with could allay; which put him in the wrong when the right was most upon his side; and, involving him in unmeaning quarrels, left him both in youth and age to the loneliness and isolation of which he at once boasted and complained. A lively lady who both liked and admired him said to me in his later life that the great enjoyment of walking out with him had only one drawback, that he was always knocking somebody down. She meant this mostly by way of metaphor; but her objection was the same as that of his soldier-contemporaries, except that there was less of the

metaphor in it then. The young officers of the Warwickshire Militia were infinitely his inferiors doubtless, and in every thing might have learned from him, as they would also gladly have been taught, with a little help from better manners. How often has the truth to be repeated which Burke urged on Barry, that it is the interest of all of us to be at peace with our fellow-creatures far less for their sakes than for our own, and that the only qualities to carry us safely through life are moderation and gentleness, not a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves.

As to the allowance finally agreed to be given until the family estates should descend to him, Mr. Robert Landor remarks that, besides the kind welcome at his father's house when the moderate income was expended, the 150*l.* finally agreed to "had many small additions "as our mother could spare them through her own "self-denial in all ways. The three younger sons were "maintained on three hundreds a year, as they could "live also, as Walter did, with their father when their "money was spent, in other words for about half the "year; and our father had three daughters at that "time utterly dependent on an entailed income really, "though not nominally, less than 1800*l.* a year." Nor can I consent to withhold any part of what is said on this subject by Mr. Landor in another letter. "With "six younger children for four of whom there was no "provision" (Charles being promised the rectory of Colton of which the patronage belonged to his father, and Henry having the bequest of a small estate at Whitnash), "our mother's cares were confined to her family "during many years. And when she afterwards had "less need of economy, the same early prudence was "become habitual, and there was the appearance of too

" much parsimony. But it was never for herself. Under " the guidance of my brother Henry who managed her " affairs, she would give as much to any of her children " as was consistent with justice to the rest. Parting all " she had among them, it was sometimes easier to get " from her a hundred pounds than ten shillings. An " anxious rather than a fond parent, she was scrupu- " lously just. Though secretly pleased by any com- " mendations bestowed upon her eldest son, she cared " less about his literary reputation than about the holes " in his shoes and stockings—a very constant grievance " for which she thought herself in some degree respon- " sible. If you feel tired of such silly trash, remember " that it is intended by me to mark the distinction be- " tween two characters so nearly related and yet so " extremely unlike. This brother Henry, who was the " family adviser and manager, would never accept any " share in the common property, or any bequest from " his mother or sisters, but always transferred his rights " to nephews and nieces. Here is another contrast of " which I will say no more."

When absent from Warwick during the next three years, Landor seems to have been almost wholly at Tenby or Swansea. That this interval could not in any prudent or worldly sense have been very profitable to him, what has been said will sufficiently have shown; and a part of it, including a love-adventure that began at the former place, was probably also painful. It is not necessary however that this should be dwelt upon; and Landor himself, with the same resolute will that could turn aside from pain as well as pleasure where either might have overwhelmed another man, was able very speedily to forget it. One thing nevertheless is to be said of these three years, that in the course of them his

mind had passed through a discipline which from its previous studies or emotions it had failed to acquire; that during them he appears to have read more steadily and persistently than at any former time; and that he printed at the close of them, when he had scarcely passed his twenty-second year, a poem which has only hitherto wonderfully attracted the few as it has decisively repelled the many, but which in my judgment is yet sure of taking admitted rank, if not in this in some other generation, with those few productions of the highest class, which, however wanting in completeness of structure or finish in all their parts, contain writing that will perish only with the language.

"When I began to write *Gebir*," he wrote to me in 1850, "I had just read Pindar a second time and "understood him. What I admired was what nobody "else had ever noticed—his proud complacency and "scornful strength. If I could resemble him in no-"thing else, I was resolved to be as compendious and "exclusive." But besides Pindar he read again in these years Homer and the Tragedians; and what for the purpose in hand was far more important, he had finally laid Pope aside and betaken himself to Milton. He has described the time in one of his Conversations. "My prejudices in favour of ancient literature began "to wear away on *Paradise Lost*, and even the great "hexameter sounded to me tinkling when I had re-"cited aloud, in my solitary walks on the seashore, "the haughty appeal of Satan and the repentance of "Eve."* In such walks for the most part, and under such influences, *Gebir* was composed; and it was probably no mere illusion of his fancy which led him to say repeatedly in after-life that he was never happier than

* *Imag. Conv.* Landor and the Abbé De Lille.

when thus writing it, and not exchanging twelve sentences with men. Copper-works had not, as yet, quite filled the woods around Swansea among which he lived; and he might take his daily walks, as he has himself described them, over sandy sea-coast deserts covered with low roses only and thousands of nameless flowers and plants, and with nothing save occasional prints of the naked feet of the Welsh peasantry to give token of the neighbourhood of any human creatures. Hardly human indeed, in their savagery in those days, were the lower orders of the Welsh. The English visitor might have some excuse for regarding them as only something a very little higher than the animals. They were as much mere adjuncts to his landscape as its stranded boats or masses of weed.

This then will be the time, without stopping to speak of the visits Landor meanwhile made to his father's house at Warwick, to offer such detailed account of what he thus achieved as may be necessary to explain the language applied to it; and justify an appeal to readers, who have probably never heard its name, to redress at last the indifference of more than seventy years, and place *Gebir* in the rank of English poetry to which of right it belongs.

The accident which led him to the subject selected I have often heard him relate. He was on friendly terms with some of the family of Lord Aylmer, who were staying in his neighbourhood, and one of the young ladies lent him a book, by a now-forgotten writer of romances, from the Swansea circulating library. Clara Reeve was the author; but Landor, confusing in his recollection a bad romance-writer with a worse of the same sex, thought it was that sister of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble who lived in the small Welsh town,

and wrote under the name of Anne of Swansea. Few of my readers will have heard her name, and I may warn them all against her books, which are mere nonsensical imitations of Mrs. Radcliffe; but Clara Reeve had really some merit, though not discoverable in the particular book lent to Landor. He found it to be a history of romance having no kind of interest for him until he came at its close to the description of an Arabian tale. This arrested his fancy, and yielded him the germ of *Gebir*. More than sixty years later he wrote to me from Bath (30th Nov. 1857), that he had just discovered and sent to a lady living near him, also of that Aylmer family, a little poem called St. Clair, written all those years ago for her who thus lent him the book.

One of his critics afterwards charged him with having stolen his story, and merely imitated Milton in telling it. On both points light will be thrown by what I am about to say. He was now to quit the levels, and rise to the heights, of English verse; and to this extent he had profited by his recent study of Milton. But that was the whole of his present debt to the incomparable master; and whether to anybody his Muse owed anything whatever for the story in which she was to find herself involved, the reader very shortly will be able to determine.

BOOK SECOND.

1797–1805. ÆT. 22–30.

AUTHORSHIP OF GEBIR, AND EARLIEST FRIENDSHIPS.

I. *Gebir.* II. *Some Opinions of Gebir.* III. *Doctor Parr.* IV. *Attack of the Monthly Review.* V. *Serjeant Rough.* VI. *Corresponding with Parr and Adair.* VII. *At Paris in* 1802. VIII. *Poetry by the Author of Gebir.* IX. *Master of Ipsley Court and Tachbrooke.*

I. GEBIR.

IT is easier to laugh at a thing than to take the trouble to comprehend it; and when the *Quarterly Review* said, a good many years ago, that *Gebir* was a poem it did any man credit to have understood, there was more in the saying than its author meant. He was not himself entitled to the credit, though he might have won it with a little pains.

The intention of the poem is, by means of the story of Gebir and his brother Tamar, to rebuke the ambition of conquest, however excusable its origin, and to reward the contests of peace, however at first unsuccessful. Gebir is an Iberian prince, sovereign of Bætic Spain,* whose conquest of Egypt, undertaken to avenge

* From Gebir we are to suppose Gibraltar to be derived, after the fashion of the Teucro-Latin names in Virgil.

the wrongs and assert the claims of his ancestors, is suspended through his love for its young queen Charoba, by the treachery of whose nurse he is nevertheless slain amid the rejoicings of his marriage feast. Tamar is a shepherd youth, the keeper of his brother's herds and flocks, by whom nothing is so eagerly desired as to conquer to his love one of the sea-nymphs whom at first he vainly contends with, but who, made subject to mortal control by the superior power of his brother, yields to the passion already inspired in her, and carries Tamar to dwell with her for ever beyond the reach of human ambitions.

Fanciful and wild in its progress as the Arabian tale that suggested it, there is yet thus much purpose in the outline of *Gebir;* but its merit lies apart from intention or construction, and will be found in the passion and intellect pervading it every where, in its richness of detail and descriptive power. Style and treatment constitute the charm of it. The vividness with which every thing in it is presented to sight as well as thought, the wealth of its imagery, its marvels of language,—these are characteristics preëminent in *Gebir.* In the treatment, never abruptly contrasted, natural and supernatural agencies are employed with excellent art; and every where as real to the eye as to the mind are its painted pictures, its sculptured forms, and the profusion of its varied but always thoughtful emotion.

These qualities I shall exhibit in describing the seven books, containing nearly two thousand lines, that tell the story; and my extracts will also show the sweetness of the verse, which, though with occasional want of variety in modulation, is to a remarkable degree both energetic and harmonious. I shall quote from it at unusual length; not only because

it is unknown to the present reading generation, but because no description without such assistance could account for the effect produced by it upon a few extraordinary men. The mark it made in Landor's life will constantly recur; and of the manner in which his genius affected his contemporaries, not by influencing the many but by exercising mastery over the few who ultimately rule the many, no completer illustration could be given.

The love inspired in the brothers respectively finds expression in the First Book, which opens with the invasion of Egypt by Gebir in redemption of an oath sworn to his father, to satisfy his dead ancestors and revenge primeval wrongs. In the fourth line is one of those touches which are frequent in the poem, and proof of high imagination; where a single epithet conveys to the mind the full impression which the sense would receive from detailed presentment of the objects sought to be depicted. The "dark helm" covers the crowd of invading warriors.

> "He blew his battle-horn, at which uprose
> Whole nations; here, ten thousand of most might
> He call'd aloud; and soon Charoba saw
> His dark helm hover o'er the land of Nile."

The young queen in her terror seeks Dalica her nurse, who reassures her, tells her the invader shall be destroyed, and instructs her, instead of flying from him, to go to his tents and use persuasion to induce him, in honour of his ancestors, to rebuild the city which had once been theirs.

> "But Gebir, when he heard of her approach,
> Laid by his orbed shield; his vizor-helm,
> His buckler, and his corslet he laid by,
> And bade that none attend him: at his side
> Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,

Shaggy, deep-chested, croucht; the crocodile,
Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears
And push their heads within their master's hand.*
There was a brightening paleness in his face,
Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks
Shower'd on the lonely Latmian; on his brow
Sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe.
But when the royal damsel first he saw,
Faint, hanging on her handmaid, and her knees
Tottering, as from the motion of the car,
His eyes lookt earnest on her, and those eyes
Show'd if they had not that they might have lov'd,
For there was pity in them at that hour."

After the interview the prince seeks Tamar, intending to speak of the passion that has taken possession of him, when he is surprised by a confidence which anticipates his own, and has to listen first to Tamar's confession. The shepherd youth's description of the sea-nymph —a powerful, impulsive, yet submissive creature of the elements, with large supernatural strength taming itself to little natural human ways—is perfect in every detail to the old Greek fancy. In the picture of her dress are two lines,

"Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-pod,
Her girdle the dove-colour'd wave serene,"

which I quote that I may connect with them a characteristic trait of the writer, who told me once that he had never hesitated more about a verse than in determining whether the mantle or the girdle were to be dove-coloured: his doubts having arisen, after he had written the lines, on recollecting from the great Lucre-

* Among Landor's papers I found a list, prepared by himself, of resemblances to passages of his own writing to be found in Scott's *Tales of the Crusaders*. There were several from *Gebir*, and among them that of Cœur de Lion's hound "thrusting his long rough coun-" tenance into the hand of his master." The poem had made a great impression on Scott, who read it at Southey's suggestion.

tius that the Roman ladies wore a vest of the same description—*teriturque thalassina vestis Assidue*, &c.

A prize to be contended for had been proposed between Tamar and the nymph. She has nothing of equal worth to one of his sheep to offer; but—she tells him, in a passage which has become one of the glories of our language,* and which it is impossible even to tran-

* I quote from one of Landor's letters to me. "It was my practice, as you know from *Gebir*, to try my hand at both Latin and English where I had been contented with any passage in one. In *Gebir* there are a few which were written first in Latin. The Shell was one of these. Poor Shell! that Wordsworth so pounded and flattened in his marsh it no longer had the hoarseness of a sea, but of a hospital." Not without reason he had been irritated by a critic who rebuked Lord Byron for naming *Gebir* as the source from which he had drawn a passage in his *Island;* this unlucky critic, after informing the noble poet that his original was not in Landor but in an "exquisite passage" by Mr. Wordsworth, having proceeded to quote the lines from the *Excursion* in which, like Byron, Wordsworth had copied Landor, but, unlike Byron, without confessing it.

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmuring from within
Were heard sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea."

I will add the passage of the nobler original as it appears in the Latin *Gebirus*. It may indeed be doubted whether the English or the Latin is most perfect.

"At mihi cæruleæ sinuosa foramina conchæ
Obvolvunt, lucemque intus de sole biberunt,
Nam crevêre locis ubi porticus ipsa palatî
Et quà purpureâ medius stat currus in undâ,
Tu quate, somnus abit: tu lævia tange labella
Auribus attentis, veteres reminiscitur ædes,
Oceanusque suus quo murmure murmurat illa.'

scribe without something of the pleasure that must have attended its conception:

> "But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
> Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
> In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
> His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
> Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
> Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
> And it remembers its august abodes,
> And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

The conflict or wrestling-match that follows is intensely Greek in the manner of the narration, and simple even to rudeness; but they who would turn it into ridicule will find more abounding opportunity for the same kind of mirth in the idyls of Theocritus and the descriptions of the Odyssey. In the contest the nymph is victor, and leaves Tamar; but

> "more of pleasure than disdain
> Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,
> And eyes that languisht, lengthening, just like love. . . .
> Restless then ran I to the highest ground
> To watch her; she was gone; gone down the tide;
> And the long moonbeam on the hard wet sand
> Lay like a jasper column half uprear'd."

As the brothers take their way to the camp, Gebir confesses in turn his love for Charoba, and his resolve for her to forego his native country and resuscitate in Egypt the city of his ancestors. The Second Book shows this labour in progress.

> "The Gadite men the royal charge obey.
> Now fragments weigh'd up from the uneven streets
> Leave the ground black beneath; again the sun
> Shines into what were porches, and on steps
> Once warm with frequentation; clients, friends,
> All morning; satchel'd idlers all mid-day;
> Lying half-up and languid tho at games."

Slowly the buried city emerges: its masses of stone

and marble green with the growth of centuries; and its pavements painted with flowers and figures, which, as water is flung on them, start fresh to view.

> "Here arches are discover'd; there huge beams
> Resist the hatchet, but in fresher air
> Soon drop away: there spreads a marble squared
> And smoothen'd; some high pillar for its base
> Chose it, which now lies ruin'd in the dust.
> Clearing the soil at bottom, they espy
> A crevice; and, intent on treasure, strive
> Strenuous, and groan, to move it: one exclaims,
> 'I hear the rusty metal grate; it moves!'
> Now, overturning it, backward they start,
> And stop again, and see a serpent pant,
> See his throat thicken and the crisped scales
> Rise ruffled, while upon the middle fold
> He keeps his wary head and blinking eye,
> Curling more close and crouching ere he strike.
> Go, mighty men, invade far cities, go,
> And be such treasure portions to your heirs."

Portents of a more terrible kind succeed. Six days' labour had seemed to bring the end within reach, when, on the seventh day, what was done is found undone, and every thing restored to what it had been. Gebir is pierced with sorrow, for he sees that other than mortal hands are raised against him; and calling together his followers, he bids them supplicate the Gods. Southey thought no English poetry presented any thing so Homeric as the passage that succeeds. It would be difficult certainly to imagine a finer image than its closing personification of prayers.

> "Swifter than light are they, and every face,
> Tho' different, glows with beauty; at the throne
> Of Mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
> They fall bare-bosom'd, and indignant Jove
> Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice
> The thunder from his hand."

But here prayers are vain; and Gebir, believing it now

to be some secret power that opposes him other than that of the Gods, hopes that by subduing to his will the sea-nymph beloved by Tamar, he may obtain the secret from her. He seeks her, dressed as his brother, passing through the woodland to the sea:

> "And as he passes on, the little hinds
> That shake for bristly herds the foodful bough,
> Wonder, stand still, gaze, and trip satisfied:
> Pleas'd more if chestnut, out of prickly husk
> Shot from the sandal, roll along the glade."

Upon the sea-nymph, meanwhile, waiting for Tamar, desire has come; and the wings of love, which she held at her will in the former conflict, she has languidly let loose: the prince is victor; and as, after discovery that Gebir has been her antagonist, she cries for Tamar, now eager to declare and enjoy her passion as a human nymph would be timidly to conceal it, he promises again and again to restore to her his brother, if she will but say whose work the ruin is that comes each night upon the city, and from whence are the horrid yells of rapture heard amid its falling walls. Then she:

> "Neither the Gods afflict you, nor the Nymphs.
> Return me him who won my heart, return
> Him whom my bosom pants for, as the steeds
> In the sun's chariot for the western wave. . . .
> Promise me this: indeed I think thou hast,
> But 'tis so pleasing, promise it once more."

He complies; and she tells him then of the demons and incantations that prevail in Egypt, and by what sacrifices he is to appease them. The lines descriptive of the latter have a weird and startling picturesqueness. Upon the site of the ancient city he performs all that is required; and as her last bidding is done, the earth gapes before him, he descends, passes through the darkness, and sees around him the souls of those among his

ancestors who had rejoiced in war and conquest, expiating by pains of more or less intensity their varying lusts of power. This purgatory of conquerors occupies the Third Book, which Landor opens with an aspiration of homage to the greatest of all poets, who like himself had been bred in the country of the Avon.

"O for the spirit of that matchless man
Whom Nature led throughout her whole domain,
While he, embodied, breath'd ethereal air!
Tho' panting in the play-hour of my youth
I drank of Avon too, a dangerous draught,
That rous'd within the feverish thirst of song,
Yet never may I trespass o'er the stream
Of jealous Acheron, nor alive descend
The silent and unsparchable abodes
Of Erebus and Night, nor unchastised
Lead up long-absent heroes into day."

The supernatural region is at first trod by Gebir fearfully; but when the brave doubt no longer they fear no longer, his name twice called reassures him, and striding on undaunted he is about to speak, when one of the shades, Aroar, who had fought under his forefathers, addresses him:

"Thou knowest not that here thy fathers lie,
The race of Sidad; theirs was loud acclaim
When living, but their pleasure was in war;
Triumphs and hatred followed: I myself
Bore, men imagin'd, no inglorious part;
The Gods thought otherwise,* by whose decree
Depriv'd of life, and more, of death depriv'd,
I still hear shrieking thro' the moonless night
Their discontented and deserted shades."

* To the words "The Gods thought otherwise," a note was appended in the first edition of *Gebir* (1798), which though afterwards withdrawn is sufficiently characteristic to justify its present reproduction. It anticipates by seventy years a sentiment of which the public avowal the other day, in a controversy on the limits of religious thought, excited much warmth of admiration and anim-

He describes the various degrees of torment through which their souls can alone hope to rise again purified.

> "Yet rather all these torments most endure
> Than solitary pain, and sad remorse,
> And towering thoughts on their own breast o'erturned
> And piercing to the heart—"

for then they have bitter knowledge of the sufferings they had inflicted on earth, and of the worthlessness of the trophies, tributes, and colonies obtained in exchange for them, as they lie listening to the river that rolls past their place of expiation.

> "Not rapid, that would rouse the wretched souls;
> Not calmly, that might lull them to repose;
> But with dull weary lapses it upheaved
> Billows of bale, heard low, yet heard afar."

Beyond this river still move Gebir and his guide, till they come where perpetual twilight broods, "lull'd by "no nightingale, nor waken'd by the shrill lark dewy-"wing'd;" having nevertheless glimpses beyond of those brighter airs

> "that scatter freshness thro' the groves
> And meadows of the fortunate, and fill
> With liquid light the marble bowl of Earth."

And here are revealed by Aroar the laws that govern

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adversion.' "Let not this be considered," writes Landor, "as an "imitation of the verse *Diis aliter visum*. There is no great merit "in quoting old quotations, however apposite, and I am of opi-"nion that this singular passage has generally been misunderstood. "Among all the fooleries which men have combined in their ideas "of a deity, can there be a greater than that Gods and mortals "have a separate sense of right and wrong? Were it really the "case, religious men would become daily less zealous, and the life "of the wicked be but a game of chance. For the virtues of the "one party might not stand for virtues; nor the vices of the other "be marked for vices. There never was a doctrine more calculated "to make the generality of men despond, and to keep them depen-"dent on the δογματουργοί."

these regions and the separation effected in them between the wicked and the good, or in other words the ambitious and the peaceful, by means of a flaming arch which once in every hundred years starts back, and, discovering to each state its opposite, shows that the eternal fires which seem intended only to punish the vicious, are giving also verdure and pleasantness to the groves of the blest. Calm pleasures neighbour the majestic pains, as in Wordsworth's later but as noble fancy.

Figures and faces have meanwhile crowded past; the Stuarts, father and son, we may discover among them, and even William the deliverer; but there is one whom Gebir challenges: and with what strong resentment the young poet viewed the obstinate war that George the Third had waged with the revolted colonies of America, may be read in this passage. It needs not to say to whom the "eyebrows white and slanting brow" belonged; but I may point out, what was better understood at the date of the poem than it has been since, that the two lines immediately following were intended to turn aside the treasonable reference by raising a confusion in the reader's mind between George the Third and Louis Seize, who so recently had perished by the guillotine:

> "'What wretch that nearest us? what wretch
> Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow?
> Listen! him yonder, who, bound down supine,
> Shrinks yelling from that sword there engine-hung;
> He too among my ancestors?' 'O King!
> Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst
> Inclement winds blew lightning from north-east.'
> 'He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the Gods?'
> 'Gebir! he fear'd the Demons, not the Gods,
> Tho them indeed his daily face adored,
> And was no warrior; yet the thousand lives
> Squander'd as stones to exercise a sling,

And the tame cruelty and cold caprice—
O madness of mankind! addrest, adored
O Gebir! what are men? or where are Gods?' "

But the time has come to reascend to earth; and with groans and tears Gebir has called bitterly to his tortured ancestors as he turns to retrace his way, when suddenly flames environ him, and he "stands breathless "in a ghost's embrace." It is his father; who, for binding him to the vow that had made him invader and exile, was now expiating that guilt.

" 'Rackt on the fiery centre of the sun,
Twelve years I saw the ruin'd world roll round.
Shudder not; I have borne it; I deserved
My wretched fate; be better thine; farewell.' "

Saddened with the misery he has witnessed, remorseful for the past and doubtful of the future, but with present power over the Egyptians increased by the experience he has undergone, Gebir follows upward his bewildered way till again he finds himself within the tents of his people. They have resumed their labours successfully; but in the court of the young queen there is jealousy and discontent, and in her own breast, as she is told of each new development of the invader's power, fear contends with love.

" Charoba, tho' indeed she never drank
The liquid pearl, or twined the nodding crown,*
Or, when she wanted cool and calm repose,
Dreamt of the crawling asp and grated tomb,
Was wretched up to royalty!"

This is the subject of the Fourth Book. Her wretchedness is embittered by the cry raised from the

* An allusion to Cleopatra's shaking poison into Antony's cup from the crown of flowers in her hair, to cure him of his useless precautions against the fear of poison.

court against the followers of Gebir, which the wiser few, who dare to suggest that invaders may be bringers even of good rather than evil, are at first powerless to resist. The rejoinder to these wiser hopes had an application of wide significance seventy years ago, made to such proposals abundantly in later time.

> "'Build they not fairer cities than our own,
> Extravagant enormous apertures
> For light, and portals larger, open courts
> Where all ascending all are unconfin'd,
> And wider streets in purer air than ours?
> Temples quite plain with equal architraves
> They build, nor bearing gods like ours imbost.
> O profanation! O our ancestors!'"

Foremost among the discontented is the queen's nurse Dalica, to whom she cannot bring herself frankly to confess her love, even while she pleads with herself for kindlier consideration to him. But apart from the intriguers in the court, the mass of the people outside have raised a clamorous shout for peace, making common cause with Gebir's followers; and they who would have resisted the invader are overborne. On all sides the demand goes up for an embassy to the tents proposing terms of friendship, and cries of eager joy are heard uniting with the name of Gebir that of their young queen.

> "Then went the victims forward crown'd with flowers,
> Crown'd were tame crocodiles, and boys white-robed
> Guided their creaking crests across the stream.
> In gilded barges went the female train, . . .
> Sweet airs of music ruled the rowing palms,
> Now rose they glistening and aslant reclined,
> Now they descended and with one consent
> Plunging, seem'd swift each other to pursue,
> And now to tremble wearied o'er the wave."

A picture follows of the grave invading warriors, in

welcome of whom the riotous festivities had broken forth.

"Thro' all the plains below the Gadite men
Were resting from their labour: some surveyed
The spacious site ere yet obstructed; walls
Already, soon will roofs have interposed;
Some ate their frugal viands on the steps
Contented; some, remembering home, prefer
The cot's bare rafters o'er the gilded dome,
And sing (for often sighs too end in song),
'In smiling meads how sweet the brook's repose
To the rough ocean and red restless sands!'
But others trip along with hasty step
Whistling, and fix too soon on their abodes;
Haply and one among them with his spear
Measures the lintel, if so great its highth
As will receive him with his helm unlower'd."

The embassy from Charoba to Gebir, with its message and gifts of peace, next comes upon the scene.

"Meantime, with pomp august and solemn, borne
On four white camels tinkling plates of gold,
Heralds before and Ethiop slaves behind . . .
The four ambassadors of peace proceed.
Rich carpets bear they, corn and generous wine,
The Syrian olive's cheerful gift they bear,
With stubborn goats that eye the mountain-top
Askance, and riot with reluctant horn. . . .
The king, who sat before his tent, descried
The dust rise redden'd from the setting sun."

But while friendliest words, and a bidding to the banquet that is to proclaim to the reconciled nations the union of their two monarchs, are laid at Gebir's feet, the nurse Dalica, who had seemed to favour most the projected festivity, has already begun her treacherous enterprise. This is the subject of the Fifth Book. It is not wholly the desire to retain power over her mistress that animates her. She really loves Charoba, and cannot understand the change that

the presence of Gebir has wrought in her. The lines following, the reader may be pleased to know, were specially singled out for admiration by Shelley, Humphrey Davy, Scott, and many remarkable men.

" ' Past are three summers since she first beheld
The ocean ; all around the child await
Some exclamation of amazement here :
She coldly said, her long-lasht eyes abased,
Is this the mighty ocean ? is this all ?
That wondrous soul Charoba once possest,
Capacious then as earth or heaven could hold,
Soul discontented with capacity,
Is gone (I fear) for ever. Need I say
She was enchanted by the wicked spells
Of Gebir, whom with lust of power inflamed
The western winds have landed on our coast ?
I since have watcht her in her lone retreat,
Have heard her sigh and soften out the name

Gebir, too, has been watched by Dalica; spies set on by her have followed him, and have reported his solitary wanderings and self-communings, even his strange loud laughter and his ghastly smile: until finally his death is resolved on. And for this dread purpose she makes her way to the lonely and deserted ruins of the city of Masar, in which her sister Merthyr, a sorceress and enchantress, practises her foul spells. This was another of the passages which Shelley was never tired of reciting; and certainly in the modulation of the verse, the beauty of the flow and pause in the rhythm, there is what might have satisfied the ear of Milton himself.

" Once a fair city, courted then by kings,
Mistress of nations, throng'd by palaces,
Raising her head o'er destiny, her face
Glowing with pleasure and with palms refresht,
Now pointed at by Wisdom or by Wealth,
Bereft of beauty, bare of ornament,

Stood, in the wilderness of woe, MASAR.
Ere far advancing, all appear'd a plain;
Treacherous and fearful mountains, far advanced;
Her glory so gone down, at human step
The fierce hyena frighted from the walls
Bristled his rising back, his teeth unsheath'd,
Drew the long growl and with slow foot retired."

A recognition takes place between the sisters, and the witch believes that Dalica, tired of the lamps and jewels of a court, has come to close her life in vigils of the moon; until she confesses that the purpose of her visit is to obtain a poisoned robe which she may fling over Gebir at the coming festival, offering homage and giving death. Merthyr eagerly consents; and even Dalica is appalled as she watches her grim enjoyment through each successive stage of horrible preparation, gathering the herbs, mutilating venomous creatures for their poison, and weaving on her spindle the dread dark purple woof.

"Her thus entranced the sister's voice recall'd:
'Behold it here! dyed once again, 'tis done.'
Then Merthyr seiz'd with bare bold-sinew'd arm
The grey cerastes, writhing from her grasp,*
And twisted off his horn, nor fear'd to squeeze
The viscous poison from his glowing gums . . . . .
Together those her scient hand combined . . .
Which done, with words most potent, thrice she dipt
The reeking garb; thrice waved it through the air.
She ceast; and suddenly the creeping wool
Shrank up with crisped dryness in her hands:
'Take this,' she cried, 'and Gebir is no more.'"

The Sixth and Seventh Books remain, of which the purpose is to exhibit, in vivid contrast, the happy issue

* I possess a copy of *Gebir* in which at these picturesque lines Landor mentions that in this and other matters he had drawn information from the pages (not then appreciated as they ought to have been) of the great traveller Bruce.

of the love of Tamar and the disastrous close of that of Gebir. To Gebir warnings are abroad—

> "With horrid chorus, Pain, Diseases, Death,
> Stamp on the slippery pavement of the proud,
> And ring their sounding emptiness through earth"

—even while the sea-nymph offers to his brother "the "ocean, her, himself, and peace." On the morning that is to unite them, the very waves over which she is to lead him to her home prefigure the coming happiness.

> "The waves beneath in purpling rows, like doves
> Glancing with wanton coyness tow'rd their queen,
> Heav'd softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
> When from her sleeping lover's downy cheek,
> To which so warily her own she brings
> Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth
> Of coming kisses fann'd by playful Dreams."

His countrymen are watching from the beach (this is very Greek):

> "But nothing see they, save a purple mist
> Roll from the distant mountain down the shore:
> It rolls, it sails, it settles, it dissolves:
> Then shines the Nymph to human eye reveal'd,
> And leads her Tamar timorous o'er the waves.
> Immortals crowding round congratulate
> The shepherd . . ."

But even in these hours of supreme joy the evil brooding over his brother shakes the heart of the shepherd prince; and, "leaning o'er the boy beloved," the morning after their espousals, "in Ocean's grot, where "Ocean was unheard," the sea-nymph has to kiss his fears away. His grief dispersed, pleasure and strength return; and, as she touches his eyes, the wonders of the watery realm are successively revealed to them:

> "First arose
> To his astonisht and delighted view
> The sacred isle that shrines the queen of love.

It stood so near him, so acute each sense,
That not the symphony of lutes alone
Or coo serene or billing strife of doves,
But murmurs, whispers, nay the very sighs
Which he himself had utter'd once, he heard.
Next, but long after and far off, appear
The cloud-like cliffs and thousand towers of Crete,
And further to the right the Cyclades . . .
He saw the land of Pelops, host of Gods,
Saw the steep ridge where Corinth after stood
Beckoning the Ionians with the smiling Arts
Into her sunbright bay. . . . .
And now the chariot of the Sun descends,
The waves rush hurried from his foaming steeds,
Smoke issues from their nostrils at the gate,
Which, when they enter, with huge golden bar
Atlas and Calpè close across the sea."

The Seventh and last Book tells its story in a series of pictures. The first shows the warriors at their games, while—

"Others push forth the prows of their compeers,
And the wave, parted by the pouncing beak,
Swells up the sides and closes far astern:
The silent oars now dip their level wings,
And weary with strong stroke the whitening wave.
Others, afraid of tardiness, return:
Now, entering the still harbour, every surge
Runs with a louder murmur up their keel,
And the slack cordage rattles round the mast."

Gebir is then presented to us:

"Sleepless with pleasure and expiring fears
Had Gebir risen ere the break of dawn,
And o'er the plains appointed for the feast
Hurried with ardent step: the swains admired
What so transversely could have swept the dew!"

Charoba next; a masterpiece of exquisite description:

"Not thus Charoba: she despair'd the day;
The day was present; true; yet she despair'd.
In the too tender and once-tortured heart
Doubts gather strength from habit, like disease;
Fears, like the needle verging to the pole,
Tremble and tremble into certainty. . . .

Next to her chamber, closed by cedar doors,
A bath of purest marble, purest wave,
On its fair surface bore its pavement high:
Arabian gold enchased the crystal roof,
With fluttering boys adorn'd and girls unrobed;
These, when you touch the quiet water, start
From their aërial sunny arch, and pant
Entangled mid each other's flowery wreaths,
And each pursuing is in turn pursued.
Here came at last, as ever went at morn,
Charoba: long she lingered at the brink,
Often she sigh'd, and, naked as she was,
Sate down, and leaning on the couch's edge,
On the soft inward pillow of her arm
Rested her burning cheek: she moved her eyes;
She blusht; and blushing plunged into the wave."

Gebir has made no declaration yet, but the day when he is to meet the queen is that which all expect to be their nuptial-day; and this meeting of the monarchs, amid the frantic exultation of the peoples, is the scene next presented to us: from which, onward to the end, an accumulating wealth of imagery, and of descriptions outvying each other in picturesqueness, is poured out with marvellous and apparently unconscious ease. As Hazlitt so finely said when Shakespeare's scene was also laid in Egypt, there is a richness like the overflowing of the Nile. I can spare however but small space for it.

"Now brazen chariots thunder through each street,
And neighing steeds paw proudly from delay.
While o'er the palace breathes the dulcimer,
Lute, and aspiring harp, and lisping reed,—
Loud rush the trumpets bursting through the throng
And urge the high-shoulder'd vulgar . . .
Now murmurs, like the sea or like the storm
Or like the flames on forests, move and mount
From rank to rank, and loud and louder roll,
Till all the people is one vast applause.
Yes, 'tis herself, Charoba! Now the strife
To see again a form so often seen. . . .

She goes, the king awaits her from the camp:
Him she descried, and trembled ere he reacht
Her ear; but shuddered paler at his voice.
So the pale silver at the festive board
Grows paler fill'd afresh and dew'd with wine;
So seems the tenderest herbage of the spring
To whiten, bending from a balmy gale.
The beauteous queen alighting he received,
And sigh'd to loose her from his arms; she hung
A little longer on them through her fears."

That is very delicate and truthful; and the same gentleness of touch is repeated where, as Gebir's face changes under the influence of the poisoned robe, Charoba in her tenderness misinterprets it, and expects the declaration of his love. The lofty thrones had been erected for their meeting on the shore, commanding land and sea; and as queen and monarch take their seats—

"The brazen clarion hoarsens: many leagues
Above them, many to the south, the heron
Rising with hurried croak and throat outstretcht,
Ploughs up the silvering surface of her plain.
Tottering with age's zeal and mischief's haste
Then was discover'd Dalica; she reacht
The throne, she leant against the pedestal,
And now ascending stood before the king.
Prayers for his health and safety she preferr'd,
And o'er his head and o'er his feet she threw
Myrrh, nard, and cassia, from three golden urns;
His robe of native woof she next removed,
And round her shoulders drew the garb accurst,
And bow'd her head, departing. Soon the queen
Saw the blood mantling in his manly cheeks,
And fear'd, and faltering sought her lost replies,
And blest the silence that she wished were broke.
Alas, unconscious maiden! . . . .
Scarcely, with pace uneven, knees unnerv'd,
Reacht he the waters: in his troubled ear,
They sounded murmuring drearily; they rose
Wild, in strange colours, to his parching eyes;
They seem'd to rush around him, seem'd to lift
From the receding earth his helpless feet.

He fell: Charoba shriekt aloud; she ran
Frantic with fears and fondness, mazed with woe,
Nothing but Gebir dying she beheld.
The turban that betray'd its golden charge
Within, the veil that down her shoulder hung,
All fallen at her feet! the furthest wave
Creeping with silent progress up the sand,
Glided through all, and rais'd their hollow folds."

She appeals to Dalica; she acquits her of any complicity with what she thinks the demons of her land have done; she invokes the pity and protection of her dead mother; she upbraids the Gods; she pours out unrestrained the whole wild passion of her love for Gebir.

"Thus raved Charoba: horror, grief, amaze,
Pervaded all the host; all eyes were fixt;
All stricken motionless and mute: the feast
Was like the feast of Cepheus, when the sword
Of Phineus, white with wonder, shook restrain'd,
And the hilt rattled in his marble hand.*
She heard not, saw not, every sense was gone;
One passion banisht all; dominion, praise,
The world itself, was nothing. Senseless man!
What would thy fancy figure now from worlds?
There is no world to those that grieve and love."

The dying chief's last thought, meanwhile, is not of grandeur or of glory, or even of the desire for life, but of his happiness in carrying with him to the unknown realm, "more precious than the jewels that surround "the necks of kings entomb'd," the pity and the tears of Charoba. The peoples are driven asunder once again; and there falls upon the separating hosts all the darkness of which there was foreboding even while the morning broke in happiness—that night would close, and love

* The intense dramatic force and suddenness of this allusion will especially strike the reader who remembers the story, as told by Ovid, of Phineus changed to marble by the Gorgon shield of Perseus.

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and sovranty and life dissolve, and Egypt be "one de-
" sert drencht in blood."

It may now be a matter of some interest to the reader to know that every passage thus quoted appeared in the poem as originally published in 1798, and that not a line in any of them underwent alteration in the three subsequent reprints. The first, published early in the present century at Oxford, and to which further allusion will shortly be made, was a careful reproduction of the original, with some lines added and none omitted, but with correction of its multitude of misprints, and with explanatory notes and arguments. This earliest reprint appeared under the editorship of Mr. Robert Landor, who from his youth has had the admiration of a thinker and poet for this extraordinary poem; and the third, or latest, which appeared in the Collected Works of 1846, was as careful a reproduction of the copy which Landor had before included in his volume of Poems published in 1831, where again his additions were but very few, though his omissions were too full of meaning not to have mention here.

In the year when *Gebir* was written the world was ringing with the victories of Bonaparte; and a part of the vision of his descendants revealed to Tamar on his nuptial voyage, while they passed the islands of Sardinia and Corsica, had prefigured as arising amid the latter

"A mortal man above all mortal praise,"

and had depicted, under colour of the triumph of the race of Tamar, a victorious march of the French Republic from the Garonne to the Rhine:

" How grand a prospect opens! Alps o'er Alps
Tower, to survey the triumphs that proceed.
There, while Garumna dances in the gloom

Of larches, mid her naiads, or reclined
Leans on a broom-clad bank to watch the sports
Of some far-distant chamois silken-hair'd,
The chaste Pyrené, drying up her tears,
Finds, with your children, refuge: yonder, Rhine
Lays his imperial sceptre at their feet."

Nay, even Time itself, and the Seasons, were now to acknowledge their masters; for had not the months and weeks and days themselves taken new names!

"What hoary form so vigorous vast bends there?
Time,—Time himself throws off his motley garb
Figur'd with monstrous men and monstrous Gods,
And in pure vesture enters their pure fanes,
A proud partaker of their festivals.
Captivity led captive, War o'erthrown,
They shall o'er Europe, shall o'er Earth extend
Empire that seas alone and skies confine,
And glory that shall strike the crystal stars."

But now that these hopes had broken down, and the glorious expectation was over, the lines, with sundry others in similar strain, were swept entirely away; Landor merely remarking in one of his letters to Southey that he had cut out the political allusions. With one exception,* all the passages thus omitted were taken from the Third and Sixth Books, and consisted of something over 150 lines. The additions, on the other hand, did not exceed fifty lines, and were intended to make more intelligible those passages of the tale in which the pruning-knife had before been used too freely. Speak-

* Of this exception I will preserve in a note, for their beauty of cadence and expression, and because they were especially liked by Southey, the few lines that opened the poem:

"When old Silenus called the Satyrs home,
Satyrs then tender-hooft and ruddy-horn'd,
With Bacchus and the Nymphs, he sometimes rose
Amidst the tale or pastoral, and show'd
The light of purest wisdom; and the God
Scattered with wholesome fruit the pleasant plains."

ing of this himself in his Preface to the 1831 edition of the *Poems*,—after telling us that *Gebir* was written in his twentieth year; that many parts were first composed in Latin, and he doubted in which language to complete it; and that he had lost the manuscript, but found it afterwards in a box of letters,—he adds, that before printing it he reduced it nearly to half. In substance this was the account he always gave, though the circumstances varied a little in his memory.* Writing to me in 1857 of *Aurora Leigh*,† he exclaims, "What "loads I carted off from *Gebir*, in order to give it pro-

* For example, adverting in a poem of his later life to these early days in Wales and his adventures with his pony Fidler, he gives a different version of *Gebir's* loss and recovery:

"Sixty the years since Fidler bore
My grouse-bag up the Bala Moor;
Above the lake, along the lea,
Where gleams the darkly yellow Dee;
Thro' crags, o'er cliffs, I carried there
My verses with paternal care,
But left them, and went home again
To wing the birds upon the plain.
With heavier luggage half forgot,
For many months they followed not.
When over Tawey's sands they came
Brighter flew up my winter flame. . . .
Gebir! men shook their heads in doubt
If we were sane: few made us out
Beside one stranger . . ."

† "I am reading a poem," he says, "full of thought and fasci-
"nating with fancy—Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*. In many
"pages, and particularly 126 and 127, there is the wild imagi-
"nation of Shakespeare. I have not yet read much farther. I
"had no idea that any one in this age was capable of so much
"poetry. I am half-drunk with it. Never did I think I should
"have a good hearty draught of poetry again: the distemper had
"got into the vineyard that produced it. Here are indeed, even
"here, some flies upon the surface, as there always will be upon
"what is sweet and strong. I know not yet what the story is. Few
"possess the power of construction."

" portion, yet nearly all would have liked it better with " incorrectness;" and in a letter to Southey, forty years earlier, he had written: "As to *Gebir*, I am certain that " I rejected what almost every man would call the best " part. I am afraid that I have boiled away too much, " and that something of a native flavour has been lost " in procuring a stronger and more austere one."

But though it is probable that some stop was thus put to the popularity of a poem where, as Coleridge said of it, the eminences were so excessively bright and the ground so dark around and between them, Landor is in a greater measure to be accounted fortunate, that thus early he could exercise the power invaluable to a poet, and which even to the best arrives often too late, of selection and compression. Among its advantages in the present case is undoubtedly this, that what the poem was at its first publication, it remains still; it has not been improved into something altogether different; and the reader's certainty that the passages of it now laid before him are unaltered since the boyish years when they were written, will increase his interest in the further development of so extraordinary a mind.

II. Some Opinions of Gebir.

The publication is thus described by Mr. Robert Landor: "Of *Gebir* he had the highest expectations, " and yet it was intrusted to a very small bookseller at " Warwick, without any one to correct the press, in the " form of a sixpenny pamphlet. Excepting to some " personal friends it remained quite unknown till an " article appeared, written by Southey, in the *Critical* " *Review*, full of generous commendation. This was " the beginning of their friendship. A few literary

" men only—Shelley, Reginald Heber, and I think " Coleridge—read the poem even then; and hardly a " hundred copies were sold, till a much better edition, " with a Latin translation, was published at Oxford " under my superintendence. I discharged the office " of editor quite unassisted by the author, who always " seems to have felt a nervous bashfulness which " transferred his works to the care of other people. " Bashfulness doubtful of their success, not of their " merits."

This remark explains the brief preface to the poem in which was thrown down so characteristically the measure of its author's expectations. After describing it as principally written in Wales, and the fruit of idleness and ignorance, for "had he been a botanist or "mineralogist it never had been written," he mentions the Arabian tale he had taken the hint of its story from, speaks of the few English writers who had succeeded in blank verse, distinguishing above all "the poet of our " republic;" and closes by saying: "I am aware how " much I myself stand in need of favour. I demand " some little from Justice: I entreat much more from " Candour. If there are now in England ten men of " taste and genius who will applaud my poem, I de- " clare myself fully content. I will call for a division; " I shall count a majority."

The late Mr. De Quincey grudged him even the ten. He protested there were only two, and that he had for some time vainly "conceited" himself to be the sole purchaser and reader. Landor remarked upon this with amusing warmth in one of his letters to me in 1853: "It must have been under the influence of his " favourite drug that he fancied Southey telling him " he believed they were the only two who had read

"*Gebir.* Mr. De Quincey was not acquainted with "Southey until very many years after he had written "a noble panegyric on the poem inserted in the *Critical* "*Review* in 1798. He did not know me until long "after: but he had in that year recommended the "poem to Charles Wynne, who told me so; and to the "two Hebers; and to Coleridge, who praised it highly "until he was present when Southey read or repeated "parts of it before a large company, after which, if "ever he mentioned it at all, it was slightingly. Mr. "De Quincey appears to have had another dream, too, "of a conversation with Southey in which they agreed "that I imitated Valerius Flaccus, whose poem I never "had opened, but have looked into lately, and find in-"tolerable to get through beyond 200 lines.* These "dreams and the records of them will pass away; but "'exoriare aliquis nostris *ex ossibus* ultor.' I think I "know who this will be, and I expect no earlier vin-"dication."

Not in the year of its publication, but in the September of the year following, Southey's notice appeared in the *Critical Review*. This I shall remark upon here, because of its writer; though my mention of the only other published review, which dates several months later, and was conceived in a very different spirit, must be reserved to another section. Southey's criticism was thin and colourless, but his tone was sufficiently laudatory. An outline of the story was given; such passages as "the Shell" were quoted, with the remark that the reader who did not instantly perceive their beauty must

* That this was not altogether a dream, however, is presumable from the fact that Southey, in a notice in the *Annual Review* of Landor's *Poetry by the Author of Gebir*, to be presently mentioned, used this very comparison; and probably De Quincey derived his impression, not from the conversation, but from the review.

have a soul blind to the world of poetry; other passages were characterised as more Homeric than any thing in modern poetical writing; and while, of the faults of the poem, those of an ill-chosen story and of a frequent absence of perspicuity in the language were pointed out as the most conspicuous, it was said of its beauties that they were of the first order, and that every circumstance was displayed with a force and accuracy which painting could not exceed. "It is not our busi-"ness," Southey said in conclusion, after quoting the challenge from the author's preface given above, "to "examine whether he has understated the number of "men of taste and genius in England, but we have "read his poem repeatedly with more than common "attention, and with far more than common delight."

Before the review appeared Southey had been speaking of the poem in the same strain to his private friends. To Cottle he wrote: "There is a poem called *Gebir*, of "which I know not whether my review of it in the "*Critical* be yet printed; but in that review you will "find some of the most exquisite poetry in the lan-"guage . . . I would go a hundred miles to see the "(anonymous) author." To Grosvenor Bedford in the following month he wrote: "There is a poem called "*Gebir*, written by God knows who, sold for a shilling: "it has miraculous beauties." Of William Taylor of Norwich, a few days later, he asked if he had seen the poem; called it the miraculous work of a madman; said it was like a picture in whose obscure colouring no plan was discoverable, but in whose every distinct touch the master-hand was visible; and compared its intelligible passages to flashes of lightning at midnight. After a few months he started for Lisbon to visit his uncle Hill, and before going wrote to Coleridge: "I

" take with me for the voyage your poems, the Lyrics, " the Lyrical Ballads, and *Gebir*—these make all my " library. I like *Gebir* more and more; if you ever " meet its author, tell him I took it with me on a jour- " ney." Detained on the point of sailing by westerly winds at Falmouth, he wrote to his brother the sea-captain that his time had been passed in walking on the beach sighing for north-easters, admiring the sea anemonies, and reading *Gebir*. On arrival at Lisbon he wrote again to Coleridge, advising him once more to read *Gebir*: "he grows upon me." He was now himself writing *Thalaba*, and in the preface mentions the great improvement to his own verse in vividness and strength which he was sensible of having at this time derived from the frequent perusal of *Gebir*. After his return, in another letter to Coleridge, he alludes to the circumstance of their friend Humphrey Davy having fallen stark mad with a play called the *Conspiracy of Gowrie*, which was by Rough, and a mere copy of that wonderful original, *Gebir*. This was in July 1801; at which date also he was writing to Davy himself the letter before quoted* which notices his first acquaintance with Landor's name, and his recollection of him at Oxford: " How could you compare this man's book with " Rough's? The lucid passages of *Gebir* are all palp- " able to the eye; they are the master-touches of a " painter—there is power in them, and passion, and " thought, and knowledge." The other he regarded as imitations merely, with a leading dash of *Gebir* through the whole.

This was not substantially unjust, though harshly expressed: but Rough nevertheless was a clever and noteworthy person, whose admiration Landor was glad

* Ante, p. 48.

to have for his own poem, and to repay in a generous fashion by no niggard praise of the poem written in imitation of it. They were for some time on very friendly terms; and some letters of Rough's between the date of 1800 and 1802 are preserved among Landor's papers. It will be time to advert to them when, with other friends of this early date connected with Warwick and its neighbourhood, Rough will shortly reappear. I must not meanwhile omit to add that even among those Warwickshire acquaintance *Gebir* was not so fortunate as to find only friends.

At his father's house, in the two years between his retreat to Wales and the publication of his poem, Landor had been a frequent visitor; and during the seven unsettled years that followed before Doctor Landor's death, when neither pursuit nor place nor indeed persons attracted him for many months together, he was made welcome whenever he returned to Warwick; but to his father's especial friends, there can be little doubt, he was at all times less accommodating than he might have been. One of them was Miss Seward, a Warwickshire bluestocking so celebrated in those days that no less a person than Walter Scott became one of her editors; and her he flatly refused to meet only a few months before *Gebir* appeared. The lively lady remembered the slight; and took revenge characteristically in the remark of one of her letters,* that nobody but the author of such

* The letter is dated in July 1800, and addressed to one of the hangers-on of Parr, a clergyman named Fellowes, who wrote a "Pic- "ture of Christian Philosophy" and other volumes savouring more of the sentimental than the orthodox; but known in later years more favourably by active participation in some good works. "There is "no longer any wonder that the *Critical Review* should praise that "obscure fustian epic, *Gabor* (sic), since I learn from you that the "author and critic are one person. I have been told that he has consi- "derable talents and learning. *Gabor* is no proof of the first, since to

a poem as *Gebir* could have written the review of it in the *Critical*. Southey (whom she thought a greater poet than Wordsworth or Coleridge, and was fond of comparing to Milton) tried to propitiate Landor's wrath and protect his fair friend's memory, when this unlucky letter came to light; but he was not successful. Landor replied with a heat which, in its amazing disproportion to both the offence and the offender, is too characteristic to be lost.

"I shall not see any thing more than the backs of Miss Seward's *Letters*. I attempted to read her *Life of Darwin*, but was so disgusted by her impudence I threw it down. Some of her poetry may be better. My father and my aunts were rather intimate with her. I never saw her. She was so polite as to say she should be very happy to see me, and added some high-flown and idle compliment on verses, very indifferent, which I wrote at seventeen. I am not surprised she liked them better than *Gebir*. They were more like her own. In reply to her courtesy I said what she never should have heard, 'that I preferred a pretty woman to a literary one.' From that time to

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" think clearly is inseparable from great strength of intellect; though " we often see scholastic knowledge exist in a mind where the lights " of imagination, if they shine at all, shine but by glimpses, and " where the judgment is wholly opake" (v. 295). A couple of years later she wrote to Todd, the editor of Spenser and Milton, to console him for some adverse notice in the *Critical* by telling him how malicious she had always found "that tract" to be in noticing herself; "though I think I can stand it unwounded, beneath the reflec- " tion that I have seen that tract lavishing encomiums on the most " unintelligible fustian that ever bore the name of an epic poem. " It called itself *Gebir*." (She had got the right name at last.) " Southey told a friend of mine lately that it was the finest poetic " work which had appeared these fifty years. So Johnson stilted up " Blackmore" (vi. 29). A few months later too, when Mr. Fellowes had sent a fresh supply of ill-natured gossip about Landor, she tells him how "charmed" she is with what he says of the author of *Gebir*, " and his other projected epic" (vi. 77). One cannot but feel that there is a relish of personal offence in all this, and that Landor's way of accounting for it is probably the right one.

the present, about thirteen years, I never heard any thing more about her in which I was concerned. It vexes, I must own to you it more than vexes, it afflicts and torments me, to have it disseminated in circulating-libraries and country book-clubs that I condescended to that last and vilest of all baseness, my own praises in a review. I know not any accusation so hateful. And this impudent —— seems well to have known my character in selecting it for her rancour. I do not imagine that Mr. Gifford himself said this. Other men have the privilege of complaining which God and nature never permitted me. This stigma may burn into me till it burns thro' me: meaner men would bite and scratch it off."

This letter was written in 1811, before I was born; and a quarter of a century later, as I well remember, one of the first of his letters addressed to myself contained an entire battery of the epigrams which he had now fired off against Miss Seward and her friends, and had thought worth preserving all those years.

One of the friends was the Mr. Fellowes who seems to have told her first of the supposed identity of the poet and his critic, "very cavalierly" as Southey wrote to his friend. "This Fellowes," Landor replied, "is "a person I often met at Parr's. I never knew that "he spoke cavalierly except to his wife, whom he beat "and separated from. I never exchanged a syllable "with him.* At Parr's I converse only with Parr." Somewhat unconsciously a characteristic trait is here let

* That remark would probably explain the sentence in one of Mr. Fellowes's letters which quite enchanted Miss Seward when she read it. "The author of *Gebir*, who lives in this neighbourhood, has "lately made another attempt to convey the waters of Helicon by "leaden pipes, and many dark subterranean ways, into the channel "of the Avon. I have not seen these last effusions of his Muse; but, "having trod the dark profound of *Gebir*, I feel no inclination to "begin another journey which promises so little pleasure, and pro-"bably where only a few occasional flashes will enlighten the road." The attempt thus charitably spoken of was a thin little volume of *Poetry by the Author of Gebir* to be presently again mentioned.

drop, of which there is an accurate illustration in one of his brother's letters. Referring to what was certainly true of Landor to the last, that, with noble bursts of energy in his talk, his temperament disqualified him for any thing like sustained reasoning, and he instinctively turned away from discussion or argument, his brother had mentioned having seen him in his youth rush from the table of one of his own political friends, provoked by some slight contradiction that appeared disrespectful, when in truth there was no disrespect but only a slight difference threatening controversy. "It was from "Doctor Parr's table," Mr. Robert Landor replied to my further inquiry, "that he rushed so furiously; but not "in anger with the Doctor, whom he always liked and "with whom he never quarrelled. His anger was provoked by a Warwick physician whom he met there— "a Doctor Winthrop—who felt astonished at the offence "he had given. A very feeble reasoner who could "govern his temper, might be sure of victory over one, "ten times his superior, who could not. Some slight interruption, even a smile, was provocation enough, if "there were many witnesses present at the controversy, "to decide it." His own assertion that at Parr's he never conversed but with Parr is made quite intelligible to us by this comment. Yet his intercourse with the old liberty-loving scholar and divine was very much the happiest, and far from the least profitable, of this period of his life; and it continued, without abatement of regard on either side, for many years.

Before account is given of it, one more opinion of *Gebir* shall be interposed. It anticipates my narrative by a few years, but expresses with singular vividness the fascination with which the poem seized from time to time on minds of the highest order, the attention there-

by directed to its author from men whose notice constituted fame, and the degree of compensation so afforded by the few for the persistent neglect and dislike of the many.

Four years before *Gebir* appeared Shelley was born, and its influence over him at more than one period of his life is recorded by his wife in her edition of his Poems. When he was at Oxford in 1811, we are told by the friend and fellow-collegian who was most intimate with him there, he would at times read nothing else; and Mr. Hogg relates that on the frequent occasions when he found him so occupied, it was hopeless to draw his attention away. There was something in the poem which in a peculiar manner caught his fancy. He would read it aloud to others, or to himself, with a tiresome pertinacity. One morning his friend went into his rooms to tell him something of importance, but he would attend to nothing but *Gebir;* whereupon Hogg describes himself with a young impatience snatching the book "out of the obstinate fellow's hand" and throwing it through the open window into the quadrangle; but unavailingly—for as it fell upon the grass-plat, and was brought presently back by the servant, again Shelley became absorbed in it, and the something of importance had to wait to another time. "I related this incident at "Florence," adds Mr. Hogg, "some years afterwards, "and after the death of my poor friend, to the highly-"gifted author. He heard it with his hearty, cordial, "genial laugh. 'Well, you must allow it is something "'to have produced what could please one fellow-crea-"'ture, and offend another so much.'"*

* *Life of Shelley*, i. 201. "I regret," Mr. Hogg concludes, "that "these two intellectual persons were not acquainted with each other. "If I could confer a real benefit upon a friend, I would procure for "him, if it were possible, the friendship of Walter Savage Landor."

Nothing has been said of *Gebir* better than that; and when correct adjustment has been made of the relative values of praise and censure received by it, from those it so greatly pleased and those it so much offended, its place will at last be accurately ascertained.

III. Doctor Parr.

In the first article written by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*, he reproachfully called attention to the fact that by far the most learned man of his day* was languishing on a little paltry curacy in Warwickshire. This was Doctor Parr, whose name at the beginning of the century, little as it is now remembered where learning and literature is in question, was held in undeniable respect by the first scholars in Europe. Parr never indeed stood higher in esteem than at the time of the publication of *Gebir*, to the admiration of whose ardent writer he presented a threefold claim. To the skilled Latin student he was the author of the *Preface to Bellendenus;* to the eager politician he was the friend of Fox and Grey; to the young adventurer in literature he had the charm of association with a greater Doctor Samuel, the chief of English men of letters, who had lately passed away. "Sir," said Johnson to Bennet Langton, in one of those conversations which Boswell's wonderful book had just then given to the world, "Parr is a fair man. I "do not know when I have had an occasion of such "free controversy." They had talked upon the liberty of the press; and Johnson, stamping unconsciously in

* Porson was then dead. While he lived Parr would say, "The "first Greek scholar is Porson, and the third Elmsley: I won't say "who the second is."

the heat of the argument, had stopped suddenly on seeing Parr give a great stamp. "Why did you stamp, "Doctor Parr?" he asked. "Sir," replied Parr, "be- "cause you stamped; and I was resolved not to give "you the advantage even of a stamp in the argument." This was good Johnsonian give-and-take, and would certainly not lower his namesake in Johnson's opinion; but it must be added that the trick of stamping remained too much with the lesser Samuel, who also practised afterwards pompous oracular ways, and dealt greatly in sonorous words, apparently derived from the same source. But, notwithstanding much pretentious and preposterous writing, what was most prominent in Parr's character was neither assumed nor commonplace. Johnson said it was a pity that such a man and such a scholar should be a whig; and, considering that with the dispensers of church patronage in those days the most moderate forms of Whiggism were but other forms of Atheism, Deism, Socinianism, or any of the rest of the Isms that to a clergyman meant infamy and poverty, a more judicious choice of opinions might undoubtedly have been made. But in his way Parr was quite as sincere a man as Johnson, and opinions were as little a matter of mere choosing to the one as to the other.

Up to the time of the French Revolution Doctor Landor had himself been a whig, as all Warwickshire had reason to know; for it was he who brought forward Sir Robert Lawley and Mr. Ladbroke at the election which broke down Lord Warwick's predominance in the county. But when the split in the party came, and Burke carried over the deserters from Fox, Doctor Landor cast in his lot with them, and became also Pitt's vehement supporter. His son Walter, on the other

hand, went as far as he could in the opposite extreme; and would doubtless have gone to the other side of England for the pleasure of greeting a friend of Mr. Fox so loud and uncompromising as Doctor Parr was at this time. As it was, he had to do little more than cross the threshold of his father's door.

At Hatton (Heath-town), a retired village on an eminence near what was then a wide tract of heath two or three miles from Warwick on the Birmingham road, Parr had lived since 1783, when Lady Trafford presented him to its perpetual curacy. He was a poor man when he went there; but when more prosperous days came to him he was too fond of the place to leave it, and there he died. At the small brick parsonage he built out a good-sized library, which he filled with books of which the printed catalogue is still consulted with interest by scholars; and this became at last his dining-room also, where not seldom, at his frequent festivities, neither books nor friends were visible for the clouds of tobacco that rose and enveloped them from his morning, afternoon, and evening pipes. Sydney Smith says he had too much of his own way at these social parties, and would have been better for more knocking about among his equals; but the same sentence that laughs at him for his airs of self-importance celebrates not the less his copious and varied learning, the richness of his acquisitions, the vigour of his understanding, and above all the genuine goodness of his heart. Undue prominence was indeed given by two circumstances to the weak points in Parr's character: they were all upon the surface, and they were all of the quizzible kind. He had a quantity of foolish personal vanity; a lisp made more absurd his pompous way of speaking; and a corpulent figure set off disadvanta-

geously his vagaries of dress. When he lost the Mastership of Harrow it was said that he went far completely to console himself by mounting that famous obumbrating wig, which, as Sydney said of it, swelled out behind into boundless convexity of frizz. But there is something not difficult to forgive in absurdities of this kind, when accompanied by unworldliness of nature; and it is undoubtedly the case that Parr was at the bottom a very kindly and a very simple man. He could stand by those who had claims on his friendship, though all the rest of the world should fall from them; and it is the remark of a keen and unsparing judge of men, William Taylor of Norwich, in a comparison he makes between Parr and Mackintosh, that, whereas the latter inspired admiration rather than attachment, there was a lovingness about Parr and a susceptibility of affection that gave him an immense superiority.* The time when Landor first knew Parr was that of Mackintosh's greatest intimacy with him; and of the characteristic traits of their intercourse still remembered there are few better than the remark made by Parr after a long argument. "Jemmy, I cannot talk you down; but I can think "you down, Jemmy." It expresses at the same time one of those weaknesses by which it so often came to

* Among Landor's papers I found the following:

"From the old brown portfolio. Presented to Parr as an Epitaph, Dec. 21, 1799.

"Here lies our honest friend Sam Parr:
A better man than most men are.
So learned, he could well dispense
Sometimes with merely common sense:
So voluble, so eloquent,
You little heeded what he meant:
So generous, he could spare a word
To throw at Warburton or Hurd:
So loving, every village maid
Sought his caresses, tho afraid."

pass that Parr's company was inferior to himself, and such as he could talk down only too easily. But, even with Mackintosh, he had not seldom the upper hand. "Formerly," wrote Landor in one of his latest letters to Southey,* "I used to meet Mackintosh rather fre-
"quently. I never knew that he was so stored and
"laden as you give me to believe. He was certainly
"very inaccurate, not only in Greek but in Latin.
"Once at breakfast with Parr in Cary-street, where
"I was and Hargrave and Jekyl, he used the word
"anabásis. Parr said, 'Very right, Jemmy! very
"'right! it is anabásis with you, but anábasis with me
"'and Walter Landor.' I was very much shocked
"and grieved; indeed, to such a degree, that I felt
"indisposed to take any part in the conversation after-
"wards; only saying (which was not quite true) that I
"did not know it until then: which obtained me a
"punch of the elbow under the rib, and the interjec-
"tion of *lying dog!*"

Some of the points I have thus thought it fair to prefix to such mention of Landor's intercourse with Parr as will appear in these pages from time to time, receive also illustration, valuable because of personal knowledge, from one of Mr. Robert Landor's letters. He begins by speaking of a recent paper on Parr by Mr. De Quincey, published in the sixth volume of his collected works; and it is proper to remark that he writes with less sympathy for Parr's political opinions than for those of his critic. "If Mr. De Quincey had been de-
"sirous to show us how far it might be possible to
"convey the most false and injurious notions of a man
"in language which no one could contradict; which
"said nothing but the truth; he could hardly have suc-

* August 1832.

"ceeded better. What he has written is very true and "very false: but there are some old people, like my- "self, who may wish that the mixture had been less "skilfully malicious, and a great deal more honest. "There was some resemblance between the Doctor "and my brother. Never could there be a vainer man "than the one, or a prouder man than the other: the "comic part of the same selfish passion, and the tragic. "Both demanded admiration—the Doctor of his wig, "his cassock, the silk frogs on his new coat; Walter "of his very questionable jests recommended by a "loud laugh. Both were very delightful when in good "humour, and dangerously offensive when displeased. "Mr. De Quincey represents the Doctor as talking "gross nonsense; and so he often did. But then, at "other times, his conversation was the most eloquent "and abundant in charming imagery that it has ever "been my fortune to hear.* Both resented the slightest "appearance of disrespect: but Parr was much the "most placable and willing to be reconciled. Mr. De "Quincey should have recorded his warm-hearted sin- "cerity in friendship, which hardly failed when friend- "ship had become not only dangerous but discreditable. "Perhaps you would have thought that my brother "excelled in genius, imagination, power, and variety, "when at his best, as much as Parr exceeded him in "all kinds of acquired knowledge. There was the same "resemblance in the warmth of their love and hatred; "but Parr's love lasted the longest, and so did Wal- "ter's hatred. It would be impossible to determine "which of them hated one particular connection the "most; nor whether either had ever hated any one else

* This is entirely borne out by the account of William Taylor of Norwich.

" so much. Beside the great difference in the age of " these competitors (Walter was twenty-three at the " publication of *Gebir*, and Parr fifty-one), and, at that " time, of reputation, I think that they were kept from " quarrels by mutual respect, by something like awe of " each other's temper, and a knowledge that, if war " began at all, it must be to the knife. It would be " great impertinence in me," Mr. Landor adds, " if any " opinions were offered here on the Doctor's literary " pretensions. But surely the pretensions of a writer " and reasoner familiar, during many years, with Charles " Fox, James Mackintosh, Bobus Smith, Richard Sharp, " Samuel Rogers, and other distinguished people, could " hardly have been so contemptible as it is now the " fashion to suppose. I say this, though he once " treated me more offensively than any one else ever " did."

The correspondence of Parr and Landor, while the latter was still at Oxford, has been mentioned in a preceding page;* and such of Parr's later letters as I possess, with one or two of Landor's, though of not much moment in themselves and but a fragment of what passed between them, will show well enough, as I quote them from time to time in my memoir, the character of their intercourse. *Gebir*, as soon as published, found its way to Hatton, with a letter in which the writer told Parr that, however proud and presumptuous he might have shown himself in the effort he had made, he rather thought that during the time the Doctor was reading and examining it he should himself be undergoing much the same sensation as the unfortunate Polydorus, while his tomb, new-turfed and spruce and flourishing, was plucked for a sacrifice to Æneas. But the Doctor's weak point was

* Ante, p. 43.

poetry; his taste in that respect was "Bromwychian," as Landor described it to Southey; and the poem awakened little interest in him till it appeared in its Latin form. Yet was he swift to recognise a vigour and animation in his young friend's mode of writing, whether verse or prose, which he knew to be out of the common at that time; and with amusing eagerness he did his best to enlist him on Fox's side in the strife of politics and papers then raging.

The share that Coleridge and Southey had in that memorable strife is well known, and even Lloyd and Lamb were taking part with their puns and pleasantries. They had, all of them, engagements on the *Courier* or on the *Morning Post;* Dan Stewart, Mackintosh's brother-in-law, of whom Lamb has left a whimsical sketch, being Magnus Apollo at the *Post*, and exercising at the *Courier* also not a little of the influence which he handed over a few years later to Coleridge. But very different was Landor's position from theirs. Those were days when Southey would often walk the streets dinnerless at dinner-time, without a shilling in his pocket for the ordinary, or for bread-and-cheese at his lodgings; when he and Coleridge were content with Dan Stewart's guinea a-week; and when he thought it "not amiss," as he tells his brother Tom, by eight months' contributing to monthly magazines and reviews, to make as much as seven pounds and two pairs of breeches. Landor's bread-and-cheese and breeches were found for him. He was not a hired soldier, but a volunteer; and seems never to have sought acquaintance with the regular rank and file. His contributions, chiefly to the *Courier*, were in the form of letters with or without his name; and though as fierce against Pitt and the war-party as even Parr could desire, they had an awkward

trick of bolting out of the Fox preserves and running after game that was more to the writer's liking. For a time, nevertheless, Parr appears to have kept him within bounds,, by the help mainly of Fox's fidus Achates Robert Adair.

Several of Adair's letters to Landor are before me, between the dates of 1800 and 1806. They show what difficulty Parr had in bringing them together; what a shrewd opinion of Landor's possible value in the press Adair formed at once; how willing he was to overlook even such anti-whig heresies as Landor's dislike of William the deliverer; and what pains were taken to put so clever a fellow in the proper way. He and Adair would meet at Debrett's in Piccadilly, and go down together to the House of Commons, "the most costly "exhibition in Europe," as Landor amused Adair by calling it; and ultimately it was so arranged that access to the reporters' gallery should generally be open to him. They were present together, among other occasions, at the stormy debate of that March night of 1801 when Lord Castlereagh brought in his bill to prolong the act enabling the Lord-Lieutenant to put Ireland under martial law. Landor meanwhile was busy with his pen against Pitt and the Ministry. He would send letters for Adair's approval, seldom satisfied with them himself; whereas Adair only admitted his right to undervalue such compositions on the ground that rich men might be allowed to be prodigal, and to scatter about their liberalities without too severely reckoning up the amount of them. When Landor was absent from London, too, I find Adair making it his business to examine back files of the *Courier* to see if a particular letter of his had been given; writing to him that he considers its omission to be evidence of the degraded state of the English press;

excepting Mr. Perry from this remark, as a man of inviolable honour; and promising Landor better treatment at the *Morning Chronicle*, if he will but consent to contribute to that paper.

Adair had some cause for his bitterness about the press, the *Anti-Jacobin* having singled him out for a succession of its most scurrilous jokes, and the ministerial papers ever since keeping up the merciless battery. He had in truth become a special mark for them by exactly such service to the other party as he was now trying to render in the instance of Landor; his appearance in the reporters' gallery among the press-men, or his introduction of some new pamphleteer to Ridgway or Debrett, being frequent subjects of derision with Ellis, Frere, and Canning.

> "I whom, dear Fox, you condescend
> To call your honourable friend,
> Shall live for everlasting:
> The Stygian gallery I'll quit,
> Where printers crowd me as I sit
> Half dead with rage and fasting.
> Scotch, English, Irish whigs shall read
> The pamphlets, letters, odes *I breed*,
> Charm'd with each bright endeavour—
> Alarmists tremble at my strain,
> E'en Pitt, made candid by champagne,
> Shall hail Adair the clever."

The same laugh at his pretensions and taste in letters is in Canning's *Counter-Epistle:*

> "Or art thou one, THE PARTY'S flatter'd fool,
> Train'd in Debrett's or Ridgway's civic school,
> Who sees nor taste nor genius in these times
> Save Parr's buzz prose—"

and in his Oriental letter from "Bauba-Dara-Adul-"Phoola," the same unscrupulous wit, showing what

scant accommodation might suffice for a brace of whig bedfellows, again coupled Adair* and Parr.

> "There was great Dr. Parr, whom we style Bellendenus:
> The Doctor and I have a hammock between us."

But this was the kind of thing that in those days all had to expect who set themselves resolutely against the "drunken democracy of Mr. William Pitt," as Landor not inaptly christened the Anti-Gallican phrenzy. He had soon to encounter it in his own person. "The "*Anti-Jacobin*,"† he wrote to Parr, "has assailed me "with much virulence—I am a coward and a profligate. "On the latter expression, as I know not the meaning "of it, I shall be silent. The former is a plain intel- "ligible word; and if I discover the person who has "made this application of it, I will give him some "documents that shall enlighten his judgment at the "expense of his skin. Could you imagine it? *You* "also are mentioned with a proportionate share of in- "solence. Let them pass. Who would stop a cloud "that over-shadows his garden? The cloud is transi- "tory, the garden blooms. Thank God, I have a "mind more alive to kindness than to contumely. The "statue of Memnon is insensible to the sands that "blow against it, but answers in a tender tone to "the first touches of the sun. Come, come, let me "descend from these clouds and this romance, at "which you will laugh most heartily, and quote in my "favour the example of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, who,

* "Bauba-Dara-Adul-Phoola" is of course "Bob Adair, a dull fool."

† This was not Canning's *Anti-Jacobin and Weekly Examiner*, but its successor, the *Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine:* the same that libelled Southey, Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb, in the "toad and "frog" caricature, and which is generally confounded with its hardly more respectable parent and predecessor.

"when the Lilliputians climbed and crept over him, "forbore that contention which a more equal or a more "formidable enemy would have aroused." We have nevertheless now to show how weak was Mr. Gulliver's deterring example, and how little formidable after all was the enemy by whose censure the young poet could be moved to resentment and reply.

IV. Attack of the Monthly Review.

At the 206th page of the 31st volume of the *Monthly Review*, published in 1800, will be found the following:

"*Gebir.*

"An unpractised author has attempted, in this poem, the difficult task of relating a romantic story in blank verse. His performance betrays all the incorrectness and abruptness of inexperience, but it manifests occasionally some talent for description. He has fallen into the common error of those who aspire to the composition of blank verse, by borrowing too many phrases and epithets from our incomparable Milton. We must further observe that the story is told very obscurely, and should have been assisted by an Argument in prose. Young writers are often astonished to find that passages, which seem very clear to their own heated imaginations, appear very dark to their readers. The author of the poem before us may produce something worthy of more approbation, if he will labour hard, and delay for a few years the publication of his next performance."

Exactly so. An ordinary reviewer cannot help this sort of thing when an original book falls in his way; and Landor, who had professed his readiness to be content with less than a dozen admirers if they were but of the worthiest, might very well have smiled at this harmless review. Not small, indeed, was his amusement in later years at precisely such critical effusions; when he would picture himself watching the appearance of a

first-rate book as the rarest of all occurrences, and laugh at ordinary people's ways in slowly rising up to the unaccustomed visitor. They were like nothing so much, he said, as carp in a pond when food is thrown in: some snatching suddenly at a morsel and swallowing it; others with their barb gently touching it and passing it by; others more disdainfully wriggling and rubbing against it; and others, in sober truth, such as our friend here of the *Monthly*, in a genuine and puzzled ignorance what to make of it, "swimming round and "round it, eyeing it on the sunny side, eyeing it on "the shady, approaching it, questioning it, shouldering "it, flapping it with the tail, turning it over, looking "askance at it, taking a pea-shell or a worm instead "of it, and plunging again their heads into the com-"fortable mud."

In his own comfortable mud, however, the reviewer was not to be left on this particular occasion. Landor resolved to drag him forth and punish him, and with this view planned a Prose Postscript to *Gebir*. This was a wonderful production of its kind: impressed with character, impetuous, scornful, eloquent, confident; sparkling with turns of wit and with bright fancies; critical in Greek and Latin, and replete with other scholarship, particularly of good old English: but withal so personal, and so vehemently as well as (if it must be said) coarsely wrong in many ways, that for Landor it must be esteemed a fortunate occurrence that before the final step was taken with it a friendly judgment should have interposed. It was suppressed; but, finding it among his papers, I shall not hesitate to give such portions of it here as may now with propriety be preserved. Some touches in it personal to himself are full of value; and it is remarkable for the complete promise it gives thus

early of what was ultimately to place him in so high a rank among writers of English prose.

He preaches from a peaceful text, as men bent upon war are apt to do, prefixing a sentence from one of the letters of Linnæus to Gronovius: "Ego potius tran- "quillè vivere desidero quam ab adversariis victorias et "tropæa reportare:" the adversaries from whom, after this self-denying ordinance, he straightway proceeds to pluck their trophies and victories, being it should be premised not alone the Monthly Reviewers, and prominently among them a certain Mr. Pybus who had dabbled in verse and was supposed to have written the offending notice, but also the Anti-Jacobins and their allies, including Mr. Isaac Disraeli who was just then coming up, Mr. Mathias of surprisingly absurd reputation, and some others.

The Anti-Jacobins and the general character of their literature were well sketched at the opening. "*Gebir* in different quarters," he says, "has been dif- "ferently received. I allude not to those loyal critics, "who, recently mounted on their city war-horse, having "borrowed the portly boots and refurbished the full- "bottomed perukes of the ancient French chevaliers, "are foremost to oppose the return of that traitor, whom "while he was amongst them Englishmen called Free- "dom, but now they have expelled him, Anarchy: since "the very first Reviews of this association were insti- "tuted, not merely for parade, but for hostility; not "for exercise, correctness, and precision, but, so adven- "turous and impetuous were the conscripts, for actual "and immediate battle."

To the *Critical* and *Monthly*, as being of the old establishment, he passes next, and refers gratefully to the notice by Southey, ignorant still of his name. "In re-

" spect to *Gebir* the one is perhaps conducted by a par-
" tial, but certainly by a masterly hand. It objects, and
" indeed with reason, to a temporary and local obscurity,
" which I have not been able, or I have not been willing,
" or I have not been bold enough to remove: but never
" on the whole, since its first institution, has a poem been
" more warmly praised." Turning then to the *Monthly*, he describes it as consisting of two misstatements: "that
" the poem was nothing more than the version of an
" Arabic tale; and that the author, not content with
" borrowing the expressions, had made the most awk-
" ward attempts to imitate the phraseology of Milton." To which he replies, that there is not a single sentence in the poem nor a single sentiment in common with the Arabian tale. Some characters were drawn more at large, some were brought out more prominently, and several were added. He had not changed the scene, which would have distorted the piece; but every line of appropriate description, and every shade of peculiar manners, were originally and entirely his own. Thus, whether "this gentleman" had read the poem or not, and whether he had read the romance or not, his account equally was false and malicious. "For the ro-
" mance is in English, therefore he could have read it;
" the poem is in English, and therefore he could have
" compared it. There is no disgrace in omitting to read
" them: the disgrace is, either in pretending to have
" done what he had not done, or in assuming a part
" which he was incompetent to support."

And there was a further and worse disgrace, which Landor ingeniously fixes on his reviewer as an inference from the charge against himself of having borrowed Milton's epithets and phrases. "There is a disgrace in
" omitting to read Milton; there is a disgrace in forget-

" ting him." Thus early had taken root in his mind that profound veneration for the most majestic of English poets which steadily attended him without abatement to the close of life, and which, as it rises or falls in England, may be taken as no indifferent or inexact measure-of-value as well in poetry as in the taste for it. How could this critic possibly have read or remembered Milton, says Landor, when he accuses me of borrowing his expressions? " I challenge him to produce them. If " indeed I *had* borrowed them, so little should I have " realised by the dangerous and wild speculation, that I " might have composed a better poem and not have " been a better poet. But I feared to break open, for " the supply of my games or for the maintenance of " my veteran heroes, the sacred treasury of the great " republican." Well, but if you had, some one still might ask, where would have been the crime or the harm; and why assail this critic, who may be paying you a compliment after all? Yes, rejoins Landor, if my vanity could stoop so low and live on so little; but I have to add, " for the information of my young oppo- " nent, what a more careful man would conceal, and " what in his present distress will relieve him greatly, " that this, which among the vulgar and thoughtless " might currently pass for praise, is really none at all. " For the language of *Paradise Lost* ought not to be " the language of *Gebir*. There should be the softened " air of remote antiquity, not the severe air of unap- " proachable sanctity. I devoutly offer up my incense " at the shrine of Milton. Woe betide the intruder that " would steal its jewels! It requires no miracle to " detect the sacrilege. The crime will be found its pun- " ishment. The venerable saints, and still more holy " personages, of Raphael or Michael Angelo, might

"as consistently be placed among the Bacchanals and "Satyrs, bestriding the goats and bearing the vases of "Poussin, as the resemblance of that poem, or any of "its component parts, could be introduced in mine." Nothing could be better said than that.

Full of character, too, are the sentences that follow, showing the writer at the outset of his life just as he was to its close. With an amusing self-consciousness and confidence which he would be a poor observer who should describe as vanity, he calmly tells his reviewer how it was that such review-writers as he is cannot help the dull mistakes they make, and winds up his lesson with an offer exactly prefiguring that with which he startled the reviewing world twenty-five years later, when he promised a hot penny-roll and a pint of stout for breakfast to any critic who could show himself capable of writing a dialogue equal to the worst of his Imaginary Conversations.*

"I have avoided high-sounding words. I have attempted to throw back the gross materials, and to bring the figures forward. I knew beforehand the blame that I should incur. I knew that people would cry out, 'Your burden was so light, we could 'hardly hear you breathe; pray where is your merit?' For there are few who seem thoroughly acquainted with this plain and simple truth, that it is easier to elevate the empty than to support the full. I also knew the *body* of my wine, and that years must pass over it before it would reach its relish. Some will think me intoxicated, and most will misconstrue my good-nature, if I invite the Reviewer, or any other friend that he will intro-

* Even when writing his boyish "Moral Epistle" there was the same amusing self-confidence; some capital couplets at the close of that satire, in which the patriots Parham and Shippen are celebrated, closing with a promise to them that each should be immortal; but that if any accident should prevent it, they were nevertheless to lie tranquil in their tombs and say—

"—Ye Powers
Of Darkness! it is LANDOR'S fault, not ours!"

duce—but himself the most earnestly, as I suspect from his manner that he *poetises*—to an amicable trial of skill. I will subject myself to any penalty, either of writing or of ceasing to write, if the author, who criticises with the flightiness of a poet, will assume that character at once, and, taking in series my twenty worst verses, write better an equal number in the period of twenty years. I shall be rejoiced if he will open to me any poems of my contemporaries, of my English contemporaries I mean, and point out three pages more spirited, I will venture to add more classical, than the three least happy and least accurate in *Gebir*."

Well: shall we be angry at this? There is a remark of Dr. Johnson's on the most affecting of Shakespeare's plays,—where he says the characters of that poet, however distressed, have always a conceit left them in their misery, "a miserable conceit,"—which has probably suggested to many a humane reader that if a conceit should be all that is left to poor misery, it might be hard at least to grudge it *that*. One would in like manner say, that if a poet distressed by want of readers should comfort his loneliness with a trifle of self-praise, it can be hardly worth while to punish him for it. Vanity in the vulgar sense, bred of abundance of worshippers and of the fumes of perpetual incense, it undoubtedly is not; and with a somewhat touching sense of what it really is, Landor follows up the remark just quoted: pleading with simplicity the precedent of contenders for a prize in old Greek days, and saying that if others would have spoken for him, he should himself have been silent. He describes the circumstances and way in which *Gebir* was written, and refers to the earlier poems published by him on leaving Oxford. The passage has the interest of autobiography, and all of it is worth preservation.

"Many will think that I should have suppressed what I have said; but let them recollect that among those ancient poets

who contended for the public prize, each must not only have formed the same determination (for defects are not usually compared with defects, but are generally contrasted with beauties), but have actually engaged, and that too more openly and personally, in a still more strenuous competition. *If my rights had not been refused me, I should not have asserted my claims.* Rambling by the side of the sea, or resting on the top of a mountain, and interlining with verses the letters of my friends, I sometimes thought how a Grecian would have written, but never what methods he would take to compass popularity. The nearer I approached him, though distant still, the more I was delighted. I may add,

> 'O belle agli occhj miei tende *latine!*
> Aura spira da voi che mi ricrea,
> E mi conforta pur che m'avvicine.'
>
> Tasso, *Gerus. Liberata.*

Several of these sketches were obliterated, still more laid aside and lost; various ideas I permitted to pass away, unwilling to disturb, by the slightest action, the dreams of reposing fancy. So little was I anxious to publish my rhapsodies, that I never sate down in the house, an hour at once, for the purpose of composition. Instead of making, or inviting, courtship, I declared with how little I should rest contented. Far from soliciting the attention of those who are passing by, *Gebir* is confined, I believe, to the shop of one bookseller, and I never heard that he had even made his appearance at the window. I understand not the management of those matters, but I find that the writing of a book is the least that an author has to do. My experience has not been great; and the caution which it has taught me lies entirely on the other side of publication. Before I was twenty years of age I had imprudently sent into the world a volume,* of which I was soon ashamed. It every where met with as much commendation as was proper, and generally more. For, though the structure was feeble, the lines were fluent; the rhymes showed habitual ease, and the personifications fashionable taste. I suffered any of my heroes, the greater part of whom were of a gentle kind, to look on one side through the eye of Pity, on the other through that of Love; and it was with great delight, for I could not foresee the consequences, that I heard them speak or sing with the lips of soft Persuasion. So

* See ante, p. 58.

early in life I had not discovered the error into which we were drawn by the WARTONS. I was then in raptures with what I now despise. I am far from the expectation, or the hope, that these deciduous shoots will be supported by the ivy of my maturer years."

Then succeed passages not less calling for suppression now than when originally written; but connected with others in which the style of reviewing then prevalent, and not excused by any special capacity in the reviewers, is condemned too characteristically not to be worth preservation. For, though wit and invective are here also used unsparingly, what is said to the critic on the author's behalf is a thing not too often remembered, and very often much needed to be said. Certainly the best critic will be least disposed to object to it. The remarks are introduced by an apology for the haste and incorrectness with which *Gebir* had been printed.

"Still there was nothing to authorise the impertinence with which the publication was treated by the *Monthly* reviewer. These are not the faults which he complains of; though these might, without his consciousness, have first occasioned his ill-humour. I pity his want of abilities, and I pardon his excess of insolence. The merit is by no means small of a critic who speaks with modesty. For, his time being chiefly occupied, at first, in works fundamentally critical, at least if we suppose him desirous to learn before he is ambitious to teach, he thinks, when he has attained their expressions and brevity, he has attained their solidity and profoundness. He must surely be above what he measures, else how can he measure with exactness? He must be greater *ex officio* than the person he brings before him; else how can he stigmatise with censure, or even dismiss with praise?"

But how if he should *not* be all this, nor have learned any thing before he began to teach every thing? How if it should suffice him, insect-like, to enclose in his flimsy web what he would be hopeless of reaching in its flight? How if his production, too, should be only after-

the kind of the miserable insect, a month in generating, a moment in existence?

"Miserable do I call them? Alas for the wise and virtuous; alas for human nature! Though Justice, in descending on the world again, has given it a partial revolution, so that some who were in sunshine are in shade—some of the highest and most prominent—yet, when I cast my eyes immediately around me, and can discern what passes both in public and in private, I find too often that those are the least miserable who occasion the most misery. For, when any one has done an injury, the power that enabled him to do it comes back upon the mind, and fills it with such a complacency as smooths away all the contrition that the action of this injury would have left. And little power is requisite to work much mischief."

Some personal applications follow, rounded off by a passage where the wit and eloquence are at least as conspicuous as the bitterness.

"Flies and reviewers fill their bellies while they irritate. Both of them are easily crushed, but neither of them easily caught. They lead pleasant lives in their season. The authors who can come into a share of a monthly publication are happy as play-wrights who manage a theatre, or as debtors who purchase a seat in our excellent House of Commons.

> 'They in what shape they choose,
> Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
> Can execute their airy purposes,
> And works of love or enmity fulfil.'

They hunt over domains more extensive than their own; trample down fences which they cannot *clear;* strip off the buds and tear away the branches of all the most promising young trees that happen to grow in their road; plough up the lawns; muddy the waters; and when they return benighted home again, carouse on reciprocal flattery. Men of genius, on the contrary, may be compared to those druidical monuments, stately and solitary, reared amidst barrenness, exposed to all weather, unimpaired, unaltered, which a child perhaps may move, but which not a giant can take down."

The manuscript closes with a comment on the re-

viewer's charge of "borrowing," interesting for its evidence of Landor's literary reading thus early. Particularly should evidence and instances be adduced, he remarks, where accusations of plagiarism are preferred; for the general charge can be almost always made excuse for ignorance and malice. "Plagiarism, imitation, "and allusion, three shades that soften from blackness "into beauty, are by the glaring eye of the malevolent "blended into one." Yet how different they are, he has as little difficulty in showing as in demonstrating the Spartan character of even the blackest of the three. You are punished not because you steal but because you are detected, through want of spirit and address in carrying off your booty. Some of his illustrations are excellent, and were new to me.

In connection with the passage from Montaigne, for example, which represents the goose arguing after his fashion: "All the parts of the universe I have an in- "terest in: I have advantage by the winds, and con- "venience by the waters: the earth serves me to walk "upon, the sun to light me, the sky to cover me: I am "the darling of nature; and is it not man that treats, "lodges, and serves me?"*—he places two couplets by Pope, taken from the first and the third epistle of the *Essay on Man:* the art of the plagiarism consisting in the different application made of the several parts of the original.

> "Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,
> My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

> "While man exclaims, 'See all things for my use;'
> 'See man for mine,' replies a pampered goose."

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* The passage is in the 12th chapter of the 2d book of the Essays, and will be found in *Cotton*, ii. 348.

Beside the famous lines on Addison, too,

> "Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
> And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer,"

he places this capital passage out of a personification of Envy, from "a poet seldom read though of a "vigorous mind and lively imagination," as he justly characterises Phineas Fletcher:

> "When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises,
> Somewhat the deed, but more the means, he raises;
> So marreth what he makes, and praising most dispraises;"

drawing from it the remark that if Pope had scrupled to apply to his own use the colours thus prepared by Fletcher, he might have failed in the exquisite perfection of his satire; and appending this further reflection, that the lines which had done nothing for Fletcher's fame had thus very materially helped the later poet to his happiest piece, "in a department of writing where he adds the "observation of Donne to the vivacity of Ariosto, and "gives to the sword of Juvenal the point of Boileau."

In a spirit not less fair or discriminating he proceeds to say of Addison, in his double character of essayist and poet, that even in the former, where indeed he is perfectly at home, there is often more to commend in the cleanliness of his dishes than in the flavour of his meat. "His success, like that of most men, is the result "of keeping within the scope of his abilities. He had "wit, yet he never could have been a Molière; and he "was penetrating in inquiry and skilful in argument, "yet he never could have been a Beccaria. He is cool "and dispassionate; he is therefore a good observer "and a bad poet: but there is something, it must be "acknowledged, inexpressibly charming in the manner "of his narration. There is the slyness of Cupid and

"the sweetness of the Graces." Times there were also, Landor seems to have thought, when there was the slyness without the attractiveness. He takes Pope's side in their quarrel; and expresses surprise that while Boileau was attacking, in Quinault and others, men of more lively fancy than his own, Pope should so often have been content to place himself lower than Addison. But this reminds him again of his own Monthly and Anti-Jacobin assailants, and that the fashion of Pope's day had mightily altered since.

> "The French and we still change; but, here's the curse,
> They change for better, and we change for worse."

Abroad, continues Landor, poets and men of letters support even each other's imbecility by mutual embraces, while we waste our little strength in personal animosities. These remarks are excellent:

"In France and Germany men of talents are received with cordiality by their brethren. In England, if their brethren look upon them, it is with a grudging eye; as upon those no otherwise connected with them than to share their fortune. There, it is thought that genius and wit enhance the national glory. In England, it is the acquisition of sugar and slaves. . . . Yet in England too, if we look a century back, we shall find that poetry in particular, while it was current, rose marvellously above its level. In contemporary authors we still read the praises of Parnell, of Mallet, of Ambrose Phillips, and of many others inferior even to those; and Johnson has written the *Lives* of several whose productions would hardly gain admittance in the corner of a provincial newspaper. Even the biographer himself, who, whatever may have been his taste, is too weighty to be easily reprehended, seems often to rest with the greatest complacency on poets the most inelegant and feeble; and one might think that, in his estimation, Collins and Gray are no higher than Addison and Pomfret."

In all this the just feeling is not more apparent than the correct taste.

But there is little more to praise. I will take only another sentence occurring towards the close, and which probably led to the suppression of what had been written with so much wise pains and foolish anger. After attacking Mr. Mathias and (with no very evident reason) Mr. D'Israeli, he speaks of the latter as claiming to be descended from an Italian family, and adds: "He is one of the children of Israel nevertheless, as is "also announced by the name.* I mark this circum- "stance not by way of reproach, for in the number of "my acquaintance there is none more valuable, there is "not one more lively, more inquiring, more regular; "there is not one more virtuous, more beneficent, more "liberal, more tender in heart or more true in friend- "ship, than my friend Mocatta — he also is a Jew." It was on this being shown to Mr. Mocatta that he desired to read the whole, and the result was his successful appeal to Landor that it should be entirely suppressed. In such passages as I have now quoted it first sees the light.

A letter of Mr. Isaac Mocatta's may be added, which, besides its allusion to these matters, shows that already Landor was meditating a tragedy for the stage, and his friend had the sense to warn him, that even if he

* The writings of Mr. D'Israeli seem to me always deserving of respect; and he valued, as well as did what he could to raise, the literary character. But some of his critical opinions had amazed Landor, who reprehends him also amusingly for his too great familiarity with learned men, as where he calls the great French printer *Henry Stephens*. "Here let me inform this gentleman that though "Scholars have sometimes taken this liberty, it is not allowed to "other folks. He might as well call Cicero *Vetch*, and Fabius "Maximus *Broad Bean*. Either Henri Etienne, which was his "name, or Henricus Stephanus, as he wrote it in Latin, is the proper "term. We cannot suppose that, coming over to England, he would "have called himself Henry Stephens."

got so far as the theatre-door, the Chamberlain would be sure to turn his key upon him. He dates from St. Thomas's-square, Hackney, on the 5th December 1800.

"DEAR LANDOR, I cannot a moment delay (notwithstanding I feel much indisposed) to express how kindly I take your resolution of suppressing the *Postscript to Gebir* which gave me so much pain. In so doing you have paid me a compliment which I know how to value. Since my last, I have given your work a perusal which I do not intend shall be the last; for, like a scientific piece of music, it will probably gain by repetition. It appears to me, however, more likely to please highly some few than to be generally tasted. The typographic errors are at least as numerous as you mention; but I did not include in them *wherefor*, which, if you recollect, I stated as a peculiarity. Though I had never thought on the subject before, it immediately struck me as proper, 'wherefor' being only by elision 'where is the reason or motive for.' Most undoubtedly a tragedy replete with sentiments such as you could not help to infuse, would not be received by the manager or sanctioned by the Lord Chamberlain; so that I much wish you could hit on some other plan more lucid and better brought out than you have hitherto produced. For I honestly think your talents equal to the greatest undertaking; but I dread that impetuosity which disdains those minor niceties of language which are yet necessary to show where the narrative stands and what is going on. Are you not too profound and classical for most readers? I think I discover that your imagination has been warmed in more than one instance by Painting. By the bye, do not construe my approbation to extend to your encomiums on pride and revenge. Adieu. Yours, IS. MOCATTA."

V. SERJEANT ROUGH.

Unhappily Landor soon lost the advantage of so wise a friend as Isaac Mocatta, his illness proving fatal in the following year; but an extract from one of his earlier letters may be added, as it touches another subject of

difference between them. "I thank you," Mocatta had written in July 1800, "for sparing me the triumph of "Buonaparte's laurels. Had the event been as deci- "sively the other way, I am afraid I could not have re- "frained from teasing you a little. The Corsican boy "has certainly proved himself a man. May he crown "his victories by dictating a moderate Peace! I assure "you, if I feel for the disappointment of the country I "do not for that of Mr. Pitt. I was reading lately Plut- "arch's essay on the character of Alexander, arguing "that fortune was his enemy instead of friend, and "that his successes were but equal to his merit. Some "of his reasoning I felt as a silent reproof of my own "condemnation of Buonaparte." The time was nevertheless approaching when the occasion for reproof was reversed, and it was Landor who condemned the ambition and execrated the successes of Napoleon.

In July 1801 Mr. Jacob Mocatta announced his brother's death to Landor, to whom had been bequeathed some books from his library (among them a rare *Sophocles*) and a Prometheus in ancient sculpture, which, with his usual vehement appreciation for a friend's gift, Landor declared to be by Phidias, and which is now the property of his brother Henry. "I "never knew a better or wiser man, or one more "friendly," is his endorsement on the letter that told him of the death and the bequest. Mocatta had just lived long enough to see the Peace which he had hoped might be a temperate one, and which proved to be the one of which every body was glad and nobody proud.

Landor received Mr. Jacob Mocatta's letter when lodging at Oxford, where his brother Robert was now in residence; and the greater part of this year was

passed between Oxford and London, where the peace and Addington's ministry furnished occupation for every body. One other affair, however, Landor had found also time to take in hand, and there is allusion to it in a letter of the following year to his brother Henry. "This time year, too, I was to have been married" (he is referring to the recent marriage of Rough). "But, "after committing a piece of foolery in which I was "the puppet, the farce concluded. But what can it "signify? I can only be sixty thousand pounds the "poorer"—the peculiarity of such expressions in his case being, that they import nothing which in conduct he is careful to contradict, but may in general be taken not unfairly as the measure of what he did as well as said. No man whom I have ever known of intellect approaching to his, could so recklessly rush into the gravest enterprises, or so carelessly make escape from them.

With Rough he was now very intimate, and something must be said of their friendship. When Landor first knew him he had just left college, and in a fit of admiration for *Gebir* had written in the manner of it a tragedy on the Conspiracy of Gowrie which was about as like Landor as Mr. Rowe's imitation was like Shakespeare. When I first heard his name, his poem was extinct; but its author was remembered as one of three notorious radicals of the Midland circuit, Copley and Denman being the other two, of whom it was proposed by old Clarke, also of the Midland, that the whole three should be hung up as republicans to the sign-post of their circuit inn with Copley in the centre as the greatest malefactor of the three. Both literature and politics, therefore, recommended Rough to Landor.

Copley was a little his junior; but they had been at

Cambridge together, were members of the same inn of court, chose the same circuit, and for some time were inseparable. But Rough's ambition, more limited in one direction than his friend's, took in a greater variety of objects, and had a more generous though a weaker side. What so many inferior people discover in the desire to attach themselves to the wealthy and noble, this young lawyer displayed in his eagerness to become acquainted with men distinguished by their literature; and though his life had many failures, his persistent love of men of learning and letters is not to be accounted one of them. "He became familiar," says Mr. Robert Landor, "with the lake poets, especially with Southey; "and with many of the younger people before the age "of Scott, Byron, and Shelley. He was an intense "admirer of Walter's *Gebir*, and I think that Walter "and Southey became ultimately acquainted through "him. Before then he had published a tragedy called "*The Conspiracy of Gowrie*. My brother repaid his "admiration; for in such duties he was never ungrate-"ful. Hence their very ardent friendship; but Rough "was still more familiar with my brother Henry, who "was then resident in London. When called to the "bar, Mr. Rough selected the Midland circuit; and "about the same time Henry was established at War-"wick as a conveyancer, which profession he exchanged "for that of a land-agent to some very large estates."

Of the few of Rough's letters that Landor kept, the first is of the date of 1801, and explains a delay in replying to one of Landor's by showing that the answer had gone to Oxford, missed him there, and come back to London. With anxious care he explains these crosses, and very eagerly prays his friend to believe that very few things would vex him more than the loss of the

friendship Landor had once encouraged him to hope would be extended to him.

"From letters and the pursuits of imagination I have, since I saw you, been widely sundered. A few law-books have been my sole companions: and naturally not endowed with much animation, I from long habit am now *gryllo hebetior*. For your 'lampoon' on Lord Warwick I thank you, and was not a little diverted by it. In truth however I am displeased with you for courting the least pleasing of the Nine, when so many others of the beauteous sisters would be gratified by your suit. He who retains in his cabinet shells gathered from the Sun's palace-porch should not defile his collection with dirty funguses. I am running on however with the confidence of a man forgiven, forgetful that my pardon is not yet assured to me."

His next letter consisting wholly of expressions of delight at a communication from Landor, and making return in kind for friendly Latin verses, we may assume the completeness of the pardon; and one of his confessed reasons for choosing the Midland circuit a few months later, was the hope of thereby meeting his friend from time to time in Warwickshire. The letter that announced this purpose was written early in 1802.

"I have chosen the Midland circuit as that which professionally is as likely to be serviceable as any other; and as I am not very sanguine of expectation on the score of interest, I solaced myself by raising enchanted visions of Friendship and Literature. With these floating across my brain I called on your brother Henry, who tells me that he fears you will before the 23d of March have quitted Warwickshire. Now, my dear LANDOR, if you wish me not to be utterly discomfited, contrive to remain there a few days longer than you at present intend, and let me at least have one hour of Poetry and Imagination during my grave and weary pilgrimage. Seriously, I shall be sorry not to see you. I am likely to have a sort of prefatory and introductory letter to a Dr. Lambe, who is represented to me to be a man on many accounts most worth knowing. Your brother says you have a friend of that name. If it be so, I shall assuredly not reject the opening. In the meanwhile if you have

any select companions indicted for rape or horse-stealing, I shall be happy on your account to exert myself professionally in their behalf. God be with you, and teach you to deem me ever your obliged and sincere friend, W. ROUGH. I have done nothing of late but write an indifferent prologue for Lewis's tragedy. And you too are idle!"

Better be idle than writing lampoons; and that Landor more recently had neither been wholly unoccupied, nor occupied so badly, will appear at the proper time. On this first of Rough's circuits the friends did not meet; but the busy lawyer had a warm greeting from the Landor family, and found that what had been told him of Doctor Lambe was true. This young physician had succeeded to the practice of Doctor Landor on his retirement; for him and his pretty wife Landor himself had a strong liking; and in his friend's letter immediately after the circuit they found very cordial mention.

"I was much, very much, pleased with my reception at Warwick. You know, I suppose, that Lambe and myself dined at Parr's, and that he was very communicative and good-humoured. Except that (as men of his age and character are apt to think) he seemed to suppose young men less read than they are now usually found to be, he showed not one false sentiment. From your own family I received more attention than in any way I could have expected; and I had enough talk with Lambe to assure myself that he was no ordinary man. His wife, as you say, is an angel. All indeed was fairer than my hopes, and I say this without a single fee. I regret that I shall not see you in town. Is there, think you, a probability of my finding you at Warwick in July? I trust there is."

One other acquaintance was then also made by Rough; a further acquisition of that first circuit, though not mentioned in this letter, which especially claims to be mentioned here. The reader owes to it a delightful sketch of the young lawyer himself, taken by a keen yet kindly observer, at this opening of his career.

"ROUGH learnt from our family," writes Mr. Robert Landor to me, "on his first visit to Warwick, that there "was another brother resident in Oxford; and on his "way back to town he paid me a visit too, quite unex- "pectedly. In more than sixty years which have passed "since then, I have never met with any one who had "so little reserve. In about an hour I had become "acquainted with all his prospects, literary and profes- "sional; and in this first circuit he had taken the mea- "sure of all his future competitors. At no time was he "arrogant or contemptuous; but, giving ample credit "to the pretensions of other people, he did equal justice "to his own. In addition to the honour which he con- "ferred upon so young a man, I felt delighted with so "much frankness, good-humour, and joyous familiarity. "I again met him on his second circuit at Warwick, "accompanied by Mr. Copley: both of them dined with "my brother Henry. Walter was not there. Rough "assumed the superiority which his greater standing "and experience had given him; for he had received "a brief that very morning. He promised his future "countenance to Copley as his junior, and Copley un- "dertook to prepare himself for the favour by ascertain- "ing the distinction between a drake and a duck. It "seemed that Rough had opened the prosecution of a "thief who had stolen a drake; and Rough persisted in "describing the bird as a duck. Corrected again and "again, he repeated the word 'duck' in court; and "after dinner he maintained that there was no differ- "ence. Copley said that there was the same difference "as between a bull and a cow; the bull and the drake "being the husbands of the cow and the duck; and "also, that if any thief had stolen a bull, the animal "must be so described, and not as a cow. I would

"have spared you this silliness, if it had not been cha-
" racteristic both of Rough's habits and of his future
" fortune. Many years after these jests, I became ac-
" quainted, at Tenby, with an elderly solicitor of high
" professional character who was personally also familiar
" with Rough. He mentioned that the two friends had
" recently obtained promotion, and regretted that one of
" them had hazarded a small practice by becoming Mr.
" *Serjeant* Rough. Both gained the same rank at nearly
" the same time. My informant said that Copley was
" quite safe; but that Rough was so careless and slo-
" venly in his practice that the conduct of any important
" case could not be intrusted to him. I had left War-
" wickshire, and had seen him but two or three times
" since my departure. My brother Henry always de-
" scribed him as not less happy and hopeful—with so
" many plans, literary and professional, that he began
" none of them. He was so busy that he did nothing."*

Mr. Landor adds a remark upon the sudden and early close of Rough's intimacy with his brother, so ardent while it lasted, which I do not feel entitled to omit. To a great degree in all men the earlier and the later years explain each other; and what is here said of a point of character which time and experience corrected, but failed to the very last to remove, will suggest needful allowance for what is to be said hereafter.

" Rough's intercourse with Walter lasted only three
" or four years. It was ended by some unintentional
" offence similar to that by Doctor Winthrop at Parr's.
" Either Rough had smiled at a false argument, or in-

* One thinks of Chaucer's pleasant couplet in *his* picture of a lawyer of his time:

> "No wher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
> And yit he semede besier than he was."

" terrupted my brother in some other way, before several " guests, whereupon Walter left his house and renounced " his acquaintance. Your intercourse did not begin till " many years, and a larger knowledge of society, had " taught more self-control: and he must have felt more " afraid, as well as unwilling, to offend you. But not " twenty years ago he refused ever to see again a " schoolfellow whom he valued almost as highly as " Birch. It seems ungrateful on my part to remember " these frailties—for, long after our early affection had " ceased, he endured much more patiently my remon- " strances and reproaches than those of any other per- " sons, being resolved that we should never quarrel " again as we had done almost forty years ago. Yet " such knowledge is necessary if you would describe " him truly. It was for the sake of his peace and repu- " tation that I so often gave, or hazarded, offence."

Nor had Rough scrupled to hazard it as well, during the time of their intercourse. His high admiration for Landor's powers, cherished all the more because shared by so very few, made him keen to the perception of faults that obstructed their healthful exercise; and, genial, careless, good-natured as he was, he remonstrated more than once against complaints which he justly thought not the most manly. The Werterism of that day was the Byronism of a quarter of a century later; but though Landor had to pass through this and other distempers of youth, happily they left no mark upon his writings. There is a tone in Rough's remonstrances that commands respect and sympathy.*

" Dimmer than my eyes have been for this many a day," he writes, " would they now be, my dear LANDOR, if I believed your

* The letter is dated " May, Thursday 13th (1801), 10 Farrar's " Buildings, Inner Temple."

letter from Bath written in other than a casual and momentary distemperature. No, no, my friend, I cannot and will not think but that you have strength enough to fight against the sleepless nights you speak of. This world of ours, if not a world of chrysolite, is notwithstanding a bauble worth our looking at; and he who plays with the trinket is surely wiser than he who sits in a corner and cries for the moon, which is out of his reach. . . . Come, come, rouse yourself and write. If you must die, it is at least your duty to leave something behind you; and though *Gebir* will do much, yet I am persuaded it is in your power to do still more. Literature, like other things, as often obtains the reward of praise by quantity as quality; and we are all of us so little important to others, that unless we put them in mind of us daily, we shall scarcely avoid being forgotten. It is strange that you should be so insensible to the advantages you possess as you seem to be. *I* am hourly rating my hard fate, that compels me to pursue a profession in which Letters rather impede than assist, and in which I am forced to exert much benevolence to save me from despising most of my co-labourers. You, on the other hand, are at liberty to move whithersoever inclination leads—with a more than adequate competence now, and with an assurance of a richer fortune in years to come; with the possession not merely of the love, but the power, of intellect; with the consciousness that you are pursuing that which such beings as Homer, Virgil, and Milton have cultivated before you; and with a chance of gaining the reward which they have gained. I address you thus freely because I suspect not only that you, but that our friend Lambe is a little tinctured with that sickness of mind which prompts us to fret at the seeming respect paid to those who sleep on gilded sofas and whose houses are castles—sofas pressed by illiterate indolence, and castles inhabited by folly. In all else he is faultless. His wife, as you have said, is an angel. . . . I will not add to your naturally disobedient spirit by urging you to read, from which you tell me you are severely prohibited. But that the cause of that prohibition may speedily be removed, I *do* most earnestly pray. Believe me your grateful and affectionate friend, W. Rough."

Anticipating my narrative a little, I may add that before the middle of the following year Rough's bachelor life had ended, and, in thanking Landor for good wishes

sent to him, he had rallied his friend again upon his tone of despondency, adjured him for heaven's sake to keep up his spirits, and, with much grateful allusion to Doctor Landor and the house at Warwick, expressed his hope to be in a few weeks settled in a house of his own, where he should at all times be eager to receive, and when necessary to nurse, the friend to whom he owed so much. "My Henrietta I have at present left in the country. "Be assured, however, that she is fully disposed to wel- "come you as the most valued of her husband's friends." His Henrietta was Jack Wilkes's daughter; and Mr. Robert Landor's brief allusion to her, and to the leading points of the later life of her husband, must satisfy whatever further interest my readers may feel in Landor's once celebrated, now forgotten friend, Chief-Justice Rough.*

* Since this page was in type I have received also some interesting recollections of Rough from my old friend Sir Frederick Pollock confirmatory on every point of Mr. Landor's sketch. "He became a ser- "jeant on the 30th of May 1808, before I settled in London. He was "in a batch of serjeants with William Manley, and with Albert Pell "who afterwards led the Western circuit and became a judge in "bankruptcy. Five years later, in July 1813, Copley became a "serjeant, and immediately extinguished Rough on his circuit; "compelling him to seek for a maintenance in some judicial ap- "pointment abroad. He was made, first, chief-justice of Deme- "rara; where (as usual) the lawyer-judge quarrelled with the "soldier-governor about some question of feminine precedence, the "governor taking out some lady before the judge's wife: and here, "I think, Rough lost his wife. But to go back to 1808. I used to "hear a great deal, and see a little, of him in the society of Mrs. "Barbauld, Lucy Aikin, Mr. Aikin (son of the Doctor), and Mrs. "Aikin (daughter of Gilbert Wakefield). They all had the highest "opinion of him, and expected him to be a great success at the bar: "nor were his claims contemptible. His countenance was pleasing, "his voice agreeable, his conversation lively; if not powerfully, he "talked always well and fluently, and in public his command of "language never failed him; but for great business he was unfit. "He was more literary than legal, and had more elegance than

"Mr. Rough had married an illegitimate daughter "of the patriot John Wilkes; attracted rather by the "father's celebrity than the daughter's beauty. When "he and I first met at Warwick, he proposed to travel "a hundred miles by the stage-coach that he might "attend a Christmas ball, and dance with Doctor Parr's "daughter, whom he had never seen. As had been "foretold, while Mr. Copley's profession advanced, Mr. "Rough's receded—and now he is a family man. Very "reluctantly, he relinquished his hopes of a seat in the "House of Commons—as solicitor-general, attorney-"general, on his way to better things. *Then* he would "find leisure to begin, at last, a very great poem! "Perhaps it was through the interest of the first Lord "Lansdowne that he became chief-justice in one of "the West Indian islands: but his heart was left for the "House of Commons, and he soon returned to it. Some "quarrel about precedency at the governor's ball, be-"tween Mrs. Rough and the wife of a general or colonel "who commanded the garrison there, was decided un-"satisfactorily; and the chief-justice, if such was his "title, returned to England. I think that by this time "Copley had succeeded Lord Eldon as lord chancellor; "and if so, there were few men who could congratulate "him more sincerely than Rough; for Rough seemed

"strength. From what I used always to hear of his strong affec-"tions, his good temper, and amiable character, I can understand "a great intimacy between him and Landor or Mackintosh—such "as exists between the vine and the forest-trees that support it. I "never saw his verses, but they were greatly commended by Miss "Burges and the *οἱ ἀμφί*. In 1813 I married, and saw very little more "of *that* literary society, which seemed to meet merely that they "might praise each other. I saw Rough's declining business, and "heard with pleasure of his appointment. He did not return to the "bar; and I think I never saw him again. He died chief-justice "of Ceylon."

"quite incapable of jealousy, and his own turn must "come soon. Meanwhile he could not resume his "former practice, and he had, I believe, two or three "children. It was thought, unjustly, that his old friend "might have forwarded his wishes more effectually by "obtaining for him some such appointment as would "keep him at home. But it is not improbable that the "lord chancellor may have doubted his qualification "for much responsibility so near to the House of Com-"mons; and Rough never changed his political opinions, "as Copley had done. At last, Mr. Rough was con-"strained to accept the chief-justiceship of Ceylon. "There he lost his wife; and after the customary resi-"dence his own health failed, and for its restoration he "returned to England. My brother Henry saw him, "but I did not; and I must caution you against too "much confidence in my accuracy after more than fifty "years. I cannot consult my brother, as his memory is "far worse than mine; and we have outlived all our "contemporaries. Unable to accomplish such an ex-"change as he desired, Mr. Rough returned to Ceylon, "and died there. He was kind, friendly, social; and "of much more than average capacity: but too whim-"sical for much success even as a poet."

How many a like career may we read in this, of brilliant design and imperfect execution, of the eagerness without the purpose to excel, of judgment ready for a friend's guidance and insufficient for our own, and yet of ardent hopes so surviving every disappointment as to be themselves no mean compensation for all.

VI. Corresponding with Parr and Adair.

When Southey was at Cintra in the summer of 1800 he had written to his friend Humphrey Davy at Bristol, "I see the author of *Gebir* has been translating from "the Arabic and Persian. Can there possibly be "Arabic and Persian poetry which the author of *Gebir* "may be excused from translating?"* This was another of those "little publications" of which his brother has spoken, hastily conceived, more hastily printed, forgotten as soon as published, yet with fancies and thoughts that deserved more careful presentment and a longer life. It was not from the Arabic and Persian at all, but was a very clever imitation of such specimens of Eastern literature as were then derived chiefly through French translations; and, consisting altogether of not more than twenty quarto pages, was accompanied by notes in about an equal number that might have set by the ears as many score of learned combatants, if the notice drawn to them had borne any kind of proportion to the loudness of the demand made for it. But as their scholarship attracted nobody, it was quite as well

* In a letter to Mr. Crabbe Robinson of the 26th April 1836, writing of Goethe's translations and translators he adds: "It is "curious that, when I was about three-and-twenty, I wrote some "poetry in imitation of the Persian and Arabic. Few copies I "believe were printed, and perhaps none sold. I never thought of "making an inquiry about them. There are three or four of Hafiz "not bad — I question where there is any thing else positively "good in the whole range of Eastern poetry, except the Jewish." Two-and-twenty years later he reproduced some of these imitations (*Dry Sticks*) with the remark that they had originated in a friend's having observed to him, on his seeming to undervalue the Orientals, that he should be glad to see how any one would succeed in an attempt to imitate them.

that what else they contained should have passed unchallenged. The thing fell dead-born, no one caring even to raise a doubt of the authenticity of the so-called Orientalisms; and Landor used always to say that the imposition certainly had succeeded with Parr. The old scholar was never an adept at poetry, and his brain was just now occupied and overfilled with politics.

"My good friend," runs one of his notes at this time (Landor being in London), "pray go to the House. "I have prepared Mr. Adair for an interview with you "—as a man of intellect, and my valuable friend. Call "on him in Great-marlborough-street, and leave a "card. The mighty are *not* fallen, but they have de- "scended to avoid being pushed down now, and to "secure being raised up hereafter. God bless you. "Mrs. Parr desires her kind regards. We often talk "of you, Walter. I am truly yours, S. PARR."

"The mighty" were Mr. Pitt and his friends Windham, Grenville, and Dundas, who had just retired to make room for Mr. Addington. The whole business is now so completely dead and gone that it would only try the reader's patience to tell him how Pitt, in carrying the Union, is alleged to have made promises to the Irish Catholics which he could neither keep nor break with decency; how he was thereupon supposed to have had nothing for it but to quit the seat of power for a time, putting somebody in to keep it warm and disengaged till he should be able to return to it; and how it was that thus came about that ludicrous thing called the Addington Administration. But though all the animation and interest have gone out of it now, it was once filled vividly with both; and the best kind of notion I can give of Landor's pursuits and habits of thought at this time in connection with it will be derived from a few extracts

of letters then addressed to him, and of letters written by himself.

Truth to say, however, this is not an easy task, with Parr's letters at least. It is as difficult to decipher his handwriting* as to connect his sentences when deciphered. He has twelve words where one would do, and as many seventhlys and lastlys for every division of a subject as one of the old Puritan preachers. In vehemence as well as abundance of language, too, his example was a bad one for Landor; whose own self-sufficient way of judging both men and things, if at this time happily restrained rather than encouraged by any one whose judgment he respected, might not have grown into the unfortunate habit which tyrannised over him in later years. Certainly no lessons were to be drawn from Parr, either of prudence in forming opinions or moderation in expressing them.

Upon the first news of Pitt's resignation he wrote to Landor to expose what he called the deep and mischievous craft of the impostor. He wanted it laid open to the public in parliamentary speeches, in newspaper paragraphs, in general conversation, and in political pamphlets; and with a view to each and all, Landor was to do what he could. Again and again the alarm was to be sounded in every quarter; and in every quarter were to be proclaimed the aggravations of his misbehaviour to the king and the Irish. He had betrayed the king and insulted the Irish, he had betrayed the Irish and insulted the king. But it should all be ripped up in the House of Commons. Why did he

* "You always wrote hieroglyphically," says Charles Lamb to George Dyer, "yet not to come up to the mystical notations and "conjuring characters of Doctor Parr." And for an amusing illustration of Parr's hieroglyphics see *Rogers's Table-Talk*, p. 64.

pledge himself to the Irish without consulting the king? Why did he not consult the king before pledging himself to the Irish? If he did consult the king, who was to blame? If he did not consult the king, what was the reason? If he expected assent, then had he most wantonly brought the king into a scrape. If, at the moment of consultation, he expected *dis*sent, then, at the moment of action, he must have intended to compel *as*sent.—And so, to give but a few faint echoes of a letter that would take as many pages to print as are here compressed in lines, and as many weeks completely to decipher, the excited old whig see-saws through a bill of indictment against the retiring minister, to which he wishes Landor to give all the "attractiveness "of his style, all the power of his eloquence, and all "the bitterness of his sarcasm."

Landor nevertheless had some difficulty, which it was the object of a second letter to remove; and from this I am able to extract, with sufficient compendiousness, ten several heads of accusation, which, after due time for reflection, Parr submitted as the objects Pitt must have had in view, and the advantages he had proposed to himself, in resigning. The shrewdness of the matter and pomposity of the manner are Parr all over.

"I will enumerate the advantages he hopes to derive. 1. Public attention is turned from the perils of war to the change of administration. 2. Pitt will rise by comparison with the weakness of his successors; and while action is suspended, his power to act will be forced upon men's memories, sifted in their conversations, and enlarged in their imaginations, by contrast with notorious incapacity; and thus he escapes from their anger, he diverts that anger to other objects, and he recalls to our minds the brighter parts of his character at a crisis when every man feels that ministerial talents are necessary for national safety. 3. He has carried off his whole strength in a mass, and in a mass he will preserve it, that it may be brought

again into action in a mass. 4. He has gone out in defence of a popular measure, and the circumstance will secure a stout party in Ireland, and will not be unwelcome to the sectaries of England. 5. He has thrown the whole responsibility upon the junto and the king: so as to induce a suspicion that he neither has been nor WILL be governed by that secret and mischievous Cabal, which controlled his father, which excludes Mr. Fox, and to which, as their primary source, all the disasters of the reign are usually traced up. 6. His descending orb is surrounded with that glory which accompanied its meridian heighth, for it is he who with magnanimity conducts the loan, and it is he upon whose wisdom the money-holders rely. 7. He has contrived to show the inflexibility of the king's mind towards the whigs, when in preference to them even the weakest persons are called into office, at a most dangerous juncture. And this consideration will have its due weight with the selfish and corrupt parliament. 8. By his organ Lord Grenville he has instructed his followers what part they are to take in supporting the same principles under the guidance of other men, and consequently he forbids them to prepare for acting according to other principles with the members of opposition. 9. He will assume an air of moderation; he will affect not to clog the wheels of government; he will claim the merit of assisting measures which he no longer guides; he will find in them opportunities sometimes for vindicating his own, when they were similar, and sometimes for praising his own, when they were better; and thus he will encourage the superficial to believe, and the cunning to maintain, that his ambition and his resentment are quelled by his disinterested loyalty and unfeigned patriotism. Finally, he knows that between himself and his sovereign there is only one strong point of difference; but that between his rivals and the crown there is not only the same point of difference with greater provocations, but other points of even superior magnitude from which Mr. Fox will never swerve, and to which the king will never accede. He therefore has quitted his power at a time when it was most difficult to retain it, and when he could take the best preparatory measures for resuming it; and, at the moment of resuming it, he will convert the odium of beginning and misconducting the war into popularity by making the peace."

These were the texts he would have Landor write

upon. Even yet the mischief might be stayed. In the matter of the old tories Pitt had been reckoning without his host. They would be inflamed by all this. If proper measures were taken, never was a period more favourable for hunting him down; and never such a favourable period for his return to power, if such measures were *not* taken. Some misgiving nevertheless whether Landor was the man to take them, and whether he could be trusted for not straying too far a-field, creeps into the letter. "I wish," says Parr, "you would expand the matter contained in this letter, "and publish it in the *Courier*, and lay out upon it that "vigorous eloquence with which you often charm my "ears. It will have effect, if you will keep back some "of your favourite and perhaps erroneous opinions." There were also other difficulties that made Landor not very manageable. From the earlier attempts to get him into regular harness, and put him under proper leaders, he seems to have shied and bolted incessantly. "Why," asks Parr in the same letter, "don't you go "down to the House? I will give you letters of intro- "duction to men you will like; and from the civility of "being introduced by them into the House, why should "you shrink?" These strenuous efforts are not without their effect, and we see him at the House at last under charge of Adair.

But before turning to the letters of that staunchest of whigs, a few further notes may be given from those of Landor and Parr. Here is an acknowledgment from the young poet of the old scholar's suggestions and praise:

"I am rejoiced to find that you have not forgotten me, and I raise myself up from the bosom of indifference to the voice and the blandishments of praise. I never court the vulgar, and

how immense a majority of every rank and description this happy word comprises! Perhaps about thirty in the universe may be excepted, and never more at a time. But I know how to value the commendation you bestow on me; for, though I have not deserved it, nor so largely, yet it will make me attempt to conquer my idleness, my disgust, and to reach it some time or other. You will find that I have taken courage to follow the path you pointed out, in pursuing the execrable [Pitt]. I subjoin my letter. At present I have not sent it to the printer, though it has been finished a fortnight. The reason is this. I wrote one a thousand times better than the present, in which I aimed my whole force at a worse man than [Pitt]—there are only two, and it was not W[indham]—and I sent it for insertion to the *Courier*. Now, such is my indifference, that, when once I have written a thing, I never inquire for it afterwards; and this was the case in respect to my letter. I have not seen the *Courier* since, but I have some suspicion that it was not inserted."

That is just the man as he was known to me forty and fifty years later: fancying always that he could place himself "on a hill apart" even from those with whom he was actually contending; and mistaking for indifference both to opinions and to consequences, what was but exaggerated impatience of contradictory opinion, and a running away from consequences.

What the tone of his letters to the *Courier* is likely to have been, we are not without hints of.

"Did Mr. Pitt expect, or did he not, the royal assent to his transaction with the Irish? I hardly know in which instance of the two his crime would be the greater. If he did *not*, how gross the deception; how deep and unpardonable the insult; how cruel and killing a mockery!"

To which Parr rejoins in a letter taking a less favourable view than before of Pitt's chances of success in his "diabolical" scheme. The peace had now been made by Addington, and that advantage lost to his expecting heir and successor.

"Pitt has insulted the king by pledging his word; he has

betrayed him by throwing responsibility upon him for the disappointment of the Irish. He means to compel the sovereign to recall his former ministers when the inefficiency of their successors appears to the crown, the parliament, and the country; and when the alternative lies between Pitt, who contends only for one point, and Fox, who will insist upon many. But he cannot recover his popularity with the nation; he cannot regain all his strength in parliament; he cannot efface our remembrance of the war, by seizing upon office to make the peace; and yet he may reëstablish his influence over the mind of his sovereign. My friend, we have gained one point by these struggles between the ministry and the junto; and the people, if they are wise, will direct their suspicions, indignation, and resistance against both. I wish you would look into the Second Book of Xenophon's Ἑλληνικά for the character of Meno. Many but not all the circumstances have the very strongest resemblance. Pray consider this last passage, for it luminously describes the subserviency of arrogance to cunning in the bosom of this man. . . . . My printing goes on but slowly. You estimate rightly the great intellectual power of Mr. Wynne. Catherine [Parr's daughter] is at Mackintosh's, No. 14 Searle-street. She leaves town in a day or two, and you may send any message by her. Watch what is passing. Mrs. Parr joins me in best wishes and best thanks. — I am, my dear Walter, ever your friend, S. PARR."*

I have spared the reader, there, ten lines of Xenophon; though Greek is more legible than English in the writing of Parr, and a substantial scrap interlarded from the ancients is some help to his own puffs and pastry. But he carried the habit to excess, as he did most things; and Holofernes himself was not more ridiculous in chopping and changing for Latin or Greek the baldest phrases of his mother tongue, than this genuine scholar often was. See how he acknowledges a gift from Landor:

"I have been eager to acknowledge the βαθὺ χρέος under

* Addressed to "Walter Landor, Esq. at R. Bevan's, Esq. No. 10 "Boswell-court, Carey-street." April 1801.

which you have laid Mrs. Parr and myself by the present of a very instructive book; and of maps the most accurate, the most splendid, and the most interesting that ever came into my possession."

See also how he talks, or perorates, about the peace:

"True it is that by the cessation of hostilities there will be less flutter of curiosity and less anxiety of expectation than we felt during the war. But, in a calmer and a more permanent and a more pleasing state of mind, we can now trace the progress of the victors and the retreat of the vanquished. There will be a mellowness in our satisfaction and a distinctness in our conceptions that will amply compensate for the want of those feelings which accompany perturbation, and therefore partake of hope and fear, and of rapture and agony. Glad shall I be when you sit down with us again, and chat on the virtues of Moreau, the talents of Buonaparte, the humours of Paul, and the perilous condition of this oppressed and insulted kingdom. As to late events, the ostensible is not the sole nor the chief cause of Mr. Pitt's plot,

ἔσται λέων ὅπη χρὴ, καὶ πίθηκος ἐν μέρει,"

[which I may translate to the effect that Pitt was to play the lion's part when necessary, and the monkey's in division of spoil]. "The wrangle about indulgence to Catholics, the resignation of the old ministry, the appointment of the new, the strength studiously abducted from them, the compliments bestowed upon them, the assistance solicited for them, and the principles imputed to them, are one and all mere Θεσσαλὰ σοφίσματα. Rely upon it, sooner or later, Paul will have Malta, the French will have Egypt, and the Mamelukes will justify the proverb, δεινοὶ πλέκτειν τοι, &c. &c. &c." [I spare the reader more.]

Nor was Landor loth to pay him back the same liberal largess for kindnesses expected or received. The old scholar was just now publishing his Spital Sermon, and had promised Landor a copy; having given him a few months before a small Catullus, which more than half a century later I saw, still cherished, in his hands. Here is characteristic acknowledgment of both:

"It is a sign that I have conversed with hardly a human

being, not to know that your Sermon was published! As you intend to make me a present of one, pray do not keep it for me, but send it me directly. I wish for all enjoyment at once. I wish, while I improve my judgment and my taste, to indulge my sentiment and affections in contemplating the present of my friend. I have a little Catullus—I can repeat every word of it; yet again and again do I read my little Catullus. I never knew the author, and I should not have esteemed him if I had, unless as the most exquisite of poets. Do I not know the author of the sermon? Do I not esteem him far, infinitely, more than for being the most elegant and energetic of our writers? I hope this noble work, for I can speak of as much as I have seen, will be effectual in making Englishmen write English. Our language is bruised, as it were, and swollen by the Latin; but it is contaminated, enervated, and distorted by the French. If we are to borrow, let us borrow from the principal and not from the underlings; but with a little good management I think we are quite rich enough."

Catullus again and again recurs in the letters of both. Landor had questioned a word in that delightful writer: Parr promptly replies:

"I looked into my Catullus, and can relieve you from all doubts about 'tympanum.' In Mattaire's *Corpus Poetarum* it is printed 'typanum,' and that is the true reading. It is a Grecism, and furnishes an additional probability that some Greek word was in the mind of the Roman writer. Scaliger reads 'typanum,' and quotes from Homer—the line is in his hymn to the Mater Deorum. Scaliger quotes also from Apollonius Rhodius."

The letter bristles with Greek and Latin, which I do not inflict upon the reader; passes into a disquisition on the metre of Catullus, with a sketch to show the rhythm and its variations; and closes thus:

"The cretic foot, whether in 'tympanum' or 'cymbelum,' is quite inadmissible in the beginning of the galliambic. It retards the progress. I will show you Jortin's remarks. He errs once or twice; but he reads 'typanum.'"

As Landor went on writing he seems at times to

have even bettered the instruction of his uncompromising old "pastor and master" in party warfare. Remarking on one of his political satires which Landor had sent him, Parr thinks "the composition animated, "but the notes *rather too* acrimonious." Still he finds them spirited, and can sympathise with the indignant writer in the matter of Kotzebue. "But why attack "the father? he was *not* a discarded player. The con- "clusion is fierce, but witty and just."

One or two glimpses of their more private intercourse may be added.

RETURN AFTER AN ABSENCE.

"I am very sorry that we missed each other when you called on me and I on you; and I am sure that if Walter Landor had gone into the penetrale of Hatton Parsonage, he would have found the Lares ready to welcome with a smile the return of an old and justly-respected worshipper. Pray do you and Dr. Lambe dine with me next Sunday; and if you come in a chaise, cram little A—— into a corner."

The matter next adverted to has no sort of interest for us now, but seventy years ago was setting all the world at Warwick by the ears; and the colonel mentioned is the same we made acquaintance with in one of Mr. Robert Landor's letters. Indeed one may discern in the tone here taken by Parr, and what it reveals of the part in a personal dispute taken by Landor himself, some connection with allusions made in that letter.

ABOUT STONELEIGH LIVING.

"What a truth is there, and what lies, about Stoneleigh living! Upon one canticle of that Cyclean poem (for there is such a want of regularity in the structure, and of dignity in the agents, that I cannot call any part the episode of an epic), I would assume the office of a critic; strict indeed, but precise, as Aristarchus. Colonel Packwood certainly applied to Lord

Hertford for his son; Lord Hertford certainly applied to the chancellor, but without mentioning Colonel Packwood's son; and Lord Hertford, if his application had been successful, certainly would not have given the living to Colonel Packwood's son. Colonel Packwood certainly knows these are the facts as well as I do, and before I did; nor would he, as a gentleman responsible for veracity and honour, ever attempt to dispute the correctness of one tittle of this my statement. You may say what I have said; and quote my authority for saying it positively.—I am, dear Walter, truly yours, S. PARR."*

What follows is later in date by a year or two; but it shows what a fierce enemy as well as fast friend this eager old man could be, and how genuine the regard was that Landor had inspired in him. The letter is very characteristic, and there is no need to supply the blank with a name.

AN OLD ASSOCIATE OF PARR'S AT HARROW.

"Dear WALTER, I have known —— for thirty-six years and more. But I do not like him; and, for various reasons in the politics of Harrow, we are not on very amicable terms. A letter from me would do you no good. If there were the smallest chance of advantage or convenience to you, I would write to him. But he is not likely to fall into any measure because I take an interest in it. Write to him at once; in this there is no trouble and can be no harm. I much doubt whether he would sell, or exchange; and if he knew your genius, your attainments, your politics, your eloquence, and your dignified way of thinking and acting upon all subjects in private and public life, he would dread you, hate you, and drive you into the sea. I know him well, and he knows that I know him. But his son is a most high-minded, generous-hearted, clear and full-headed hero. He would do for a friend to you, or to myself. Harry is his name; and he is a tutor at Harrow, and fellow of King's-college, Cambridge. When Butler resigns, Harry shall be his successor, if my aid can effect so desirable an end. I am very well, and rather busy, and quite content with my own share of loss by the change of ministry. You hate Bonaparte. But I

* "Dec. 23d, 1802."

do not suspect you have any strong affection for George and his present advisers. . . . . Farewell, God bless you, dear Walter. I am truly, aye with real and great respect and regard I am your friend, S. PARR."

My two closing extracts, from letters of the date of 1800 and 1801, concern persons more widely known.

A GLIMPSE OF SHERIDAN.

"Beware, dear WALTER, of prophecies about politicians. On Friday at 3 P.M. I said, Sheridan will never meet me! On that very day at 6 P.M. Sheridan came in where I was dining, on purpose to meet me. I sat with him enjoying my pipe after dinner, and he sat with his claret."

A PARTY AT MACKINTOSH'S.

"My Jemmy (Mackintosh) was delightful, and I will tell you who were with us. 1. A sturdy democratic yeoman. 2. A university bedel, who, I find, is always reading in the Bodleian, and who is a shrewd, argumentative, sceptical, anti-ministerial dog. 3. What is more surprising, a doctor of divinity; whom I have known twenty-four years and not seen these ten; who took his degree twenty years ago, and has not been at Oxford since; who reads Greek well, has more Greek books than myself, makes war upon all bishops and archbishops, and is a rank, fire-away, uncompromising whig in Church and State. These were our companions. There never was such good-luck."

Adair's letters of this date in a great measure deal with the same circumstances; but in the few extracts I give it will be possible to avoid repetition. Though he feels strongly, he writes always with ability and a command of temper; and in him, even while yet he was a constant butt for the sarcasm of Canning and his friends, I seem to recognise the same quiet courteous gentleman whom I remember meeting at dinner at Holland-house nearly forty years later. Here is one of his references to

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S DEFECTION.

"I have long ceased all intercourse, public or private, with

the Duke of Portland; and as my connection with him was one of the earliest of my life, I am not ashamed to confess that my resentments are bounded by the wish of never seeing him more, or hearing the mention of his name. But he has forfeited all right to my interposition with others to spare him the reproaches which he has deserved from his country and from mankind."

Here he speaks of a subject in some degree affecting his loyalty as a whig, but on which, with all his ardour in the cause, he could agree to differ with Landor.

WILLIAM THE DELIVERER.

"With regard to king William, I profess my gratitude to him to arise from public principle, and public principle alone; but having no other means of forming my judgment of his character than those which are common to every body, I do not feel myself authorised to claim the concurrence of any man living who has the faculty of reasoning for himself. With your permission I will show your letter to Mr. Perry, but without mentioning your name."

It recurs briefly in a letter where he alludes to

PARR'S SERMON AND LANDOR'S NEWSPAPER WRITINGS.

"I sent your letter to Doctor Parr this day. I have the pleasure to tell you that he will be in town next week. As you may wish to read his sermon before his arrival, I take the liberty of sending you my copy. There are some noble passages in the notes. You seem not to be quite sure whether or no the editor of the *Courier* has rejected your letter. I will take the opportunity of looking at the file, and will let you know. The degraded state of the English press induces me to suspect that it has been omitted. I have no hesitation in saying for myself, and can answer for many of my friends, that we should have been much gratified to have seen it in print. I confess that I think better of king William than you seem to do, but perhaps I am a little blinded by my gratitude (to use a Godwinism). This however is but a difference of opinion, and cannot detract from the substantial merits of the writing. I am acquainted with the Editor of the *Courier*, but am almost sure that you would find an easy access to the *Morning Chronicle* if you would permit me to speak to Mr. Perry. I would not name this to

you, did I not know Mr. Perry to be a man of inviolable honour. I will not vex you with praises, but only wish you to think as well of my judgment as you do of my patriotism and my politeness when I apply those praises to your compositions."

Landor's ability had made a strong impression on Adair, but he saw also his defects, and, as in a letter where he criticises one of his attacks on the new government, could give him wise and useful hints for guidance.

ADAIR TO LANDOR: A CORRECTION AND A WARNING.

"That the Catholics were 'promised' emancipation in the fair meaning of the word promise, as the price of their support of the Union, I have not the smallest doubt; but since the positive denial of the fact in parliament, I do not think we are authorised to state it as 'uncontroverted.' When you ask, very justly as I think, 'where is the constitution but in the bosom of 'such affectionate and disinterested defenders as the solicitor-'general?' I am infinitely more afraid, I confess, of his reply *ex officio* as a lawyer than as a logician. Believe me the press is absolutely enslaved. Coupled with other sentences in your letter, which by innuendo might be laid as *tending* to bring the government into disrepute (a crime quite of modern date), I am afraid a jury might be found to condemn it. But, of all men, you have the least reason to despair as a public writer, for you possess such resources for escape in your powers of satire and of irony, that you will always be able, as soon as you have found out the trim of the vessel, to state the strongest truths, and to state them safely."

One more subject, an appeal in arrest of judgment as to one of Landor's personal attacks, must close these extracts for the present. Landor, in one of his political letters on the defection of the Duke of Portland and his friends, had laughed at the abbé Delille, at this time a refugee in London, much petted by the whigs and bringing out a poem under their patronage. "The "abbé Delille ran away from his property, the abbé "Delille wrote some Georgics, and the abbé Delille

"talks of Virgil." Commenting on this letter, and giving up the duke to its wrath, Adair writes to Landor

A WORD FOR THE ABBÉ DELILLE.

"I could much rather intercede for the poor old abbé Delille, were it only because he had the boldness to defy Robespierre on his throne of blood, and to publish, I believe to recite before him, his fine verses on the immortality of the soul. The occasion of his writing them was as follows. In 1794 the Comité de Salut Public sent to him to compose some verses for a festival which they had ordered in honour of God, whom Robespierre had previously recognised by a decree of the Convention. Delille refused. It was told him that he had been permitted to live quietly at Paris till that time, but that those who had protected him might possibly not be able to protect him any longer if he persisted in his refusal. He composed therefore an ode, which he recited to some of them, in which are the following stanzas:

'Dans sa demeure inébranlable
Assise sur l'éternité
La tranquille immortalité,
Propice au bon, et terrible au coupable,
Du tems qui, sous ses yeux, marche à pas de géant,
Défend l'ami de la justice,
Et ravit à l'espoir du vice,
L'asile horrible du néant.

O vous, qui de l'Olympe usurpant le tonnerre,
Des éternels lois renversez les autels,
Lâches oppresseurs de la terre,
Tremblez—vous êtes immortels:
Et vous—vous du malheur victimes passagères,
Sur qui veillent d'un Dieu les regards paternels,
Voyageurs d'un moment aux terres étrangères,
Consolez vous—vous êtes immortels.'

If you have never seen these lines, nor heard of the anecdote before, the abbé Delille may perhaps rise in your estimation. At all events I think I shall plead for him more successfully to you than Corneille would to the attorney-general. 'Sa probité 'stupide,' applied as you have applied it, would have been dangerous at any time; but would be particularly so at present, when the object of it has lost even the remnant of his wits."

Perhaps it may be owing to a favourable impression made thus early by this kindly plea of Adair for the good old abbé, that Landor made him afterwards an interlocutor in one of his imaginary dialogues. But he never conquered his own dislike of the French character and literature. It was one of his earliest and one of his latest peculiarities. The armed republic that was to change the face of the world had failed of its glorious mission; even the hopes he once built on Bonaparte he cherished no longer; and though eager to visit France as soon as peace was declared, and curious to see her first-consul, it was with very little of that kind of sympathy for the hero of the eighteenth Brumaire and now supreme ruler of France which carried over at the same time Fox himself, Adair, and many eager followers.

VII. At Paris in 1802.

Landor had declined all introductions; though letters had been offered him, as he told his brother, which would have opened to him the salons of the second consul Cambacères, and of Berthier the minister of war. There was but one Frenchman he cared to see, and one portion of France. Paris, as the great city looked so soon after the storm of the revolution, with her Louvre filled by the spoils of Italy; and Bonaparte, now consul for life; when these had been seen, he should at once return.

The precise time of his arrival was that to which Wordsworth's well-known sonnet has referred:

> "This is young Bonaparté's natal day,
> And his is henceforth an establisht sway,
> Consul for Life."

Upon the occasion when Bonaparte first publicly as-

sumed the rank with which he had been thus invested, Landor saw him. Advantage had been taken of it for a great holiday, of which, as the young Englishman walked the streets, he saw every where the mighty preparation. Yet in the signs of enthusiasm presented outwardly there were curious contrasts. On the one hand, "The private houses were no more illuminated "than usual. The shops had two lamps instead of one. "This was the only difference." On the other hand, "The palace of the government, the metropolitan "church, the arches of the bridges, the bridges themselves and all the public edifices, were illuminated "most magnificently." That the enthusiasm had been specially got up for Paris, in short, quite as much as any other part of the ceremony, Landor had reason to suspect; and the suspicion became a certainty when the hero of the day made his appearance.

This was in the garden of the Tuileries; and in a letter to his brother Henry, now lying before me, he described the scene. At various points there had been built up pyramids of wood, each of the height of five-and-twenty feet, covered with lamps of extraordinary brilliancy. In the same manner were ornamented "the "sides of several pieces of water in which were fountains playing; and there was not a statue nor an "orange-tree of which you could not distinguish the "minutest part. Seven rows of benches were erected "over the grand flight of steps which leads into the "palace, each containing forty performers, the first "musicians in the world. Immediately above, at the "height perhaps of thirty feet, sat the principal officers of state. On the leads which cover the colonnade the military guards were walking. Bonaparte "made his appearance in the centre, where his wife

"had sat some time in company with the other two "consuls. I expected that the sky would have been "rent with acclamations. On the contrary, he expe- "rienced such a reception as was given to Richard "the Third. He was sensibly mortified. All bowed "—but he waved to and fro, and often wiped his face "with, his handkerchief. He retired in about ten mi- "nutes."

Landor's own mortification could hardly have been less than Bonaparte's. Not thus had he expected to see the man by whose astonishing career, up to this turning hour of it, all the world had been enthralled: the hero of Italy, by whom conflicting creeds were to be reconciled; the armed leader of the French Revolution, by whom decaying nations were to be regenerated. Was it possible that he in whom such hopes had centred could now consent to become but another life-tenant of the Tuileries, changing the substance for the shadows of greatness? In the same year and month when these letters were written by Landor, that question was sorrowfully put and answered by Wordsworth:

> "I griev'd for Bonaparté with a vain
> And an unthinking grief! for who aspires
> To genuine greatness but from just desires,
> And knowledge such as *he* could never gain?"

Bluntly and characteristically, but to similar effect, Landor wrote off to his brother under the immediate influence of what Paris himself had shown him; and it is worthy of note that amid his many changes of opinion, the opinion now formed of Napoleon, and of the people under his rule, was never afterwards materially changed. His point of view was not that of Wordsworth, and his wishes and aims were different: but he had arrived substantially at the same result. "Doubt-

"less the government of Bonaparte," he wrote, "is "the best that can be contrived for Frenchmen. Mon- "keys must be chained, though it may cost them some "grimaces. If you have read attentively the last "senatus-consultum, you will find that not an atom "of liberty is left. This people, the most inconstant "and therefore the most contemptible in the world, "seemed to have recovered their senses when they had "lost their freedom. The idol is beyond their reach, "but the idolatry has vanished. A consul of so great "a genius will make the nation formidable to all the "earth but England; but I hope there is no danger "of any one imitating its example. As to the cause "of liberty, this cursed nation has ruined it for "ever." What he thus said in his twenty-seventh year he was saying in his eighty-seventh, nearly in the same words; the intervening sixty years having failed to amend or remove the impression thus received in his youth.

To his sister Elizabeth he described the second occasion when he saw Napoleon. It was at a review in the court of the Tuileries, when he stood within six or eight yards of him for a quarter of an hour. "His counte- "nance," he wrote, "is not of that fierce cast which "you see in the prints, and which perhaps it may "assume in battle. He seems melancholy and re- "served, but not morose or proud. His figure and "complexion are nearly like those of Charles Norris. "He rode a little white horse, about the size of my "father's; and cantered up and down six or eight lines "of military, drawn out in the court of the Tuileries, "which is about the size of Lincoln's-inn-fields. Each "line lowered its colours as he passed, and he took off "his hat in return. The French are not mightily

" civil, and one cannot much wonder—but I got an " admirable place by a piece of well-timed flattery. " After I had seen Bonaparte canter by me at the " distance of about a dozen yards, I left my situation " at the window and went down close to the gate of " the palace. Presently came the chief consul and half " a score generals. The people made room through " fear of the horses, which indeed were fierce enough, " being covered with blue and red velvet, one half of " which was hid with gold-lace. Instead of going with " the crowd, I pushed forward and got by the side of " Bonaparte's Mamelouk, in a place where there were " none but soldiers. There was a very tall fellow just " before me. I begged him to let me see Bonaparte, " and observed that probably *he* had seen him often " and shared his victories. The youth was delighted. " *Ah! le voilà, monsieur!* said he; and in a moment " there was nothing between me and this terror of " Europe but the backs of two horses, over which I " could see him as distinctly as I see this paper."

It is doubtful if he saw him again, though he always believed it was the fugitive from Waterloo whom he met at Tours thirteen years later, when the allied armies were in Paris; but he remembered to the close of his life that first sight of Napoleon; and his description only the year before his death, in conversation with an American lady in Florence, is not contradicted by his letter written more than sixty years before. " I was in Paris, said " Landor one day, at the time that Bonaparte made his " entrance as first-consul. I was standing within a " few feet of him when he passed, and had a capital " good look at him. He was exceedingly handsome " then, with a rich olive complexion and oval face, " youthful as a girl's. Near him rode Murat, mounted

"upon a gold-clad charger; and very handsome he "was too, but coxcombical."*

Of the pictures and works of art from Italy then assembled in Paris, which next to the hero of Italy interested him most, he also wrote to both brother and sister. During the whole of his stay he had passed in general three or four hours of every day in the Louvre, and had convinced himself that what was to be seen there could not be seen or studied properly in less than three years. Out of so immense a quantity of works (not less than a thousand, as he reckoned), scarcely a dozen had been injured in their transport to Paris, and not one beyond repair. Not that more than a fourth or fifth were to be counted fairly as the spoils of Italy; for a great proportion had been brought together from the royal palaces, and from the private collections of the old nobility now wandering in exile. Terrible as the shock of the revolution had been, he wondered to see around him so much that was unshaken. The religious houses only appeared to him to have suffered irretrievably. Versailles is his perpetual theme of wonder and delight. It struck him to be five times as large as Warwick-castle. The rooms were incrusted with marble, the gardens full of noblest works of statuary, every thing magnificent beyond description. At poor Marie Antoinette's *petit trianon* he had passed two days, and fills half a letter to his sister with an account of its marvellous beauty and most affecting associations, then fresh with all their tragedy.

But he had also less dignified and agreeable subjects

* *Atlantic Monthly* for April 1866. "I looked with wonder upon "a person," says the lady who describes these last days of Landor, "who remembered Napoleon Bonaparte as a slender young man, "and listened with delight to a voice from so dim a past."

to write about, and among them were the hotels and lodgings of Paris. He found them three times as dear as in London. He paid four livres a night for a miserable bed-room, and for another poor brick-floor apartment had to pay à louis a week. But unless you had servants of your own, you could not dine at your lodgings; and when he changed again for another hotel, it was the same. Though in that from which he wrote there were sixty bed-rooms, there was not a fire in the house, and he was obliged to put on his shirt as damp as a newspaper from the press. Coach-hire was another grievance, it having cost him on an average six or eight shillings a day; and altogether he was not sorry to find his face turned again towards home.

On his way back he wrote to his sister of the carriage and cart-horses of the country, and a few lines from this letter are worth preserving.

"First I will tell you of those that are used in carriages. Their sides are so flat that a whole horse looks like half a one, and their harness is nothing but a hundred pieces of rope: such harness is easily repaired. On the contrary the cart-horses are decorated most magnificently. There is a high piece of wood above the collar, on which is suspended a sheepskin, dyed red or blue. The rest of the body is covered with a net, the meshes of which are so large that it serves no purpose but ornament. There is not a horse in France that would not give all he is worth to be rid of these sheepskins, at least in summer; but there is no redress. They groan most bitterly under the heavy imposition, and I have seen one or two of them perform a counter-revolution. Their names are generally *Jacob*—at least I heard a fellow call two out of three by that name."

His feeling on finding himself in England* again was

* Here is the characteristic close of his last letter to his sister before leaving Paris. "How go on the Lambes? Is Mr. Lyttelton "well? Has Lord Warwick run the country? Are the Greatheads "at Guy's Cliff? How is Doctor Parr? I wrote to him by Miss

upon the whole a healthier one than that with which he quitted it. The splendours of the Republic had paled. Too many close resemblances had presented themselves between the French cart-horse and the French citizen. The meshes woven by the conquests of Napoleon were no doubt highly ornamental, but otherwise not of much benefit; and the red sheepskin of military glory was not worth the galling pressure of its accompanying "high "piece of wood above the collar." One of Landor's first acts at his return was to assist in the publication of a new edition of his *Gebir*, produced at Oxford under his brother's direction; and the line which had characterised Bonaparte as "a mortal man above all mortal "praise" appeared with a note of very large qualification. "Bonaparte might have been so," he now said, "and in the beginning of his career it was augured that "he would be. But unhappily he thinks that to pro- "duce great changes is to perform great actions. To "annihilate ancient freedom and substitute new; to "give republics a monarchical government, and the "provinces of monarchy a republican one; in short, to "overthrow by violence all the institutions, and to tear "from the heart all the social habits of man, has been "the tenor of his politics to the present hour." Nor did he hesitate in another note to declare, while confessing the hopes he had indulged of an empire of justice and equality, that in such hopes raised from the French Revolution every good man had been disappointed. "God forbid," he exclaimed, "that we should

"Ferrers, but he has not answered my letter. I cannot guess the "day of the month within a fortnight; so I pass it, and remain "&c." In the letter immediately preceding he had complained of his purse waxing feeble, telling her how impossible it was to live in Paris for a little. "They know an Englishman every where, and "the extravagance of a few is a heavy tax on the rest."

" ever be impelled to use their means of amelioration,
" or that our arms should be attended by success like
" theirs—internal and external subjugation."

VIII. Poetry by the Author of Gebir.

Other literary work he also at this time took in hand. We have seen that in the lecture-rooms at Oxford he had made acquaintance with the story of the Phocæans, the invaders of Gaul who built Marseilles; and, struck with its political as well as poetical capabilities, he now took it for the subject of an epic. But he wanted patience for such a design, and in what little he managed to complete the politics had not strengthened the poetry. To uphold republics and liberty against "Circean soul-dissolving monarchy" was plain sailing enough: but commercial enterprise had then some prominent features that made not so easy the other part of his design, which was to exhibit the superiority of commerce over the greeds of war; and not even Bonaparte's offences against freedom were blacker in Landor's eyes than the traffic and traffickers in slaves.

Of the exact time when he took up or laid aside his plan, I cannot speak with certainty; but between the first notion and his execution of that part which he published there had come the interval and influence of *Gebir*. Unfortunately it was in some respects more adverse than favourable. With the consciousness of power it carried also the sense of failure, for as yet even the ten admirers he challenged had not come to him. There is a touching admission to this effect in one of his letters to Southey in 1809. "I confess to you, if even foolish " men had read *Gebir* I should have continued to write

"poetry. There is something of summer in the hum "of insects."* He had less care or spirit, after such experience, to renew the effort in any finished or elaborate form. He rushed at once into print with what he had written; sent it out uncorrected in another sixpenny pamphlet; and, pleading the example of the painter who asked people only to tell him his faults, protested that he wished to ascertain not merely whether his poetry was good but whether it was wanted.

The answer now may be given succinctly that it was good and was not wanted; falling dead-born, yet containing what the world should not have let perish so indifferently. I will quote a few passages to show this, the more willingly for having found that I had counselled Landor not to include the piece in his works when collected twenty years ago. Of this one of his letters reminds me. "At college," he writes to Mr. Browning, the year before his death and seventy years after the time he recalls, "I and Stackhouse were examined "by the college-tutor in *Justin*, who mentions the "expulsion of the Phocæans from their country. In "my childish ambition I fancied I could write an epic "on it. Before the year's end I did what you see" (a copy of the old paper-backed sixpenny pamphlet, printed by Sharp of Warwick, accompanied the letter),

* In a later letter (December 1810) he repeats: "The *popularis* "*aura*, though we are ashamed or unable to analyse it, is requisite "for the health and growth of genius. Had *Gebir* been a worse "poem, but with more admirers, and I had once filled my sails, I "should have made many, and perhaps some prosperous, voyages. "There is almost as much vanity in disdaining the opinion of the "world as in pursuing it. In the one case we are conscious of pos- "sessing dignity; in the other we basely serpentize (*sic*) to obtain "it. This *is* indeed a difference, and one worth knowing in the out- "set."

" and corrected it the year following. Forster very " judiciously omitted it in my printed large volumes, " but I am persuaded now that it is worth preserving " as a curiosity of the kind."

A little also for a better reason. Undoubtedly to the poem as a whole, one of its own lines, speaking of a Sardian vase of burnished gold,

" Dazzling without, but dark from depth within,"

is only too applicable; and though between a darkness of this kind and the mud that thickens shallow streams there is a difference, and obscurity will often be really occasioned by depth, a poem is the worst form one can find it in. On its surface nevertheless, as in the Sardian vase, there will be beauties telling with all the more dazzling prominence for that defect; and though without the wonderful charm of *Gebir*, there are in the little tract that contained the *Phocæans* things more masterly than in any other poetical writing of that day. In the prayer to the Gods to " strengthen with new " stars the watery way;" in the invocation to the Powers " whose silent orbs control The balanced billows of the " boundless sea;" and in the picture of the Destinies intent upon their loom, unoccupied " with aught beyond " its moody murmuring sound;" single lines of unusual power and expressiveness occur, and I may instance especially those two in which a political creed held by the young poet to the last is tersely stated: " I deem it " first of human miseries To be a tyrant; then, to suffer " one." The same condensed meaning is in the preference avowed for a country struggling hard with tyranny over one where " Power o'er slaves was freedom and " was 'rights,' And man degraded could but man de- " grade."

These will be admired:

"But when the God
Himself, resistless Neptune, struck one blow,
Rent were the rocks asunder, and the sky
Was darken'd with their fragments ere they fell."

And here, worthy to be placed beside them, is the first fight of the island invaders:

"We dash from every pinnace, and present
A ridge of arms above a ridge of waves.
Now push we forward; now the fight, like fire,
Closes and gapes and gathers and extends.
Swords clash, shields clang; spears whirr athwart the sky,
And distant helmets drop like falling stars."

Another picture may accompany this,—one of war's attendant horrors:

"From waken'd nest, and pinion silence-pois'd,
The huge vulture drops rebounding: first he fears;
Looks round; draws back; half lifts his cowering wing;
Stretches his ruffled neck and rolling eye,
Tastes the warm blood, and flickers for the foe."

Other lines will show the frequent reflective beauty that sets off this vivid picturesqueness of writing:

"—Those who living fill'd the smallest space
In death have often left the greatest void.
When from his dazzling sphere the mighty falls,
Men, proud of showing interest in his fate,
Run to each other, and with oaths protest
How wretched and how desolate they are.
The good departs, and silent are the good."

Again: from the smaller pieces in the same tract:

"In his own image the Creator made,
His own pure sunbeam quicken'd thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial! Since thy day began
The present hour was ever markt with shade!"

Whatever else may be alleged of Landor's style, there is nothing weak or pompous about it; flaccid or turgid lines—the certain sign of inferior work—do not

occur; and there are no gaspings for breath. His word answers always to his thought; and the movement of his verse, sustained at the level of his fancy and language, takes its music from both. Passages quite perfect in themselves stand out in this way from his compositions, even when otherwise least successful. It is indeed his defect too often to treat particular things with an excess of vividness, by which the general level of his work is placed at disadvantage. Impetuosity, want of patience, is as bad in literature as in life; and it was his very power of putting rapidly and visibly on his page what he saw himself with astonishing vividness, that, for want of certain links of connection, dropped in his eagerness as of no account but very necessary to the enjoyment of his readers, gave occasional obscurity to a style in itself transparently clear. This remark is made in connection with the poems under notice, because, in reviewing them, the staunch and as yet almost solitary friend of *Gebir* justified on this ground a little wavering from the allegiance he so generously and loyally had proffered to its writer, the young poet still even by name unknown to him.

Southey's article appeared in what was called the *Annual Review*,* a "history of literature" just set up by Doctor Aikin, which happily for Southey had not a very long life: the wage for which he was labouring at it being so low that he must have struck work if it had not by starving its authors starved out itself. At this time it happened that William Taylor of Norwich had great influence over Southey, and had been doing his best to laugh him out of his idolatry of *Gebir*. Great at the derivation of words, he declared it to have been

* Published by Longman and Rees, 1802: see vol. i. p. 663.

aptly so named, "quasi gibberish;" and Southey, though by no means abandoning his own opinion, was uneasy at the adverse opinion of his friend. Reviewing the new poem, he admits that the story of the former had been related in language so involved and difficult that few could penetrate its meaning; and that they who did might perhaps have overrated its merits in proportion to the difficulty they had overcome in discovering them. Still he protested its merits to be of most uncommon excellence; and that though the mine was dark and the ore deep, there *was* ore of priceless value. But he did not find the second effort equal to the first, or that the five intervening years had matured the taste of the author, whoever he might be. Somebody,* he added, had said of *Gebir* that its thoughts were connected by flea-skips of association; but *Gebir* was lucid compared with the *Phocæans*. At the same time Southey defined the obscurity, not quite truly but not unfairly, as arising from a passion for compression; pointing out that this might be carried so far as to become a mere shorthand, reminding a writer of his own conceptions but never explaining them to others. In short, with much complimentary admission as to the few passages which he had found to be intelligible, Southey's verdict was adverse to *Poetry by the Author of Gebir.*

* It was William Taylor's remark. I quote from a letter to Southey in which he speaks of *Gebir*. "There are exquisitely fine "passages, but they succeed each other by such flea-skips of associa- "tion that I am unable to track the path of the author's mind, and "verily suspect him of insanity. But as he makes his appeal to a "jury of geniuses, I am sure of being challenged, and my opinion can "be of no consequence. It is not the verdict of the panel." From him too had come the allusion to Valerius Flaccus also used by Southey at the close of his notice. See ante, p. 107.

Fortunately Landor never knew this, or that his earliest critical friend had ever momentarily faltered in allegiance to him; but the remarks on *Gebir's* obscurity, supposed to have been Doctor Aikin's, were not without their influence. The author had lately taken lodgings at Oxford to be near his brother Robert, who was in residence at Worcester-college; and the fruit of their deliberation was the publication, after not many months, of an edition of *Gebir* now rarely to be met with, accompanied not only by a Latin version of it, the *Gebirus*, but by prose arguments to each book in both languages, with notes of explanation to the passages supposed to be most obscure. I must add, however, that even this concession provoked no kindly return; that in his handsome coat *Gebir* fared no better than in his homely one; and that the brothers, impatient of the refusal of the critics to take further notice of their labours, went soon after into the critical line on their own account.

Mr. Robert Landor's letters have informed me pleasantly as to these matters. "Even the first edition of "*Gebir* was followed speedily by little unbound publica- "tions of which I cannot remember correctly either the "order or the titles. The *Phocæans*, the commence- "ment of an epic poem, various Latin verses and "English verses filling no more than a few pages, a "little volume of Icelandic poems suggested by Mr. "Herbert's success, but nothing in prose that I can "remember before the first two volumes of his *Ima-* "*ginary Conversations* except a few pages on Primitive "Sacrifices. I often tried to dissuade him from such "diminutive works, or rather scraps, as betraying too "much impatience, and as excusing the public neglect. "They were read by a few personal friends only, and

"only one of them was noticed in a Review. I am "not unwilling that you should smile at my expense, "knowing how tolerant you are. When there were no "magazines excepting the *Gentleman's*, young aspirants "to literature could try their pretensions nowhere else "so safely as in the Reviews. The *Edinburgh* and *Quar-* "*terly*, a little later, were accessible only to a few of "higher pretensions and qualities better ascertained. For "the rest it was not at all necessary that they should "have any knowledge of the subjects about which they "wrote. They placed themselves as doctors learned "in literary law. They took their seats on the judge's "bench before they had prepared themselves by their "studies for the bar. It was necessary to assume great "dignity and authority; a compassionate or contemp- "tuous treatment of the culprits trembling before them "was necessary; but learning, wisdom, and experience "were not necessary. Excepting that my conscience "acquits me of any wish to give pain, or of any malig- "nant pleasure in tormenting my betters, such a critic "was I!—a professional critic!—a reviewer! My first "article was on Walter's Iceland tale of *Gunlaug and* "*Helga*—very confident in its patronage indeed! Wal- "ter was delighted; and both of us laughed at the "imposture. The *Oxford Review* broke down after the "first three or four numbers; and my conscience is the "more easy as I had contributed only two or three "articles, conceited enough but not malignant. Up to "this time there had, I think, been no notice of my "brother's publications since that by Southey of *Gebir*. "But Walter's impatience under such unmerited neg- "lect was betrayed by repeated and very contemptuous "challenges offered both to critics and authors, in little "publications which were never read by either. Then,

" as at a later age, he seemed equally enraged by the " public neglect, and disdainful of its notice."

The best of those little "Icelandic" poems being accessible still in the printed works, nothing more need be said of it here except that it appears to have been suggested to Landor by a letter from Birch, his favourite and friend at Rugby.

IX. Walter Birch: and Succession to Family Estates.*

Several of Birch's letters had been kept by his schoolfellow, and some of them bear date shortly before the latter, by Doctor Landor's death, became master of the Staffordshire estate: his mother continuing life-tenant of Ipsley-court and Tachbrooke. They are hardly of a kind to justify publication, but they show with what anxiety at that particular time this true friend was looking forward to the future which lay before the companion of his boyhood.

None of the figures of that distant past seems to recur with kindlier association to Mr. Robert Landor's memory. Before the latter went up to Oxford, Birch had a fellowship at Magdalen, and he had become tired of Oxford life and quitted it for a tutorship before Mr. Robert Landor had obtained his own fellowship. But during the whole of his undergraduate career he had the advantage of companionship and counsel from this friend of his brother's, and in his letters he speaks of him with the utmost tenderness. "Walter often visited me," he says, "when travelling

* The reader is requested to substitute this title for that erroneously left at p. 81, in the List of Contents of Book II.

" between Warwick, London, Bristol, or South Wales;
" and he eagerly renewed his intercourse with Birch,
" whom I had not seen till then. Here was an in-
" stance of friendship which is so often formed be-
" tween men as unlike each other as possible in every
" other particular excepting a single pursuit. Birch
" was gentle, quiet, unassuming, very tolerant of other
" men's opinions though sufficiently consistent in the
" maintenance of his own, an earnest Christian, a sin-
" cere churchman, and—O, Mr. Forster!—rather too
" much inclining to toryism. Walter was a black
" jacobin. I very soon acquired the title, in my own
" college, of *Citizen* Landor—and even *the* Citizen, as
" being the only republican there. But Birch loved
" Walter and smiled at me. Walter used to speak of
" his friend's maiden modesty, which extended beyond
" his morals.* Perhaps this wide difference between
" them kept both parties silent on graver subjects: both
" feeling unwilling to quarrel, and knowing how ir-
" reconcilable were their opinions. Yet Birch often
" checked Walter's extravagant language by his laugh-
" ter; and once he asked me how it could have hap-
" pened that my brother should have met accidentally
" so many ladies, in an evening's walk or two with him
" and me, every one of whom was incomparably the
" most beautiful creature whom he had ever seen?
" how each of twenty fools could be by much the
" greatest fool upon earth? and, above all, how Mr.
" Pitt could be the greatest rascal living, if Mr. Can-
" ning surpassed Mr. Pitt, and Lord Castlereagh sur-
" passed Mr. Canning, and all three were infinitely

* "At school," Landor writes in one of his letters to me, "Birch
" was named *Sancty* from the sobriety of his manners—how differ-
" ent from mine!"

"exceeded as brutes and fools by their gracious sove-
"reign king George the Third?" One may discover in Birch's few remaining letters not a little of this humorous sense of his friend's ludicrous excesses of speech, at once suggested and in its expression subdued by personal regard of an uncommon kind, and in no way abating an almost passionate admiration given eagerly to Landor's genius and scholarship.

The earliest in date is one of April 1805, which, after telling him of a publication by Mr. William Herbert of translations of Icelandic sonnets and of some original pieces that he thinks would interest him by the accurate information contained in the notes and by the spirit of the poetry, proceeds to say in the next sentence: "Our friend Cary of Christ-church published about a "month ago a translation of the *Inferno* of Dante, "which I am just about to read. I anticipate consider-
"able pleasure from it. I hear already that it sells "well."* Exactly fifty-seven years had passed after this when Landor, writing to Mr. Lytton† of Birch himself and of their schoolfellow the translator of Dante, adds in the very next sentence: "We have "another admirable translator in William Herbert. "I owe my *Gunlaug* to his stories from the Icelandic.

* In the memoir of Cary by his Son (1847) will be found letters from Birch confirmatory of the character here given, and showing with what unbounded affection Cary regarded him. On the birth of that son (1797) he addressed a sonnet to Birch, which closes thus:

"For if some fairy bade me take the boon
That most I covet for my darling child,
Though all my wandering wishes I might send
In search of every bliss beneath the moon,
Yet should I most desire thy wisdom mild,
Thy pure and open heart, my honour'd friend." i. 96.

† See ante, p. 24.

"How incomparably better this northern poetry than "that of the Troubadours! The Icelandic seems to "be a softer language than theirs, which is highly "praised by people who surely never read it; for it is "excessively harsh, and much resembles the Genoese. "The Gauls could never scale the highths of Parnassus "since Apollo drove them down with thunder and light-"ning." A word dropped by accident, unconsciously awakening some association of the past, had again connected the names in the old man's memory.

Very frequently Birch alludes to the *Gebirus*. His friend continuing to press him for any remarks it might have suggested in the reading to so fine a Latin scholar, Birch retorts that he is only a scholar as his old schoolfellow is a master; that his objection to criticism in such a case is the presumption of it; and that he has but to think of past days at Rugby and Oxford to know the little reason he should have, by comparison with his friend, "for confidence in his critical sagacity and "still more in his grammatical accuracy." In vain does his friend encourage him to greater confidence by sending him a list of faults he has himself already discovered: Birch thinks unobjectionable several of the passages named, and says (what is quite true of the *Gebirus*) that not one of them to which objection might be taken on strictly classical grounds is without beauty of another kind more than compensating. In fine, says Birch, "I have come to the conclusion, after re-"peated reading of the *Gebirus*, that my knowledge of "poetical latinity is much more confined than yours, "and that a more extensive and habitual study of the "Latin poets has made you even more accurate than "I can pretend to be."

Another subject of discussion in their letters is pas-

toral poetry, as to which some of Landor's opinions, though far from exhaustive in the matter, are expressed with vigour and liveliness. His point is that in pastoral poetry, though apparently the easiest of any, none since the ancients had succeeded; and though he does scant justice to Thomson, a man not more loveable for his character than for his writings, what he says has truth at the bottom of it, and he was always proud of what he thought he had himself accomplished in this field by the episode of Tamar.

"The Germans strain themselves into agony. Their shepherds toss about, and toil and sweat like drovers. Yet their woods are more romantic than woods in theatric scenery, and their fields more gaudily flowered than Wilton carpets. You are tired, and you would turn; but turn wherever you will, you are caught either in tears or in flames. In our own country (I omit the puerilities of Pope and Phillips) there is Thomson. His characters have all a ridiculous mixture of the modern and the antique. There is the flaunting dress and high-coloured bloom that the spruce apprentice on a Sunday evening admires in a Birmingham housemaid. Whenever he rises, he rises by violent efforts—which show less of fervid and vigorous imagination than of impatient languor and sickly restlessness. He was however a most amiable man, and there are many great beauties in his works; though he never was at all successful in the delineation of character. His verses make one pant in reading them; which is owing to their structure, not to what they convey. He was too happy to know any thing of the passions. In fine, we have nothing in common with pastoral life: while even the highest of the ancients had much. Our modes of address are different; our habits, our inclinations. They had a nerve more than we have. Ours is polish; theirs, poetry. We succeed in proportion as we remove ourselves from home, particularly in pastoral."

Of the kind of life Landor was leading at this time, while his father's health had been declining, the letters give various indications. He was far exceeding the income put aside for him. Already indeed Doctor Landor

has had to sell some property in discharge of debts contracted by him; and in return he had undertaken to present his brother Charles to the family living of Colton, in the event of its not falling vacant before his father's death. Though supposed to be mainly resident in Bath or Bristol, or in Wales, he was very frequently in London. Birch goes at his particular request to see a horse he has set his mind upon;* congratulates him on the acquisition of a Titian; and is able, by lucky purchase of his own at a broker's near Cavendish-square, to add to his friend's collection a "grand old "head."† In one of his letters Birch expatiates on the pleasure he has had in Landor's description of the lofty aims he is cherishing, and in the next but one sends him urgent remonstrance against his unnecessarily brooding over calamities. You discover from one of the letters that these calamities are connected with money; and from another that a princely gift is nevertheless ready for "the collection made lately in Christ-church to the "amount of sixty pounds" in aid of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. There are questions in politics where it is plain enough that the friends are in imperfect sympathy; but even Birch could hardly have refused a smile to one of his friend's epigrams upon

* "The horse is not very handsome, but can go seventy miles in "a day: only five years old: I have told Charles to write and buy "it. What livery-stables shall it be sent to, if we can get it for "you?"

† "I do not fully assure myself you will like it, being aware that "in matters of this sort (nor do I mean to limit the assertion there) "your taste is much more penetrating and exact than my own. . . . "You would deserve an opprobrious title," he adds, replying to a remark of Landor's, "if you dared become a renegade from the "Muse after having enjoyed so large a portion of her favour." In the same letter he speaks very affectionately of Mr. Robert Landor, and with great respect of the opinion of their brother Henry.

the common talk then spreading itself abroad as to the Prince of Wales and his doings.

> "First Carlton House, my country friend,
> And then the playhouse you should see;
> Here comedies in marriage end,
> *There* marriages in tragedy."*

One political subject there was, however, on which Landor found himself now in agreement with his tory friend, as with most Englishmen who cared much for England. In truth a powerful independent party having its root in the higher middle class, indifferent for the most part to the home quarrels of the leading statesmen, and caring as little for the combinations of Addington and Pitt, or Fox and the Grenvilles, as for the foolish exclusiveness of the king, had been lately reanimating and strengthening the armed resistance to France. The previous year, which brought Pitt back into office, had made the first-consul emperor and launched against England the fleets of France and Spain. But Nelson was again afloat, and the hope of all that was best in England turned upon him. In verses that have not survived, Landor had given expression to this confidence in the hero; and almost

* From a satirical poem of earlier date, suppressed at the entreaty of Birch, I take a couple of stanzas for the sake of some personal allusions in them. It purported to be an address to the fellows of his old college in Oxford upon their preparations against Bonaparte's threatened invasion:

> "Still, bred in your college, tho' no longer in it, I
> Send ye health and fraternity, fellows of Trinity!
> Thro' haste to salute you, the feet of my doggerel
> Like a drunken or down-hill and devil-drove hog reel.
> Take *me* for your leader: you have not forgot
> That your most humble servant was once a good *shot:*
> Tho' ye dreaded, but dreaded without rhyme or reason,
> He haply might turn his fine talents to treason."

simultaneously with the news of Trafalgar the poem reached his friend, whose acknowledgment of it in a letter dated the 11th Nov. 1805 is all that now remains to indicate what it was.

"I thank you for your letter and animated verses, where you seem to have been inspired by the prophetic spirit ascribed to poets of old, and to have anticipated the glorious victory of Nelson the news of which had reached me just before I received them. I hope and trust the emotions which that unparalleled achievement must have excited in your mind, signalised as it was yet more by the fall of the hero, by the magnificent close of the most brilliant naval career in all history, will not be suffered to subside till they have assumed a shape and a form (as I well know they may!) which it would be injustice to yourself and the public to withhold from their applause. The news of another considerable victory has arrived this very morning. What a blow to the projects of that insatiable ambition, that restless and enterprising spirit, which, avowedly grasping at maritime as well as continental preëminence, was enlarging its views to universal empire! Already, in the sanguine anticipation of Frenchmen, was Bonaparte become another Jove, and the affairs of our little planet dependent on his nod! Has not this now passed for ever? The meridian is reached, and will he not hasten to his setting? God grant it!"

He closes the same letter by telling Landor that their friend Cary has finished, and is about to send out in small octavo, the second volume of his translation of Dante, which, he adds, "considering its very close adherence to the original, seems to me more elegant than "I could easily have conceived." In the same letter he notices also the publication of Scott's *Lay* and Southey's *Madoc;* saying he has read both, and that though he believes it does not agree with the general sentiment he will yet venture to say that he far prefers Southey. But he thinks Southey's fault is diffusion, just as the friend to whom he is writing has the grander defect of compression, the excess in the other extreme,—an excel-

lent remark, in which lay much of the secret, never perfectly known to himself, of Southey's singular passion for Landor's poetry. It was an ideal he was always aiming at, and missing; and in proportion as he found himself still falling short of it, his admiration increased.

During the period of these letters this amiable and accomplished person was living as tutor in the family of an English earl. "He seems," writes Mr. Robert Landor, "to have grown tired of a college life since "the departure of so many friends from Oxford; and "he undertook the tuition of a youth in one of our "most wealthy and noble houses. Walter learnt "some particulars of his residence there, certainly "not from himself.* Birch resigned his office before "the education of his pupil had been completed, "greatly to their regret. Some attachment had "arisen between himself and a daughter of this

* Of about this date I find the subjoined hendecasyllabics, true in every point to the character of his friend, as expressed in the preceding pages:

"Promisi mihi, BIRCHE, non tacere
Ut florens studiis bonis juventa
Utque sancta virilis esset ætas
Præ cunctis tibi; sed parum Camenas
Felices habeo, inchoans honores
Quos tantis meritis parare vellem:
Nam dolore medullitus peresus
Sum doloribus optimi sodalis.
Possum hoc dicere, verum, at indisertum.
Clarus ingenio, lepore, cultu,
Doctus, nec nisi in optimis librorum,
Es quicquid cuperet quis esse natum,
Desperans sibi, differensve tantùm
Et paulisper in otium remittens
Ut nil proposito accidat molestum.
Es talis quia vir puerque, BIRCHE,
Nullo tempore crastinus fuisti."

"family — whether it was mutual, or on which side "it was strongest, is not known. But Birch was much "too honourable and conscientious for its encouragement, and therefore retired on a small college-living. "I cannot understand how any disengaged lady could "live in daily intercourse with such a man — for he "was very handsome too — and remain insensible to "such amiability. Walter even believed that his "friend's own heart was concerned, and had heard "additions to the story which I fancy were quite apocryphal. I suspect that Walter may here have confounded the history of Birch's friend Russell, who "left us only two sonnets, dying of a broken heart, "with some such narrative, heard imperfectly and "easily believed, of his own friend." In the only allusions to the family I find in Birch's letters, unusually strong regard appears, and very marked expressions of respect; nor does it seem otherwise probable that any romantic ending to the little love-story was contributed by himself, for he married and had children, surviving it a score of years: but the mention of it can now give pain to no one, and what may be accepted for truth in it is characteristic and worthy of Landor's favourite schoolfellow.

"I sincerely sympathise with you," he wrote to Landor on the Christmas-day of 1805, "in your re"gret for the loss of your father, though his previous "state certainly rendered it desirable to himself, and "on that account should make it less afflicting to his "family."* At the close of the letter there is a men-

* Doctor Landor died at the close of 1805, but had been ailing all that year. I quote a letter of Landor's to his brother Henry dated in February, which mentions his father's anxiety at the time to complete the settlement of his property. But I quote it also for

tion of their Rugby days in connection with a youth who had there been fag to Landor, and to both of them since not a little troublesome. With a wise thoughtfulness Birch warns his friend against the dangers, in the new position that awaits him, of indiscriminating kindness.

The remark warns me that here closes the period of Landor's life over which any kind of external restraint or control was possible; and that now opens "that part of his history," I am quoting his brother's language to me, "which followed our father's death "and the sale of his Staffordshire property, and which "appears like an exaggeration of the improbabilities

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its closing allusions to Parr, his old schoolmaster James, and his own Latin verses, in which the evident and eager interest contrasts amusingly with the careless tone of request about the property, which his brother is to explain when he has leisure. "My father tells me "that 'he supposes you have informed me of his having conveyed to "'me the house my uncle lives in, and the two next, Godwin's and "'John Holt's.' I do not comprehend this, nor see the necessity of "any such conveyance. Explain it when you have leisure. My poor "father seems to take it for granted that my uncle will die before "him; for he says, 'When my brother dies, I would recommend to "'you to sell them, and think that they would be a most desirable "'purchase to the proprietors of the Forge,' &c. I have often "thought so too: but I am inclined also to think that these people "would give as much for about one half of the garden with the "paddock, as another person would for the whole of the premises.— "I am surprised that Sir George Baker, who writes remarkably good "and graceful Latin, should not have been able to make Inglis's "stuff show better than it does. But the Latin for inscriptions is "widely different from that which is read at schools, and perhaps "Sir George B. may not be versed in it. No man upon earth knows "it so well as our friend at Hatton. It was a great disappointment "to me that you were unable to decipher my verses. I took uncom-"mon pains in transcribing them, and the verses are above medio-"crity. One night I happened to think on poor James, and com-"posed before I went to sleep the following Iambics. I have often "retouched them since. Send them to the Doctor [Parr]. I mean

"of a dream." But before finally quitting the period which these two opening books include, I will let him speak another word for himself upon his Rugby days. Its proper place was earlier in the narrative; but before I found the letter to me containing it, that portion of my book was printed off; and, as it confirms and explains what formerly was said* of the cause of his departure from Rugby, gives his little fag a pleasanter word than Birch could afford him in the letter last quoted, and supplies another varied and vivid pattern of the mingled yarn of which the web of every part of his own life was made, it will not now be out of place. At the date of the letter he had been corresponding about an Eton boy's cruelty to his fag, which the newspapers had got hold of and were sharply reproving.

"my copy, as I have taken uncommon pains with the words and "punctuation," &c. A portion of the verses, on his personal relations with his old master, will perhaps, after what has been said of those Rugby days, have an interest for the reader:

"Vale, O magister! O Jamese, ave et vale!
Tu dum vocabas sæpius flevi puer,
Versans, minatum ubi maxime est periculum,
Inefficaces, algidus metu, manus;
Nunc, dum voco ipse nec refers contra, fleo.
At hostis olim tu mihi tibique ego . . .
Quî meque teque jam videntes crederent?
Ah cur reductis abnuebas naribus,
Spectans refrigeransque lævo lumine,
Cui primum amicus ingenuusque omnis puer
Et cui secundum ipse æmulus daret locum?
Sed hanc habebis, hanc habebo, gratiam,
Quum carmine istorum excidas, vives meo.
Nam nec severus semper aut supercilî
Tristis, nec inficetus aut expers salis,
Sed comis indulgensque vel nostro joco
Eras, solutis jam scholæ compagibus."

* See ante, pp. 31, 32.

"When I wrote about the cruelty of the Eton boy "I had not forgotten a lighter case at Rugby. With "what pleasure and even pride do I recall to memory "that I was the first of that school who paid the lad he "fagged. Poor little B. H. had three or four bottles "to fill at the pump in a hard frost, and was crying "bitterly, when I took pity on him and made him my "fag, at threepence a week I think. This exempted "him from obedience to others, and I seldom exercised "my *vested rights*. Perhaps the head master James "thought it an innovation to pay. He certainly hated "me for my squibs, and had also threatened to expel "me for never calling Will Hill *Mister;* I having "told him I never would call Hill or any other *Mister* "unless I might call the rest so. At last he wrote to "my father that I was rebellious and incited others "to rebellion; and unless he took me away he should "be obliged ('much to his sorrow') to expel me. As I "was within five of the head, and too young for Oxford, "I was placed under a private tutor and matriculated "at seventeen. Among my enormities was writing the "verses I now send you. James had chosen some of "my worst verses *to play for*, as we called it: that "is, every half-holiday was supposed to be gained for "the lads by the best verses of the day. Mine were "always the best, but, out of malice I am afraid, the "very worst of them were chosen; and this was my "revenge."

Of the extent of it, far exceeding the precisely similar instance referred to in a former page,* the reader must happily be left ignorant, the accompanying Alcaic verses not admitting of translation. But what they show of a man's intellect in youth entirely without guidance

* Ante, p. 31.

or control, the letter recalling them not less strikingly shows of the passions and impulses of youth surviving to extreme old age; and it will be well to take this double consideration with us into the years we have now to retrace.

BOOK THIRD.

1805–14. ÆT. 30–39.

AT BATH AND CLIFTON, IN SPAIN, AND AT LLANTHONY.

I. *Life at Bath.* II. *Robert Southey.* III. *First Letters to Southey.* IV. *In Spain.* V. *Letters to Southey on Spain and Spaniards.* VI. *Letters on Kehama and Roderick.* VII. *The Tragedy of Count Julian.* VIII. *In Possession of the Abbey.* IX. *Marriage and Life at Llanthony.* X. *Public Affairs.* XI. *Private Disputes.* XII. *Departure from England.*

I. Life at Bath.

In the interval that immediately followed his succession to the paternal estate, Landor lived chiefly in Clifton or at Bath; and at the latter place his younger brother found him, soon after their father's death, "with the "reputation of very great wealth, and the certainty, at "his mother's death, of still greater. A fine carriage, "three horses, two men-servants, books, plate, china, "pictures, in every thing a profuse and wasteful out-"lay, all confirmed the grandeur." Upon the whole not a life, for such a man, either profitable then to have lived or now to recall; and very little here shall be said of it. Some love-verses connected with the later portion of it can also afford to perish. Their heroine, Ioné, who translated far too easily into Jones, has retained not so much as a fragment of romance. Even of his Ianthe, to whom in these days much beautiful and

tender verse was dedicated, there is little now remaining to claim a place in my story except such chance allusion as hereafter may drop from himself.

The sort of life thus led in Bath however could not be passed without results more or less grave; and in little more than a year they showed themselves in a form for which the remedy was supposed to have been found in a project for selling the old paternal estate in Staffordshire, and reinvesting in other land at greater profit. Reserving these things to a year or two hence, when the necessary arrangements, meanwhile set on foot, became practicable and were completed, I shall dwell upon those incidents only of the intervening years out of which matter can be extracted that is worth remembering, or that throws any kind of light upon the variable career and character of which, with all its good and evil so capriciously intermixed, its comedy and tragedy, its clouds and sunshine, its generous emotions and tempestuous passions, its use and its waste of prodigious powers, it is my object in these pages to convey at the least no false impression.

Remembering allusions formerly made* to the wife of a friend very dear to him in early Warwick days, it will be proper not to omit the mention of her death, which occurred at this time. It should be given for such evidence as it affords that, amid his present daily and nightly round of "routs, plays, concerts, and balls," his heart was yet easily moved as ever, and keen in its susceptibility of suffering. The young wife of the physician who had succeeded to his father's practice in Warwick, the "angel" of his early letters, died so suddenly that he had not even heard of her illness, and now first read of it in a newspaper. Her infant daughter and

* Ante, pp. 145, 149, &c.

herself had died together. "Poor Lambe, poor Lambe," he writes to Parr, at whose house the friends had so often met:

"Poor little Elizabeth and her mother, now indeed divine! Yes, death has proved the fact, and not the contrary. For what is death? A change of situation, an enlargement of liberty, a privilege, a blessing, an apotheosis. What hours have we passed together, hours never to return, or to produce their likeness in this world! In vain have I tried every species of amusement; routs, plays, concerts, and balls. Her image rises up everywhere before me. I sicken at the sight of beauty. Did she not treat me as a brother? did she ever call me by more than one name? The sound of Walter was the sweetest of sounds. Pardon me, I will acknowledge it, she made me think myself a virtuous and great man. Certainly I never left her company but I was more happy and more deserving of happiness."

The same unmistakable sorrow is expressed to his sister Elizabeth, one of his letters to her ending thus:

"It was a shock from which I have not yet recovered, and which I shall feel, I believe, for ever.

"O Lambe, my early guide, my guardian friend,
Do thus our pleasures, thus our prospects end!
All that could swell thy heart, thy soul elate,
Heaven gave, but pondering found one gift too great.
What now avails thee, what avail'd thee then,
To shine in science o'er the sons of men;
Each varying plant, each tortuous root to know,
What latent pests from lucid waters flow;
All the deep bosom of the Air contains,
Fire's parent strength and Earth's o'erflowing veins?
The last unwelcome lesson teaches this,
Frail are alike our knowledge and our bliss.
Against the storms of fate and throbs of pain
Wisdom is impotent and virtue vain."*

His eldest sister was his constant correspondent at this time, and would have saved him from many a folly if cleverness and good sense could have done it.

* A portion of these verses (without the last two) will be found with variations in his published poems.

But he was no sooner out of one scrape than he was into another. "The battledore you talk of," he replies from Bath to one of her letters, "is called a cornet, and "I play at it better than any man in England. I was "taught in France. A little girl said to me, *Jouez "donc aux cornets, monsieur?* My reply was, *A la bonne "heure, ma petite. Je ne me suis pas marié à présent.* "I played nevertheless, and have played the same "game since. I believe I am more in request here "than I have ever been; not for myself—for we are "not, like wine, improvable by age—but for Frolick "and Favourite, and what is whispered of Llanthony." Frolick and Favourite were his carriage-horses. He ends his letter with a parable of a young lady whom a spectre was reported to have visited at night, until her mother, by taking her to sleep in her own room, exorcised the ghost, to which he had himself thereupon addressed these lines:

"Thou, since she sleeps with her mama,
Lookst like a fox in some ha-ha,
Who views, with nostrils open'd wide,
A pheasant on the other side,
Pants, grumbles, whines with lank desires,
And licks his whiskers, and retires!"

Very well for the ghost that he could; but some enterprises there were out of which retirement was less easy, and they largely occupy his sister Elizabeth's letters. She is in a perpetual agitation of warning against any ill-advised marriage, one danger of this kind succeeding another very rapidly. She has indeed no objection to a well-considered proceeding of the sort; and sketches one in the language of an old servant who has come with her annual gift of a basket of chickens to the family at Warwick, and has declared herself "*anackaunt-*"*able* glad Mr. Walter is growing jolly, and hopes he

"will marry some fine lady of a good family and for-
"tin, as he ought, to be sure." Not that to the sister these appear indispensable, if their place is otherwise filled. "Birth and fortune," she tells her brother, "are "not requisites, but good disposition and good under-
"standing are; and how many innocents, only for "being pretty, have you all your life been thinking "sensible!" That was a home-thrust, and had some effect, the lady against whom in particular it was aimed not retaining her influence; but one of these affairs had gone very far before any thing of it was known to her, and she has almost to resign herself to the confession that it must be. "I hope to God your choice may "be a fortunate one, for I never was and never shall "be happy when you are otherwise. You are not just "to me. I *do* wish you to be married; but I am sure "the common sort are not calculated for you."

Happily escape came again; and in this case from the lady herself. Some offence had been taken by her, not clearly to be made out from Landor's letter, which dwells far less on the incident itself than upon the ball and supper where it happened, with its winter pines, peas, strawberries, and "sparagus," besides ice enough to cover the Nieper and beauty enough to thaw it all. To which his sister quietly rejoins that she hears with delight of his being again heart-free; makes neat allusion to the lady's predecessor as well as herself, by remarking that their friend "the old doctor" had declared "neither to be worthy of him;" hopes he may now have time, as her mother says, to "think of somebody "worth something;" and tells him that the blaze of beauty over in Bath must be brighter than the fire by which she is writing if it succeeds in again making him intemperately warm.

But the heats that Landor suffered from were not from that blaze only. His eager interest in politics had not meanwhile slackened; and unpalatable as many of his opinions were to the particular part of society which his present mode of living necessarily threw much in his way, moderation or compromise on any points, even in the matter of speech, was a virtue still unknown to him. "About sixty years ago," his brother writes to me, "an old friend of his who felt much esteem for "him, a Major Tickell, the descendant of Addison's "friend, expressed his surprise to me that my brother "should have lived so long. 'We were occasional "'guests,' said he, 'at the same public table in Bath "'two winters, where there were other military men; "'and if I had talked as he talked, there would have "'been half-a-dozen bullets through my body if the "'first five had been insufficient.' Such dangers were "in truth only escaped as his character became known "for extravagance, and sometimes chiefly through the "interposition of such friends as the major." On the other hand it is to be remembered that there were estimable men in the major's profession then, to whom the mere praise of Mr. Fox would be a horrible jacobin extravagance; and the accession of that statesman and his friends to power on Pitt's death in the early part of the year had given unusual bitterness to party strifes and hatreds. Landor's intercourse with Parr it naturally drew closer; and it brought him again into correspondence with Adair, from one of whose letters we may gather something of the turn Landor's outlook in politics was taking at the time. More eager than ever against Bonaparte, and resolute for maintaining the efficiency of the power which had been thus far the only check to his ambition, he had written to Adair

about the navy. The reply, very cordial in its tone, gives us a glimpse of the troubles of "All the Talents" from a source very near the fountain-head.

"I concur entirely with you in opinion respecting the times, and the nature of the difficulties with which the new administration has to contend: I think also with you that 'whatever 'can be done by wisdom and humanity' will be done by Mr. Fox: but I confess that my hopes are not so great as my fears in any view I can take of the situation of our affairs. Indeed it is my firm belief that although, for reasons which appear conclusive to them, they think it more prudent to abstain from laying open to the country the true state of those affairs, they have found them in a much worse condition than they could have themselves believed at any time during their opposition. I have heard many plans suggested at various times for the manning of our navy, and for keeping up a sufficient number of seamen during peace to enable government to equip their fleets on a sudden without having recourse to pressing or similar methods; but for some reason or other, naval men have always rejected even the experiment. The present Board of Admiralty would, I should think, give a fair hearing at least to any new hints that might be offered them on so important a subject. Indeed I think that if you would give yourself the trouble to put your ideas into a practicable form, much real good might result from submitting them to the consideration of Lord Howick."

This letter was written at the close of April 1806, and led of course to nothing. Before a year was over Fox had followed to the grave his great adversary; the rest of "the talents" were nowhere; and with the Portland and Perceval combinations the career of Castlereagh and Canning had begun.

It was while these changes were in progress that an incident occurred which Landor would often himself tell pleasantly in his latter years. On some occasion unexpectedly he had gone, after a long interval, to visit his mother at Warwick; when, Parr happening to have a large company at dinner that day, one of the guests

told their entertainer of the sudden and unlooked-for arrival at Mrs. Landor's. "Eat your dinner, eat your "dinner," said Parr; but hardly had the tablecloth been removed, and the first glass of wine taken, when the old doctor laid down his pipe. "Drink your wine, my "friends, drink your wine; I must go and see Walter "Landor." And so he did. At Warwick he presented himself, as unexpectedly as Landor had done very shortly before, and the friends had an hour together; but nothing would he take, not even the cup of tea that was pressed upon him. "No, no, Walter, I must go back "to my friends; they are all at dinner." And Landor would finish the story in a pleasant elated way by declaring himself to be the only man in the world that could have made Doctor Parr ride half a dozen miles with his dinner in his mouth and his pipe out of it.

II. Robert Southey.

Soon after the incident last related Landor had started on a tour in the lake-country, which Parr thus announced to a friend who complained afterwards that the promised visit was never paid him. "In the course "of the summer you will be called upon by Mr. Walter "Landor, who is going on a tour to the lakes. He is "my particular friend. He is impetuous, openhearted, "magnanimous; largely furnished with general know-"ledge; well versed in the best classical writers; a man "of original genius, as appears in his compositions both "in prose and verse; a keen hater of oppression and "corruption; and a steady friend to civil and religious "liberty. I am confident you will be much interested "by his conversation; and it is my good fortune to "know that his talents, attainments, and virtues amply

"compensate for all his singularities." No bad picture by a friendly hand.

With the lakes already were connected the chiefs of the little band of writers whose fame became afterwards identified with that beautiful country. Coleridge had been living at Greta; Wordsworth at Grasmere, not many miles away; and Southey was now permanently fixed at Keswick, the richer for the Fox and Grenville ministry by a pension of two hundred a year which one of its members, his friend Wynne, had obtained for him. Yet far less for this did the name of the whig chief continue for some years longer a grateful sound to Southey, than for an incident of one of the last social readings at St. Anne's-hill; when Fox and his company, not closing at eleven as usual, "went on till after midnight reading "*Madoc*."* This was something for a man to remember to whom poetry was all in all, and to whom the half of seventy-nine shillings and a penny had just presented itself as his share of *Madoc's* profits after twelve months' sale. But Landor admired *Madoc* too; its writer's name had become known to him as that of the first and almost only friend of *Gebir;* and in a letter to his sister in the summer of 1807 he deplores his ill-fortune in having missed an introduction to Southey. He had very nearly bought an estate in his neighbourhood, adjoining Lowes-water lake; but he had not seen him.

Once afterwards they missed again. At the house

* The generous and genial statesman was indeed a favourite with all the poets; and but a very few years before, Wordsworth, sending him the Lyrical Ballads, had thus written: "In common with the "whole of the English people, I have observed in your public cha-"racter a constant predominance of sensibility of heart. . . . This "cannot but have made you dear to poets; and I am sure that if, "since your first entrance into public life, there has been a single "true poet living in England, he must have loved you." (See *Memoirs* by his Nephew, i. 167.)

of a friendly physician and his wife at Clifton, from whom many kindnesses had been received by Landor's sisters during an illness consequent on their watching at the sick-bed of their father, Southey had in former years been a frequent visitor; and in a letter at the close of 1807 Mrs. Carrick writes to tell Landor that Mr. Southey, who had not been with them for some years, had called with his friend Mr. Danvers, very anxious to get an introduction to the author of *Gebir*. "He says he "will be particularly gratified to wait on you if you will "allow him. I will not repeat Mr. Southey's opinion "of *Gebir;* yet one may be permitted to be gratified "by the opinion of such a man. He is just now going "to publish his *History of the Cid*. Did I wrong when "I said you would be pleased to see Mr. Southey? "Perhaps I said 'delighted.' He has visited and ad- "mired your Llanthony Abbey with the enthusiasm of "a poet. I will endeavour to let you know the precise "time we may expect again to see him, and I hope you "will not have taken your flight to Bath." Not yet however was the meeting with Southey to take place, nor was Landor yet absolutely lord of Llanthony: but all his friends knew he had set his heart on the place, for that on hearing of it after the failure at Loweswater, without seeing it he had made an offer for it, and with a thumping oath protested he would have it: with what truth as well as vehemence will shortly be seen. Nevertheless he and Southey were to meet first, after all.

At Danvers's lodgings in Bristol this memorable friendship began. "At Bristol," wrote Southey to Grosvenor Bedford at the end of April 1808, "I met "the man of all others whom I was most desirous of "meeting,—the only man living of whose praise I was "ambitious, or whose censure would have troubled

"me. You will be curious to know who this could be. "Savage Landor, the author of *Gebir;* a poem which, "unless you have heard me speak of it, you have pro- "bably never heard of at all. I never saw any one more "unlike myself in every prominent part of human cha- "racter, nor any one who so cordially and instinctively "agreed with me on so many of the most important sub- "jects. I have often said before we met that I would "walk forty miles to see him; and having seen him, "I would gladly walk fourscore to see him again. He "talked of *Thalaba*, and I told him of the series of "mythological poems which I had planned; mentioned "some of the leading incidents on which they were to "have been formed, and also told him for what reason "they were laid aside;—in plain English, that I could "not afford to write them. Landor's reply was, *Go on "with them, and I will pay for printing them, as many as "you will write, and as many copies as you please.* I had "reconciled myself to my abdication (if the phrase may "be allowable), and am not sure that this princely offer "has not done me mischief; for it has awakened in me "old dreams and hopes which had been laid aside, and "a stinging desire to go on, for the sake of showing "him poem after poem, and saying, *I need not accept "your offer, but I have done this because you made it.* "It is something to be praised by one's peers; ordinary "praise I value as little as ordinary abuse."

Prepared long for this meeting at last, as well in likeness as in unlikeness suited for friendly intercourse, finding at once a common ground in which what was weakest in each took strength from what was best in the other, the friendship so begun that day was ended only by death. Soon there fell from it all that might have taken the taint of patronage in Landor, and all that mere

literary vanity might have suggested to Southey; while yet enough was left of the spirit of the compact made at their first meeting, not to weaken in either the confidence inspired by it.

Regularly at successive intervals for five years from that day Southey sent by post to Landor, transcribed clearly in his wonderful autograph, each section of the whole of his poems of the *Curse of Kehama* and *Don Roderick* (the latter under the name of "Pelayo"), exactly as each had been first composed; and duly by the same channel payment as regular had been sent back by his friend, in admiration always, often in shrewd suggestion, never without zealous and loud encouragement. Payment of other kind, though frequently pressed, had been steadily declined; but Landor ultimately forced upon Southey, through his publishers, a cheque for a large number of copies of *Kehama*, which had been dedicated to himself. To this statement it will be right to add that every transcript by Southey, with its covering letter, was kept by Landor; and that all of them, with the rest of the correspondence stretching uninterruptedly over thirty years, were given by Landor to myself in view of some such undertaking as the present. Southey's were afterwards lent to his son and his son-in-law for the selection of such portions as they might desire to publish; but Landor's, which he had himself reclaimed from the executors of his friend, were at his own request wholly reserved for the use now about to be made of them. And with them, let it be clearly said once for all, such portions only of Southey's will here be given as have not before been printed in either his son's *Life** or his son-in-law's *Letters*.† Excluded from

* Six volumes. (Longmans, 1849–1850.)

† Four volumes. (Longmans, 1856.)

both publications, they will yet show probably better than any thing in either what there was that formed the curious likeness in unlikeness between these remarkable men.

The time at which they met was when Southey had abandoned his earlier without finding his later opinions, when he was out of Utopia but not yet settled in Old Sarum. He remained still an ardent reformer. But a few months back he had been deploring that Fox should not have died before Pitt, and so been spared the disgrace of pronouncing a panegyric upon such an insolent, empty-headed, long-winded braggadocio; and not a twelvemonth later, when the *Quarterly Review* suddenly confronted the *Edinburgh*, armed to the teeth against a tyranny which, absolute over poetry as well as politics, had come to be intolerable to many,* he warned the new-comer, which he had helped into life, that he should withdraw straightway from all connection with it if it raised against reformers any cry of jacobinism.† Expressly indeed he declared himself then to be, in terms which Landor might himself have used, for no peace while Bonaparte lived, and for reform as the only means to prevent revolution. But it was less in the opinions they thus held in common, than in their mode of forming and maintaining opinions even widely opposed, that they were unconsciously so like each other. To both belonged the sanguine temperament, the deter-

* "We shall hoist the bloody flag down alongside that Scotch "ship, and engage her yard-arm and yard-arm." (Southey to his brother. *Letters*, ii. 114.)

† "Things are come to this dilemma, *Reform* or *Ruin*; and on "one of these horns I pray to God that John Bull may give his "damned drivers a deadly toss. A constitutional reform would save "the country, and nothing short of that will be of any avail." (To Grosvenor Bedford, 21 April 1809. *Letters*, ii. 145.)

mined self-assertion, and the habit, whether within or beyond the limits where opinion was safe, of free unbridled thinking. To both was too often applicable what Southey said of another friend, that the pride of reason in him left no room or accessibility for any kind of reasoning; and the weaknesses in both, the inconsistencies, the extreme opinions professed so often without need, were in a great degree referable to this. In the years that followed shortly, when to Southey reform and revolution had come to mean the same thing, not admitting the change in himself he attributed the whole of it to others, and said the jacobins that surrounded him were the antijacobins of his youth, equally unjust and as ferocious. Nor was this without truth in a deeper sense than he intended, for in all essential respects he continued what he had formerly been; and what now most attracted him to Landor was less the agreement in present opinion of which he speaks, than the resemblance in habits of mind of which he was less conscious, and which in their younger days had made both of them rebels to authority. Several expressions to be found in the letters will seem less startling if these few words are remembered.

There is yet also another point on which a word should be said. It belonged to the nobler part of Southey's character that he should take the most exalted view of the calling to which he had devoted himself. He was one of the greatest, and pretty nearly the last, of the genuine men of letters that England has produced, and he honestly believed himself also to be one of the greatest of her poets. He worked hard and got little; but while his bare maintenance, and hardly that, arose from his work for the day, he laboured also without pay at other work for which he knew the re-

wards must be distant, but appears to have felt they would be absolutely sure. "I was perfectly aware," he said to a friend who had been contrasting one of his epics with a more popular poetical romance, "that "I was planting acorns while my contemporaries were "setting kidney-beans. The oak will grow, and though "I may never sit under its shade, my children will." Three years later than the present date he wrote to Grosvenor Bedford: "I wish you would not call me "the most sublime poet of the age, because in this "point both Wordsworth and Landor are at least "my equals. You will not suspect me of any mock-"modesty in this. On the whole I shall have done "greater things than either, but not because I possess "greater powers." Not that the reader now may smile at them are these things quoted, but to explain still further what it was that knit so close the friendship of which I am speaking, and made it so enduring. Southey's already avowed admiration of Landor's poetry made inexpressibly grateful to him Landor's praise of his own; and in the pleasure each continued to derive from the other on this point, or, to speak plainly, in their frequently excessive self-laudations, simplicity was more prominent than vanity. In a critical moment, too, the offer to pay for printing more epics had gone straight to Southey's heart, almost sinking at the time from want of all encouragement. *Kehama*, just sketched out, had been flung aside; and the series that had been meant but to begin with *Joan*, *Thalaba*, and *Madoc*, was in danger of ending with them because of the heaps of all three piled up in the publishers' cellars. "It is "more than probable," he wrote to Wynne, "that I "should never have written verse again had it not "been for an accidental meeting with Landor. I had

"totally disused the art for the last three years." He told Walter Scott, of Landor's princely offer, that it had stung him to the very core; and as the bite of the tarantula had no cure but dancing, so for this there would be none but singing. To many other friends he wrote the same, and often he said afterwards that but for Landor *Kehama* would not have been finished and *Roderick* never begun.

Whether the world could not have borne the loss is another question. In this matter appearances at present are against both Southey and Landor; but as, for the latter, appeal is made in this book against them, so for the former it will be fair to say that besides many minor poems which will live with the language, and ballads which are masterpieces of fantastic beauty, the greater poems would seem to have fallen into unmerited neglect. I am not sure whether it might not be put as a test of the existence or otherwise of a pure love of the art in any man that he should like or dislike these achievements of Southey; and if Ariosto is able to retain his readers, it appears hardly creditable to the public taste of our time that Southey should entirely lose his. It is at least certain that for many subtle and pleasing varieties of rhythm, for splendour of invention, for passion and incident sustained often at the highest level, and for all that raises and satisfies wonder and fancy, there will be found in *Thalaba*, *Kehama*, and *Roderick* passages of unrivalled excellence ("perfect," even Byron thought); and these may here excuse, if they do not wholly justify, the hopes that once centred in them, and to which exalted expression is given in the correspondence of the friends.

Their letters will extend, as I have said, over thirty years; and one more remark will fitly close this prelude to them. Whatever fitful or wayward changes were in-

cident to the life of which these pages are the record, and over which already have passed some friendships formed and broken, the intercourse with Southey was to feel no retiring ebb, but to keep always on at the full. As it was at the first, it continued to the end. Through all that estranged Southey's opinions more and more from those with whom he had been most in sympathy, Landor was staunch to him. In every bitterness of the other extreme which Landor did not scruple to indulge, Southey had excuses ready for him. When Byron coupled them in ridicule, Southey seized the occasion to avow that no greater glory could befal his name than that of companionship with Landor's, to have obtained whose approbation as a poet, and possessed his friendship as a man, would be remembered among the honours of his own life when the petty enmities of the generation were forgotten and its ephemeral reputations had passed away. And when that life was nearing to its close, almost the very latest words that Southey was permitted to read with a full consciousness of their meaning were these from the friend whom he had loved so well: "If any "man living is ardent in his wishes for your welfare, "I am—whose few and almost worthless merits your "generous heart has always overvalued, and whose in-"finite and great faults it has been too ready to over-"look."

III. First Letters to Southey.

Landor began his first letter* to Southey, who had sent him all that was written of *Kehama*,† by telling him

* Dated "Sunday evening, May 8" [1808].

† "If he likes it," he wrote to Miss Barker (28th April 1808), "in good earnest, I will get up at six every morning, and give two "fresh hours of morning work to it till it is completed." He told

he had not stoicism enough in his nature to deserve his correspondent's good opinion or his own; yet there were objects of which he never lost sight, and in the pursuit of which he was strenuous and persevering. "While we "were together I could not press the offer I made, both "because I was unwilling to have it considered as a "matter of importance in itself, and because I felt too "sensibly how little right I had to the distinction. "There are few, I confess, from whom I would have "accepted the proposal. I would from you, if I could "afford you the highest of luxuries at an inconsider-"able price." He then speaks of *Kehama*, intermixing with exalted eulogy skilful objection to its metres, rhymed and unrhymed; excluding novelties of experiment from poetry as not within its lawful province; and very striking in what he says of Pindar and his metrical difficulties.

"The subject you have chosen is magnificent. There is more genius in the conception of this design than in the execution of any recent poem, however perfect. Shall I avow to you that in general I am most delighted with those passages which are in rhyme, and that when I come into the blank verse again my ear *repines?* Are we not a little too fond of novelty and experiment, and is it not reasonable to prefer those kinds of versification which the best poets have adopted and the best judges have cherished for the longest time? In *Samson Agonistes* and in *Thalaba* there are many lines which I could not describe. There are some in *Kehama*. Poetry is intended to soothe and flatter our prepossessions, not to wound or irritate or contradict them. We are at liberty to choose the best modifications, we are not at liberty to change or subvert. We are going too far from our great luminaries. There must be a period; there must be a return from this aphelion.

Wynne several months later that he was still borrowing hours from sleep to go on with it, that Landor might not be disappointed. And so he persevered to the close. (*Letters*, ii. 60–69, &c.)

"You have begun a poem which will be coeval with our language. March on: conciliate first, then conquer. The ears of thousands may be captivated—the mind and imagination of but few. If Gray had written his *Elegy* in another metre, it would not be the most admired poem in existence. Many would see its disproportions and defects: though proportion has not been studied, or perhaps known, beyond the drama. *Kehama* will admit more diversity than has even been imagined in the works of PINDAR.

"I never could perceive that wildness for which Pindar has been traditionally remarked. I could perceive an exquisite taste and an elevation of soul such as never were united—not even in the historical works of the Jewish writers, not in the Song of Deborah nor of Moses. Ch. Burney is of opinion that we have lost the best works of Pindar. In a little time however he will teach people to read the remaining Odes in such a manner as to—distinguish them from prose! Is it not humiliating and painful to reflect that a poet who held the second place in the ancient world, should have left it a question among those who know his language the most intimately whether his verses have any intrinsic melody, or owed it merely to the music by which they were accompanied? Meanwhile every one satisfied his own ear with the despicable trash of Lycophron and Tryphiodorus. The opposition of iambic and trochaic, in antispastics, may have been suited to opposite choirs and instruments; but I hope the metre and language of our early ballads, which we have no reason to retain, will be banished for ever by men of genius from their more elevated works.

"SOUTHEY, we have had too much of the lute and of the lyre. We forget that there are louder, graver, more impressive tones. These indeed are not proper for every day; nor is it every day, every century, or every millennium, that we shall see such poems as *Kehama*. I beseech you, Southey, use such materials as have already stood the test. Wildness of conception, energy, passion, character—magnificent but wild profusion—all this you can give it; and with this you will confer on it neither a hazardous nor a painful immortality."

His second letter was of twelve days' later date; Southey having meanwhile made battle for his own forms of verse, and propounded a private belief that the whole system of classical metres had been nothing

more than a creating of difficulty for the sake of overcoming it. Old intercourse with Parr will be traced in portions of Landor's reply about Catullus, though he has partly forgotten the Doctor's suggestion.*

"I am delighted at the manner in which you intend to execute your work, and I am certain you will exhibit to the world such combinations of harmony as poetry never yet embraced. You will not however bring me over to your opinion that the ancients raised difficulties in their metre for the sake merely of combating and overcoming them. Nor am I indeed of opinion that even the most complicated are so hard to manage as the English blank verse. Recollect their vast resources, their multiform transpositions, their building up and pulling to pieces of words, their particles, their substitutions of one foot for another, and their infinity of synonomes. By how many terms and periphrases might every god, every hero, every country, be designated. Of all the verses in the world, the Greek anapæst is the easiest—dare I avow it, to me it appears a mark, the only one indeed, of puerility and barbarism in the literature of this illustrious people. Our anapæst on the contrary is beautiful, particularly when alternated in rhyme. The Romans were not unwise in restricting themselves to few metres. The galliambic has been used but once. Catullus, whose taste was the most exquisite *quot sunt quotque fuere aut quotquot aliis erunt in annis*, was forced into it by his subject. Perhaps he translated a poem he found in Bithynia. The *caste* is Greek, the style is not Roman. A single word of it is a sufficient proof to me that he was merely the translator:

Tympănŭm | tubam | Cybe | les.

A Roman would not make an anapæst of *tympanum;* a Grecian would write τύπανον. No one will be so silly as to imagine he wrote a trochaic; for if a single foot is so, the remainder of the verse is, as far as the dimeter iambic goes. But I am doing in this letter as I did, I believe, in my last: I am writing as if I paid no attention to your remarks."

Southey's remarks, put strongly in both letters, had been to urge him to write. Write in English, he said, because it is a better language than Latin; "but

* See ante, p. 162.

" if you will not write English, write Latin; and in " God's name overcome that superstition about Robert " Smith. When I consider what he is, it puts me out " of all patience to think that the ghost of what he has " been should overlay you like a nightmare."* Other remarks also he had made, on what he had heard of affairs in Bath. He wished Landor were married; wished he were as much quaker as himself; wished above all he would throw aside Rousseau, and make Epictetus his manual. To all which Landor replied, bringing Ianthe herself into the sober presence:

"The reason I have given over poetry is this. I think it better not to have cut the dragon's teeth than to have sowed them. What a rabble of enemies are raised up about one at every new publication! There are thousands who may vex me, there are few who can delight or amuse me; added to which, I either feel or fancy that I am as fond of another's good poetry as of my own. But alas! I *do* want stoicism for every thing. I once resolved to attain it. What was the result? Your slave, your Epictetus, was pursued and punished.

"Shall I give you an elegy I have written:

Vita brevi fugitura! prior fugitura venustas!
Hoc saltem exiguo tempore duret amor.

These opening verses pleased me. I repeated them one morning in the presence of Ianthe. She held me by both ears till I gave her the English:

Soon, O Ianthe, life is o'er,
And sooner beauty's playful smile!
Kiss me, and grant what I implore,
Let love remain that little while."

I will spare the reader the rest of his Latin elegy, not one of the two-and-thirty more verses of which did

* Omitted in the *Life*, iii. 144. Another omission on the same page may be worth appending. "Your 2*l.*" says Southey, "has been " paid to the subscription for the Grasmere orphans. Enough has " been raised to provide for their well-being and well-doing."

he spare his friend; winding up the close of his letter also in characteristic fashion:

"I once thought of publishing a collection of Latin poems, in which I had written remarks on those of R. Smith, Fox, Frere, Canning, Addison, Milton, May, Buchanan, Pitcairn, Cowley, and half-a-dozen more of our countrymen. These notices in general were not much longer than yours to the English Poets. Here are two specimens: 'FOXIUM, cæteroquin præ rivalibus suis clarum, poetam parcius laudaverim. Erat ei mitis, et dum luderet, sapientia; castigati sales; verborum persæpe, nonnunquam rerum penuria; interdum frigus animi, quod lenem spiritum faventes vocitarent.' 'De CANINIO dicam quod sentio: nemo enim mortalium tanti est ut me mendacem faciat. Bene res malas scripsit, nec bona male. Dolendum est obscuros atque infimos nebulones a poetis pessimis insequendis revocasse, in viros illustres optimosque incitasse, nec novisse seipsum esse temnendum, quando alios temnere pertinaciter, magnoque cum suo cruciatu simulare.' We really do want some Elegant Extracts of the modern latinists. Many fine specimens are recoverable. I wonder some German has not done it. I have pointed out the bad poetry and the false metre of Sir William Jones—I correct myself: you cannot *point out* the bad poetry of this worthy man, but you may lay your hand upon it. Yes, both your hands. Gyas might lay all his even, if each of them were as large as the whole bodies of his brotherhood, and extended *novem per jugera*."

The second consignment of *Kehama* manuscript lies before me, scrawled over with innumerable addresses. It had gone to the Hotwells, Clifton. It had followed to Pulteney-house Bath, and to the South Parade. London and Brighton had been tried; and it had overtaken Landor at last in Falmouth! From the latter place he writes to acknowledge it, and one may fancy the amazement with which Southey read these words. "Nothing I do, whe-
" ther wise or foolish, will create much surprise in those
" who know my character. I am going to Spain. In three
" days I shall have sailed. At Brighton, one evening,
" I preached a crusade to two auditors. Inclination was

" not wanting, and in a few minutes every thing was
" fixed. I am now about to express a wish at which
" your gentler and more benevolent soul will shudder.
" May every Frenchman out of France perish! May
" the Spaniards not spare one! No calamities can chain
" them down from their cursed monkey-tricks; no ge-
" nerosity can bring back to their remembrance that a
" little while since they mimicked, till they really thought
" themselves, free men. Detestable race, profaners of
" republicanism,—since the earth will not open to swal-
" low them all up, may even kings partake in the glory
" of their utter extermination! I am learning, night
" and morning, the Spanish language. I ought not to
" give my opinion of it at present; but I confess it ap-
" pears to me such as I should have expected to hear
" spoken by a Roman slave, sulky from the bastinado.
" I hope to join the Spanish army immediately on my
" landing, and I wish only to fight as a private soldier.
" There is nothing in this unless it could be known
" what I have left for it, and, having left, have lost."*

It was a kind of loss which his sister more wisely would have thought his gain; but at the step thus suddenly taken his family were as much startled as his friends. He had mentioned it to no one. The act followed close upon the thought of it, and he was gone before any one could have reasoned with him. But as we look back upon it now, and recall some of the circumstances that immediately impelled it, we may possibly find in it, besides the quixotic rashness, something generous and noble.

* The letter has simply the date: "Falmouth, Wed. Eve." The post-mark is 8th August 1808.

IV. In Spain.

Napoleon's attempt to convert Spain and Portugal into dependencies of France was the turning-point of his fortunes. When he conceived that design he had all Europe, excepting England, at his feet, and nothing seemed easier than its completion. To one who had struck down the whole of Germany and made a satellite of Russia, what danger could there possibly be in overturning the Peninsular thrones, one of them for years the most abject of his vassals, and the other the most despicable of his adversaries? Yet his ruin dates from his perfidy against them.

The plot had been in progress some time before its real drift was suspected. Both countries had been overrun with French troops, and the miserable Bourbon princes had been kidnapped, before the presence of Joseph Bonaparte at Madrid told the whole treacherous story. A kind of dumb amazement and acquiescence was at first the only feeling awakened. Resistance by that time seemed dead beyond the hope or power of revival. Spain had no treasury and no army. Her soldiers had been carried off to the north of Europe, a hundred thousand French veterans were in their place, and French troops garrisoned her strongest fortresses. Humanly speaking, all help and hope had come to an end when the world was unexpectedly enthralled by such a sight as even that century had not witnessed.

The Spanish people themselves arose in mass against their invaders. All over the country there sprang suddenly into life local bodies called Juntas, by whom the powers of government were seized and exercised with a success proportioned to their resolution and audacity. The flame that had at first risen highest in Seville over-

spread the land with marvellous rapidity. French fleets were seized and French garrisons found themselves isolated in fortresses supposed to be impregnable. Armies were created and organised; a free press was established; the peasantry, self-formed into guerilla bands, strengthened every where the national levies; and in the very girls and women of Spain the French soldiers found avenging furies. It seemed as if at last the conquering career of Napoléon had been stayed in the presence of a power grander than any arrayed against it by the old governments. From the spirit of patriotism and liberty which had originally been the strength of France men now believed that her weakness and her downfal were to come.

To say that the enthusiasm created by these events in most parts of England was frantic, is to employ no misplaced term. But what was done thereon, from its ignoble beginnings to its noble end, is matter of history, and excluded from these pages. History however scarcely tells us how deeply individuals were moved, as, in broken and exaggerated fragments, piece by piece, the glorious news came over. The shouts of towns and cities far off, says Wordsworth, found echo in the vales and hills around him; where "the hopes and fears of "suffering Spain" had been equally in all men's hearts. Every where, too, expectation went as far beyond probability or reason as the exploits that had aroused it. Castanos and Baylen, Palafox and Saragoza, names hardly known to this generation, became watchwords over England; and when king Joseph was reported to have fled from Madrid, it was as if Napoleon himself had been tumbled from his throne. Coleridge, then living in Grasmere-vale, has related how they would, he and Wordsworth together, often and often walk out to

the Raise-gap as late as two o'clock in the morning to meet the Keswick carrier with the newspaper. It was a time unparalleled in history, exclaimed Southey, "and "a more glorious one never has and never can be ex- "hibited to the world." And, just at the time when he was saying this, the excitement had fallen upon still more inflammable stuff in Landor's breast, with the result that we have seen. He was for action, not talking. He resolved to go out as a volunteer. He took money to contribute to the common stock, and would himself lead into battle the troops he should have equipped and armed. Very quixotic; yet at the heart of it also something of a generous grandeur. If a more settled earnestness of purpose had but entered into it!

Unfortunately of such enterprises in general it is to be said that they fail as a matter of course. The fine-hearted and hair-brained make an ill match; unprofitable for the most part, and barren of issue. There can be no sufficient calculation and no adequate provision. Something there was, in the present case, of glory in having been the first English volunteer that set foot in Spain; but this was about all achieved by it or got out of it. At Corunna Charles Stuart was envoy; attached in a friendly way to his mission was Charles Robert Vaughan of All-souls Oxford, who had been at Rugby with Landor; and to Corunna Landor first went. His two companions to whom he refers in his letter to Southey were both Irishmen, an O'Hara and a Fitzgerald. Upon reaching Corunna he sent to the governor ten thousand reals for relief of the town of Venturada, burnt to the ground by the French. At the same time, in a letter accompanying his gift, he stated his intention to join at once the army of Blake; and declared that whatever volunteers were ready to join him, though to the

number of a thousand, he was ready to pay their expenses, to travel with them on foot, and to fight along with them; desiring no other glory than to serve under any brave Spaniard in arms for defence of religion and liberty. By the supreme council of Castile, to which the governor straightway sent the money and the letter, both were gratefully received; the reals were deposited in the national bank, and the governor was instructed to express to Mr. Landor the high sense which the council entertained of his generosity, his valour, and his honourable enthusiasm.*

* The subjoined is taken from *Saunders's Dublin News-Letter and Daily Advertiser* of Monday the 3d October 1808, which now lies before me.

"The Governor of Corunna has addressed the following letter to Don Arias Mon, Dean of the Supreme Council of Castile:

"Illustrious Sir,—On the 24th an English gentleman, accompanied by two Irish gentlemen, delivered to me a letter to this effect:

"I take the liberty to present, through the medium of your respectable authority, a small offering of 10,000 reals for the unfortunate town of Venturada, destroyed on account of its loyalty to its king by most cruel and ferocious enemies. Two Irish gentlemen (Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. O'Hara), men of the first families of their country, accompany me, and are desirous of proceeding with me to the army of General Blake. If there are any volunteers in this town, or in the kingdom, who may wish to accompany me, though their number should amount to 1000, I shall with much pleasure pay the expenses of their journey, travel with them on foot, and fight along with them, glorying to serve under the command of any brave Spaniard who has taken up arms in defence of religion and liberty. W. SAVAGE LANDOR."

"The said 10,000 reals being in my hands, I inform you thereof, in order that publication may be made in the *Court Gazette*, and the money appropriated for the benefit of the unfortunate town of Venturada. A. ALCEDO.

"Corunna, Aug. 26."

"The Council ordered the above 10,000 reals to be transmitted to the National Bank for the use of the people of Venturada, and directed the Governor of Corunna to express to Mr. Landor and the two Irish gentlemen the high sense which the Council entertains of their generosity, valour, and honourable enthusiasm."

In the interval between the enrolment of his troop, which was formed at once, and their departure for head-quarters, a misunderstanding occurred with the English envoy. Landor applied to himself an expression of Stuart's overheard by him at one of the meetings of the junta, which undoubtedly was meant for another person. The matter might easily have been cleared up, but he did not even make the attempt. On the way with his volunteers to Blake's army he wrote from Villa Franca an intemperate letter to Vaughan, and printed it both in Spanish and English before any reply could reach him. In or near Aguilar he remained nearly three months, engaged in petty skirmishing, and fretting at the inaction of the northern division and its general. Then, what the alleged affront of the envoy had begun, the affair of Cintra and its disasters completed; his troop dispersed or melted away; and he came back to England in as great a hurry as he had left it.

At his return he told Southey that he wished greatly to have seen Madrid, but he was afraid a battle might be fought in his absence, and the mortification of not being present at it would have killed him. "In this expecta-
"tion I remained nearly three months in the neigh-
"bourhood of the Gallician army, sometimes at Reynosa,
"sometimes at Aguilar. I returned to Bilbao after the
"French had entered. I had the satisfaction of serv-
"ing three launches with powder and muskets, and of
"carrying on my shoulders six or seven miles a child
"too heavy for its exhausted mother. These are things
"without difficulty and without danger; yet they please,
"independently of gratitude or applause. I was near
"being taken the following day. This would have
"been exceedingly unpleasant, as I had already sent
"the letter to Vaughan and Stuart, and myself and

"the envoy must meet." He described Aguilar at that time as an open town consisting chiefly and almost entirely of one broad street; and said, in proof of the strange mistakes as well as fatal inaction of Blake, that while his main force was at the town, he was himself a mile on the east, and had so stationed his cannon on the west, near a ford, that a regiment of horse might have surprised and spiked it.

"Ah!" said Southey afterwards when he was writing *Roderick*, "it is much for a poet to have traversed "the scenes in which the subject of his poem is laid. "It gave you an advantage in *Count Julian*." It is certainly not difficult to understand, after reading what has just been quoted, the double meanings in Landor's mind in some of the earlier scenes of his tragedy, when its hero, in arms against his countrymen, is praising their simplicity of character:

> "If strength be wanted for security,
> Mountains the guard, forbidding all approach
> With iron-pointed and uplifted gates,
> Thou wilt be welcome too in Aguilar,
> Impenetrable, marble-turreted,
> Surveying from aloft the limpid ford,
> The massive fane, the sylvan avenue;
> Whose hospitality I proved myself,
> A willing leader in no impious war
> When fame and freedom urged me; or mayst dwell
> In Reynosa's dry and thriftless dale,
> Unharvested beneath October moons,
> Among those frank and cordial villagers."

Such was Landor's raid into Spain; as to which I will now only give such further illustrations, from his own and the envoy's letters, as may still be read with interest. They will also tell what the Spaniards themselves thought of the service rendered them, and what return they made for it.

Here is his own description of his voyage to Corunna:

"The commencement of my journey did not augur a prosperous continuance or a happy termination. I arrived at Falmouth when the packets had sailed two hours, and was detained at that wretched place eight days. At last I went on board, and the wind was favourable; but while the sailors were filling the casks it changed again suddenly, and we were buffeted or becalmed on the Atlantic five days more. The water had been put into foul casks, and it could not be more putrid if it had been carried round the world. The tea seemed originally to have had some connection with tobacco, and had formed a fresh family compact in the voyage. There was not a lemon on board; but we found a few blighted figs and rotten apples. As we approached Cape Prior, we discovered a French privateer. Apprehensive that she might capture some of the transports that were carrying our troops to Lisbon, I asked Captain Atkins why he did not engage. She was then only at the distance of a mile from our frigate. The captain said that the packets had positive orders to the contrary; but in fact the ship was larger and the guns much heavier than ours. We continued two whole days within sight of Corunna. The wind was violent, and the vessel received some material damage. At last we entered the harbour, and were greeted with all the alacrity of pleasure by our new allies."*

Something of what happened in his march between Corunna and Villa Franca I find in other letters, which contain also delightful glimpses of the country and characteristics of that part of Gallicia.

"At Lugo we took up our abode at a posada just beyond

* A letter from Captain Atkins dated the 13th November 1808 acknowledges gratefully a gift of a compass which Landor had sent him; says it will remind him always "of the many pleasant and "instructive hours passed with the giver, notwithstanding the preva-"lence of many adverse gales in a very leaky ship;" and, describing the defects in the latter as having been "found considerably alarm-"ing," adds that he is nevertheless under immediate orders to join the commander-in-chief, Lord Gambier. In one of the very next engagements he lost his life.

the walls. Near it was a magazine of brandy, wine, and corn. About midnight we were awakened by a blaze brighter than the day. Our first idea was that a party of French horse had surprised the city. We threw on our clothes, seized our swords and pistols, and discovered immediately under our window vast torrents of flame. We hastened to the spot, and in a few minutes the guard had assembled with the governor and his officers. He thanked us very cordially for our coöperation in extinguishing the fire. There was no engine in the town, and I had recommended to throw as much dust as could be collected wherever the conflagration was extending. This method perfectly succeeded. The principal church here is partly ancient, partly modern. The walls are of very remote antiquity. The surrounding scenery, particularly towards Astorga, is grand, although enclosed and cultivated. Near the city the fences are of stone; further on, they are live and wild; but I remarked that the rose and honeysuckle were not to be found amongst them so frequently as in England. The birds too were silent. We heard, instead of them, loud and wearisome hymns, the tune eternally the same, and one incessant noise of cart-wheels creaking on wooden axles. About a quarter of a mile beyond the bridge the road is supported by a wall, and from this place the river Minho on the right presents the appearance of a lake, in the midst of lofty chestnuts. We rested at another posada three leagues and a half from Lugo. The window, or rather the small aperture which had escaped the shutters, showed us a narrow dell bounded by romantic hills, on one of which was a single spot of the most vivid verdure, and on another a small entrenchment. In this country some honey is produced, but here is little corn, little cattle, and no wine. The bread, which they informed me was white as the bread of Lugo, was indebted for its whiteness to the sand with which it was mixed. We proceeded to the house of Don Josef Manuel Gomez, at Basside. It was hardly a league further. Here we slept. The land is fertile and well wooded, but on the 1st of September I saw some barley only six or seven inches high. Some standard peaches in the garden were also laden with unripe fruit. In fact this part of Gallicia is certainly later than many in England, though the fruit more rarely fails and grows in more abundance. Throughout a distance of ninety miles I have not seen an elm or an ash. This, though incomparably the most valuable of trees, is perhaps the most neglected in the whole of Europe,

and its nature the worst understood. Its timber is of a firmer texture when it grows in an elevated situation, for which it is peculiarly adapted by the toughness and flexibility of its branches. It could resist the wind and snow where any other tree would split, and where very few would vegetate. We reached Nocera, a lovely little village; then la posada de Castro, and el castel de los Moros on the left, twenty-seven leagues from Corunna. About half a league further is the sweetest vale divided into enclosures of irregular forms, hardly one of them a quarter of an acre. A brook runs amongst them, whose innumerable mazes it is impossible to trace: the fields, the trees, and the waters seem all in infancy and all at play. Before us lay a wide extent of ploughed upland with interspersed clumps of chestnuts. Here was no species of herbage, but it was covered with sheep. This is the only instance in which I observed them on the fallows. Such bold and diversified scenery would have been admired in an English park. It wanted but verdure and deer, accompaniments (but not essentials) to the picturesque. About a league further we reached Villa Franca."

From Villa Franca was written his ill-advised letter to Vaughan; and of the impetuous mistake that suggested it something must be said. Shortly after his arrival he was received at the palace of the junta during one of their sittings, when Stuart had attended hastily not only to introduce his countryman, but also to obtain liberation for a Spanish official on his way to Monte Video, whom the junta, upon false information, had placed under arrest, and of whom, among other things, Stuart told them that the poor man was distracted, and had no money to support him at Corunna. He had been talking just before to the junta of the services proposed to be rendered by Landor; and in the confusion that prevailed, the latter, believing himself still to be referred to, overheard the words unquestionably meant for the other, *il est fou, il n'a pas l'argent*, which he straightway applied to himself, and made the text of his letter to Vaughan.

"They were spoken in that half-formed and that half-stifled voice which deep malignity is apt to utter, but has not the power to modulate or manage. He would not dare to use such language openly; and on his return to England, whenever he gives me the opportunity, I will teach him that if any one speaks of me, his tone must be lower, or his remarks must be more true. You, who remember me in my earliest years, remember that I was distinguished — was it either as a liar or a fool? Inform him if ever I broke my word, or ever endured an insult. I made no reply at the time to his calumnies and his insolence. I thanked him for his offers of service. Though I consider him as merely a petty envoy to a province, yet I consider also what is due both to the Spanish and the English nation. No action is recorded more heroic than that of Louis XIV. towards the Duc de Lausun. When the king received a gross and grievous insult from his subject, he rose, threw his cane out of the window, and made this calm reply: 'I should be sorry to have caned a duke and peer of 'France.' VAUGHAN, I should be sorry to have *done* what I may not be sorry to *do*. I have been able to restrain my impetuosity, but I will not conceal my disdain. I entertain the highest and most inviolable respect for whatever is in office under the king and constitution of my country. The forbearance I have shown, and even the letter I am writing, will controvert the charge of imbecility, as surely as the same charge would be proved by whatever is intemperate or coarse. The ten thousand reals (why am I forced to mention them?) which I paid into the hands of the governor at Corunna, and a daily allowance of full pay to every soldier I am leading to the armies, together with some occasional gratuities to keep up their spirits on the march, are presumptive proof that the calculations of Mr. S. are groundless, frivolous, and false."

A man who could have reasoned however slightly with his anger might at once have detected, in the very language employed by himself, much stronger presumptive proof against his own calculations. "I made no "reply at the time to his calumnies and insolence. I "thanked him for his offers of service." Any one indeed must have been himself a fool, as Stuart after-

wards said, to whom the occasion of offering thanks for service should have presented itself also as a fitting one for insolence to the person rendering it. The extracts that follow not only exonerate Stuart, but show him in a very pleasing light; and the mention of what else was in Landor's offensive letter may be limited to what further it tells of what occurred to him in Spain. He declares himself grateful for the marks of distinction conferred on him by the venerable Bishop of Orense, and for the respect freely paid him by every Spaniard of rank or consequence with whom he had conversed. He tells the junta of Corunna that he can yearly without inconvenience save sufficient for the accomplishment of every offer he has made, and cannot apply it with more lasting pleasure to any other purpose than the advancement of their cause. And he expresses his fixed intention to reach the camp, and to conduct to headquarters the men intrusted to his care, in time for the battle then immediately expected.

STUART TO VAUGHAN: MADRID, 18TH OCT. 1808.

"Don Benito de Novoa will certify that Mr. Landor must have misunderstood me, and that the language he alludes to could not have been directed against him. On the contrary I one day cited Mr. Landor's handsome offer to the junta as a proof of the good-will and enthusiasm towards Spain which animates Englishmen; and knowing from you the talents, fortune, and character of that gentleman, I should have been mad or a fool myself had I been base enough to depreciate his exertions in so good a cause, who have myself descended from my own rank in the service to engage heartily in favour of Spanish liberty on Spanish ground. You were the bearer of a message to Mr. Landor expressing my regret for our departure at the moment of his arrival in Corunna; and afterwards the same circumstance in Lugo would not permit me to show him the civilities I desired. I would willingly have furnished him

with such recommendations to the army as I could give him; and I actually requested General Broderick, when he passed through Lugo, to forward his efforts in the cause of Spain by every facility which his situation at head-quarters could command."*

VAUGHAN TO LANDOR: SANGUESA, 1ST NOV. 1808.

"The kind inclination I know to have been professed towards you by Mr. Stuart, and what he had learned from me of your fortune and talents, convince me that whenever he made use of those expressions in your hearing it must have been with respect to some other person. So highly did he think of your conduct that I know it was his intention to communicate to the central junta what you had done and offered to do in their favour, suggesting at the same time that they should give you some mark of their approbation or thanks. I ought to regret that under my name unpleasant language should have been conveyed to a gentleman for whom I have the most affectionate regard, and for whose talents I have the highest respect; but I rejoice in an occasion of relieving from a painful impression the feelings of an old schoolfellow."

STUART TO LANDOR: ARANGUEZ, 14TH NOV. 1808.

"I learn with much regret that I had the misfortune unintentionally to offend you at Corunna, and I hasten to clear up a mistake which appears to have given rise to sentiments in your mind very different from those I have always entertained respecting yourself, since I witnessed your conduct in this country.

"I can assure you I do not recollect the conversation you state to have passed between myself and Don B. de Novoa the

* This is confirmed by several allusions to this general, and his friendly coöperation, in Landor's letters. When criticising Southey's history in one of his letters of March 1821, he writes: "The capture "of Blake at Seville with all his army explains to me what I sus- "pected. General Broderick told me he could obtain no confidence "from him. I replied, 'Then have none in him.' Romana would "have acted differently. I should be glad to see your reasons for "the strange inaction of the Gallician army, when the French had "fled across the Ebro."

evening I saw you in the junta; and I solemnly declare upon my honour that if such expressions fell from my lips, they neither applied to you nor to any friend of yours. I could not oppose or calumniate an undertaking which every motive of interest and zeal called on me to support; nor is it compatible with my character to hold language to the personal prejudice of any Englishman, knowing it to be false. I could not be ignorant of your talents, which are manifested in writings well received by the world and were evident from your conversation; our mutual friend Mr. Vaughan bore testimony to your fortune and rank in life; and your character was fully proved by your exertions in favour of Spain. I was myself embarked in the same cause; and having been commissioned by government to ascertain the wants of the Spaniards, and to transmit them particulars of every description until an envoy should be appointed, is it likely that I should counteract the zeal of others labouring to the same purpose?

"Though I never made a merit of language in your favour at the time, I feel now compelled to tell you that I repeatedly desired the junta of Corunna to hold up your conduct as an example to other individuals equally well disposed. The distance of Gallicia will not allow me to send you the assurance of Novoa that such is the case; but I transmit the copy of a letter from the president of that junta who was present on the day you allude to, which (notwithstanding his mistakes) will prove the truth of my assertions. I have also written to Vaughan at Laregovia, who I doubt not will do the same. If however their letters are not sufficient to shew that I am incapable of animosity to a person engaged in such a cause, I presume you will be convinced by the enclosed answer from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to a note I transmitted to the Central Junta detailing the services you have rendered to Spain. Honorary rank in their army can be no object to one in your situation; and though it is the only mode of distinction hitherto conferred on any Englishman by the central government, I should have declined their offer, had not the consideration that you may like a character giving you a right to repair to the head-quarters of their armies when you please induced me rather to wait for your own determination.

"When Mr. Vaughan returns to Madrid on his way home, I shall request him to deliver to you the original letters which have passed on the subject; and if they are satisfactory, I

hope I may look forward to shake hands with you as a well-wisher of that country wherever we meet."

The letter of the president of the junta of Corunna, the Count Gimondi, proved the circumstances as I have stated them, and was a triumphant exculpation of Stuart; the letter of the Spanish minister (Cevallos) conveyed to Landor, with handsome expressions of esteem, the honorary rank of colonel in the service of King Ferdinand; and in the *Madrid Gazette* of a few days' later date were published the thanks of the Supreme Junta "to Mr. Landor," not alone for gallant personal service, but for his gifts of twice ten thousand reals in aid of Spanish independence and freedom.

Not a great many years later, when the restored Ferdinand had restored the Jesuits, Landor sent back his commission in a letter to that same Don Pedro Cevallos, telling him that he had done his best for Spanish liberty against Napoleon and could not continue even nominally in the service of a worse perjuror and traitor.

V. Letters to Southey on Spain and Spaniards.

The time when Landor again set foot in England was that of the arrival from Portugal of the news of the convention of Cintra, by which the entire French army, at the expense of the English government, had been safely conducted back to France. Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard were its authors; and Sir Arthur Wellesley had not resisted it, though he had never given it his approval. On all sides there were shouts of reproach. "But in spite of their allies," wrote Landor at his arrival to his friend, "the Spaniards "will be victorious. Can we never be disgraced but

"the only good people in the universe must witness "it? Under the influence of what demon is it that "we are forced to periodical wrecks of honour on the "Spanish coast? *Lord Douglas sees me fall!* If "nothing personal had driven me home, still I could "not have endured the questions of brave and gener- "ous Spaniards,—why we permitted the French to "retain their plunder, why we placed them again in "array against Spain, why we snatched them from "the fury of the Portuguese, why we indulged them "with more precious fruits than they could have "gathered from the completest victory?" To which, after expressing his gladness at his friend's return, and referring to Stuart as its supposed principal cause in terms more offensive than Landor's own, Southey thus breaks out: "I am sure that for the first week after "the news arrived, had Sir Hew Dalrymple appeared "in any part of England, he would have been torn "in pieces. My cry was, *Break the terms and deliver "up the wretch who signed them to the French, with a "rope round his neck!* This is what OLIVER CROM- "WELL would have done. O Christ!—this England, "this noble country,—that hands so mighty and a "heart so sound should have a face all leprosy, and "a head fit for nothing but the vermin that burrow "in it!" That was pretty well, but was not all. He went on to say that he and Wordsworth had been trying to get up a county petition against the "damned "convention;" but "Lord Lonsdale had received mum "as the word of command from those who move his "strings, and he moves the puppets of two counties." A court of inquiry to be sure was talked of, he says with scorn; but the only court to do any good would be one that should send "the hand of Sir Hew Dal-

" rymple to be nailed upon the pillory at Lisbon, and " that of Sir Arthur Wellesley for a like exposition at " Madrid"(!) And then, after sketching what England with better advisers might have done, he uses expressions that will perhaps help to make more lenient some judgments of Landor's modes of speech to be considered hereafter. " But nothing can or will go on well in " this country till the besom of destruction has swept " the land clean. When Joseph gets back to Madrid, " it would not surprise me if Spain were to produce " a tyrannicide. He who should do the deed should " stand next to Brutus in my kalendar."*

Other confidences had passed between the friends at this first interchange of letters on Landor's return, which it will be only just to him also to quote, for such qualification or correction of remarks already made as they may fairly suggest. They are themselves a curious comment on his recent flight into Spain. "I believe," he said, at the close of his letter, which bears the post-

* The various passages and expressions here quoted are omitted from the letter as printed (*Life*, iii. 195–8). Other omissions there are also, of which one having a personal bearing may be subjoined: "How has your health held out? Even ordinary travelling " in Spain requires a patient body to bear up against broken rest and " heating food. I am glad this beastly blockhead has been of so " much use in the system of things as to force you home; your life " would else in all likelihood have been sacrificed inadequately. It " was likely you might die a martyr; but there would be such an " unfitness in your falling by the hand of a fool that I have no " apprehensions upon that score." By the date of his next letter (January 1809) Landor had received Stuart's explanations. " Mr. " Stuart has declared that he never could apply those expressions to " me which I resented, and offers peace. I always accept this offer." It was a pity he did not regret at the same time the wrong he had plainly done. " The Central Junta," he adds, " has given me an " honorary commission which confers the privilege of being always " at head-quarters. I had taken leave of the generals and the go- " vernment."

mark of November 1808, "I should have been a good "and happy man if I had married. My heart is ten- "der. I am fond of children and of talking childishly. "I hate to travel even two stages. Never without a "pang do I leave the house where I was born. Even "a short stay attaches me to any place. But, Southey, "I love a woman who will never love me, and am "beloved by one who never ought. I do not say I "shall never be happy. I shall be often so, if I live; "but I shall never be at rest. My evil genius drags "me through existence against the current of my best "inclinations. I have practised self-denial, because it "gives me a momentary and false idea that I am firm; "and I have done some other things not amiss, in com- "pliance with my heart; but my most virtuous hopes "and sentiments have uniformly led to misery, and I "never have been happy but in consequence of some "weakness or some vice." To which Southey, at once laying bare the source of these self-accusings and self-exaltings, wisely as well as neatly replied that what he learnt *from Rousseau*, before he laid Epictetus to his heart, was that Julia was happy with a husband whom she had not loved, and that Wolmar was more to be admired than St. Preux. He bade no man beware of being poor as he grows old, but he would have all men beware of solitariness in old age. His advice to his friend therefore was that he should find out a woman he could esteem, and love would grow more surely out of esteem than esteem would out of love. *Experto crede Roberto.* It was the advice of one who by such means had quieted a nature little less tempestuous than his own.

But by the time this discreet advice was in his friend's hands, the self-blaming self-pitying mood had

passed away. To the outburst of grief and reproach that followed Moore's retreat and death at Corunna there had now succeeded bitter storms of attack, recrimination, and controversy; and Landor was plunged in the thick of them. He replied to Southey by sending in a printed pamphlet three dashing letters which he had written to one of the generals (Requelme),* whose acquaintance he had made in Spain. They were not such as to satisfy his friend, who remonstrated with him for not speaking kindly of the Portuguese, and thought him hard upon even some of the English agents in the war. Nay, retorted Landor, the occasion is lost, and perhaps never will return. The time when few men would have done what many will not do now was passed away, as he feared irrecoverably. Southey did not essentially differ from him, but was hampered by his new connections in the *Quarterly;* and not small was Landor's surprise to hear that he had consented to defend Frere in the next review against the friends of Sir John Moore. Frere, Ellis, and Canning had been Southey's keenest assailants in the *Anti-Jacobin;* but their alliance against the *Edinburgh* had been swift in wiping out animosities, as any one might have foreseen, though Southey was still far from conscious of the extent of the change in himself. With some pain, but with more surprise, he received Landor's next letter. It was dated July 1809.

"I am curious to see your defence of Mr. Frere. It will require the exertion of all your ingenuity. He, I understand,

* "I wish for many reasons," wrote Landor to Southey in May 1819, "that general Requelme were living, among the rest, because "after a few days' acquaintance he felt a sincere friendship for me, "and because he promised to give me such information as would "have been useful to your history."

was among the people who wrote against you in the *Anti-Jacobin*. This alone could render the undertaking pleasant and triumphant. But, alas! his defence must necessarily be some disparagement to one of the best among soldiers and among men. Had he addressed to me the insolent and presumptuous language he addressed to General Moore, I would have taken him by the hand on his return, and have granted him three hours for business and devotion. The messages and notes he sent are not to be considered as from an ambassador: the language is personal and beyond his office. In punishing his offence, therefore, I should remember an ancient custom—they scourged before they executed; although I might here be sorry for so much severity, as he wrote some good pentameters, either at school or after."

This bitterness was hardly in excess of the occasion; and there are few that will not think it honourable to Landor, who look back to the letters of Frere used then to discredit Moore's memory. The fame of this great soldier has since had ample vindication, but was at that time in imminent peril; and the instinct which brought loyally to his aid so eager a friend to the Spaniards as Landor had shown himself, was a noble and true one. I subjoin the rest of his letter.

"In his [Frere's] correspondence with the excellent Moore, he runs on with a total assumption and utter ignorance of facts —with all the tartness, petulance, impudence, and self-sufficiency of an only son among his country neighbours in his first vacation from the university. The only letters, official or private, containing any correct information of importance to the general, was addressed to him by the Duque del Infantado. It was dated Dec. 13th. Mr. Frere did not forward it until Dec. 22d. The packet, we now know, was unsealed by Sir John Moore's executors. The French entered Madrid on the 4th. Yet in a letter of the 14th he says, '*All the reports* from Madrid 'represent the force of the French as much reduced. No offi-'cial report has yet been received of the capitulation of Madrid, 'nor is it by any means certain that any formal stipulation 'existed.' This is the language of a man who attempts to conceal from a wiser than himself a truth which he ought to have

sounded and transmitted. By what means could he imagine was the force of the French reduced? Among the reports *from* Madrid, was not a single one of them less favourable? Were the gates open to falsehood only? Did not a breath transpire which might either have proceeded from or have tended towards truth? So, an English ambassador does not know what has happened in the capital of a country to which he was delegated—does not know even an event so striking as the reduction of that capital itself five days before the intelligence was published through every other capital in Europe, ten days after the fact.' Such vanity and incapacity have often existed in statesmen and ambassadors, but such proofs have never been so palpable nor crowded into so confined a space. If the untimely death of a character so illustrious and so nearly perfect as Moore would allow us to laugh at anything that reminds us of him, it would be laughable enough to look at those subscriptions at the bottom of Mr. Frere's letters. The formularies of diplomacy neither force nor authorise an ambassador to say, 'I 'am with great truth and respect, sir, your most obedient hum-'ble servant.' But when a fellow has written not only without truth but with absolute rudeness—when he has told another he would disgrace the British arms and bring ruin on the country he was sent to succour and support—how can he pretend to assert his truth in offering his respect? If the ludicrous is founded on the inconsistent, here surely is its very pinnacle. It reminds me, in some novel I have read—I believe in *Hugh Trevor*—of a curious flourish at the end of every letter from a knavish old steward to a foolish old master. I thought, in reading the book, it was a singular stroke of character and a happy one."

Southey still had a word to say for Frere, thinking the ambassador might have shown more spirit than the general; but he left the writing of the defence to Ellis. The tone of his letter was also such as to propitiate Landor, to whom he announced his intention of writing such a history of 1808 as would give him real pleasure. It was a task in which Scott had engaged him for an Edinburgh Annual Register, to be started by the Ballantynes. Landor would like the bitterness and

"undissembled contempt" which he should there find bestowed upon all parties alike. For indeed he found himself in agreement with his friend as to the way in which the war had been mismanaged; and in despising the "miserable ins and outs" among the same sets of feeble politicians, who had all been tried and found wanting. Had ever a game been played so wretchedly that might so easily have been won? Had he seen Wordsworth's pamphlet on the Cintra convention? In spite of a difficult style, he would admire its true eloquence and true philosophy. Landor's reply is highly characteristic. It is dated August 1809.

"This work of Wordsworth is vigorous and just. My opinion of the Spaniards is corrected by the experience of Moore. I believe no breed of people to be so good; but they have nothing to fight for, and nobody to lead them if they had. The heads of nations must often be stirred, and occasionally be removed. The water that one year is covered with lilies and lotuses, in another may contract a film, and in a few after may have nothing but weeds above and mud below. I like idle people—they are not rapacious. It is from rapacity most evils originate. At all events it is not from working in the field of battle that the Spaniard is to procure more comforts; and I cannot blame him if he sees on his farm a swarm of bees with more pleasure than a legion of locusts. All old governments are bad, and my breech shall never go to the ground by resting on one. We are a great people because our constitution by eternal changes is exempt from any violent. It has always been pervious both to light and winds. Else, like those of France and Germany, it would have been uprooted at the first tempest. Adieu. *Vive valeque.*"

From Clifton, in the November of the same year, he wrote still in much the same tone, with a shrewd perception of all the weakness of the Spaniards which his friend never reached, and with a resolute appreciation of the utter worthlessness of their leaders which

it took many more years to make apparent to every body.

"May the spirit of prophecy never forsake you, and never be less propitious to the cause of freedom! The Spaniards, it appears, have gained another victory; but as they have no prospect of a better government, I grieve perhaps more at their successes than I should at their defeat. That such exertions should be vain and fruitless, that the patriotic should pour out their blood for the traitorous, that a Bonaparte or a Bourbon, it matters not which, should erect his throne over the great charnel-house of Spain, is most lamentable and most sure. Two events leave me without the power of doubting that the prevailing party in the Junta is devoted to the French. First, their hesitation and slowness to convoke the Cortes; and secondly, the extreme absurdity which they combined with it of inviting all Spaniards to deliver their sentiments on what alterations and improvements it would be requisite to make in the government and constitution. To agitate the minds both of the wise and of the ignorant, to make every man's vanity turn out against his neighbour's, to bid people choose their representatives yet exercise their judgment by giving their votes individually, could not enter any sound head for any good purpose. The scheme was formed in the Tuileries, and is worthy of its author. See what a parcel of rascals and boobies have been appointed by the Junta to conduct their armies. Masaredo, a most excellent man and a most experienced officer, joined the French through the love of freedom and from the desire of forming for his country an efficient and firm government. Weakness and abuse he knew are often long-lived, though they come to a violent end; and he thought it less disgraceful, as perhaps some others do, to writhe for a moment under superior strength than to slumber out all his days in a sty of his own littering."

Nor less remarkable is the remainder of the letter, where Landor's discontent with the government at home which his friend was still outwardly condescending to support finds animated expression. He had become in June of this year, at Southey's request, a subscriber to Coleridge's *Friend*, in the twelfth number of which, published

in the month when his letter was written, appeared a paper on vulgar errors respecting taxes and taxation, wherein Coleridge contended that though taxes might often be injurious to a country, it could never be from their amount merely, but only from the time or mode in which they were raised; and, objecting to the analogy set up between a nation indebted to itself and a tradesman under obligation to his creditors, had said a much fairer instance would be that of a husband and wife playing cards at the same table against each other, where what the one lost the other gained. Landor did not find this illustration quite satisfactory.

"Woe betide those governors whose paralysed hand holds out unwittingly this problem to their countrymen—whether it is better to sink under the ascendancy of exalted genius from without, however malignant be its influence, or to be so supine and idle as never to lift up their heads and use their arms against the scorpions that sting them or the spiders and cockroaches that consume them from their own window-shutters! For my own part I would buy a monkey, I would even bring one over, to devour these mischievous vile household insects. When rulers are so feeble or corrupt as to make men indifferent to their country, which never was done to so blind and precipitous a height as now, it is idle to talk of taxation. But I cannot yet consider it so tranquilly as your friend Coleridge. If my wife wins my money at cards, and she is really a prudent wife, I sustain no detriment. But if she squanders it among unworthy favourites, and bribes her servants with it to pull her neighbour's cap, I will take care in future to play less often and for a smaller stake. If taxes are at no time injuries 'from their 'amount merely,' it is because, when they are exorbitant, the mode of raising them must be inquisitorial or violent. May we not complain of a thing oppressive in itself, *because* there is also another thing which adds to the oppression? Certainly no lady with 150*l.* jointure and six or eight children, who pays such taxes as she must at present do, could by any human ingenuity in imposing or collecting them be made insensible of their pressure. I remember the logical swindling of your neighbour Bishop Watson, and the hot but honest reply of poor Gilbert

Wakefield. I remember too the crucem and the diadema. I never liked either of these writers. The one would never have made me a critic, nor the other a christian, nor have induced me to think him so. As I never drink wine, I am forced every now and then to write half-a-dozen verses, that I may forget what is passing round about."

But he continued to write on the things also he most wanted to forget; and these notices of his letters about Spain should not close without mention of his 'Hints to a Junta,' which, as he told Southey in March 1810, he had written fiercely but improvidently. "Many of the things were useful at the moment. It "is gone by: indeed I question if any bookseller would "print the thing if I gave it him: and I never will ask "for anything except for heaven and a wife." Southey's next letter was very decisive of the influence of Landor over him. The conclusion had been forced upon him, he said, that Bourbon was as bad as Bonaparte; 'Hints to a Junta' had not been thrown away on him; and now more than ever he wished that, at the outset of the French invasion, Spaniards and Portuguese had sung *Te Deum* for the loss of their respective dynasties and united in a federal republic. It was the form of government peculiarly adapted to the Peninsula, because of the different *fueros* of the different kingdoms; and other good must have come of it. "It might perhaps have prevented this country "from assisting them, but they would have been better "without its assistance; and it would not impossibly "have occasioned a resurrection of the Jacobins in "France"—in other words, have destroyed Napoleon. That was the temper in which, so late as 1810, Southey was preparing his second batch of history for the *Edinburgh Register;* and Landor should see that it would be

composed "with a spirit that will surprise most people "in these base times."

And then a misgiving crosses him as he writes these words whether the eagerness with which he was now turning to that kind of composition might not imply that history, not poetry, was his real function after all, at any rate for the days that remained to him; only (he adds with a pleasant touch of character) a proof-sheet of *Kehama* is apt to disperse the cloud. With this letter there went to Landor the commencement of his *History of Brazil.*

His friend replied and reassured him. No poet worth the name but must at times give way to thinking that there are poets enough in the world without him; but let him be satisfied that a greater confidence would not imply greater power. For himself he lamented every hour that Southey deducted from poetry. Those who might read *Kehama* would judge whether its writer's present love for history could arise from anything like "incipient decay" in the powers of imagination. He knew not what poem was so vivid and so varied. Whereas he could not but doubt whether the world in general cared about historical facts in the past affairs of Brazil; nay, whether even such facts of the day passing before them excited any interest whatever. Very characteristically he proceeds:

"It is, I begin to think, for the good of mankind that for ten or twenty years it should first sink, and afterwards smart, under a severe and oppressive tyranny. The instrument wants a good deal of playing upon. This will prove either that it is good for nothing or that it will come into tune by degrees. If I had five thousand pounds to employ people to collect papers, I would also write a history of the present reign. An insuperable idleness, and a disgust and satiety of everything, will I am afraid overcome all my faculties."

Nevertheless in the same letter of April 1810 he tells his friend that he has just been writing a letter to the popular hero Burdett, a brave and good one; five long hours' work, all of which he shall have to re-copy. "Ah me! this reminds me that you could "not make out my Latin verses! I wonder whether "I shall be able myself to read my letter to Burdett "when I see it to-morrow morning." Perhaps he was not, for all trace of that production has vanished. But the mention of the Latin verses may take us to other parts of the correspondence of the friends, in which only matters of literature were discussed between them.

VI. On Kehama and Roderick.

The portions of letters contained in this section will relate chiefly to the poems which, resumed at Landor's instigation, Southey carried on to their completion steadily amid his other labours; and they shall be such as I hope may still be interesting, or in some way characteristic of either friend. There will at least be no repetition, in any of the extracts given, of what has before appeared in print.

From Bath, 11th January 1809.

"Since my return from Spain I have hardly read anything else than the *Cid* and *Kehama*. It will be long before we have such warriors as the one, and such poems as the other. I never felt the same anxiety to see the whole of any work as of this.

'Twice hast thou set thy footstep:
Where shall the third be planted?'

If the next parcel is equal to the two former, the riches of the East will vanish from the grasp of future poets. I am not destined to be a great reader. Many hours have I passed, at different times, over these lines:

'There Kailyal stands
And sees the billows rise above his head.
She at the startling sight forgot the power
The Curse had given him, and held forth her hands
Imploringly,—her voice was on the wind,
And the deaf ocean o'er Ladurlad clos'd.'

"There are some things in our language which want fixing by some convention among the higher powers. Shakespeare and Milton write tŏwărd and tōwărd. But improperly: for we say invariably bäckwărd, fōrwărd, and we ought also to say tōwărd. I have in general given more attention to language than to anything else; but I shall always think myself wrong in 'Bent tŏwārds them, &c.' at the end of a book in *Gebir*. We possess a high advantage in the double termination of the third person singular—*es* and *eth*. The former should never precede an *s*, nor the latter a *th*. To this rule I would adhere both in poetry and prose. I hear no more of Mr. Coleridge's new project." [The *Friend:* of which the first number did not appear till June.] "Indeed I converse with no literary men here, nor do I know for certain whether here are any."

AN OBJECTION: FEBRUARY 1809.

"When I can read what you send of *Kehama* more calmly and dispassionately, which I would hardly wish to do, I will search it through and through to discover the slightest of its imperfections. None of your enemies shall be more zealous in the labour. One line not only displeased but disturbed me,

'Eye hath not seen nor painter's hand pourtrayed.'

I have an insuperable hatred to such words as 'painter' and 'pourtray' in grave heroic poetry: add to which, if 'eye hath not seen,' it is superfluous to say the rest. The first words are serious and solemn—the last put one in mind of the Exhibition and the French. Take care how you 'o'erlay this poem with 'ornament!' It is now suis pollens opibus, as Lucretius says of the Gods. I know not whether we shall find any one in any language so full of originality and fancy. You will find fewer things to embellish than to correct, and very few of these. Remember that I am to have something to console me for not being able to write it. I am to be the typographer."

SOUTHEY'S REPLY.

"Your draft was put in circulation. *Kehama* would never

have been resumed had it not been for you. It had lain untouched for five years, and so it would have remained. You stung me to the resolution of going on; and I am not sure whether the main pleasure which I have felt in proceeding has not been the anticipation of addressing it to you and saying so. It is announced through the customary channel of magazines as in considerable forwardness. I am going to Edinburgh in May, and for a week or ten days shall be Walter Scott's guest. *Kehama* will then (God willing) be completed: and I think Scott will enable me to ascertain in what manner it may most advantageously be published. . . It has however cost me no expense of time. I have fairly won it, as Lincolnshire speculators win estates from the sea;—my daily work has been done just as if no such composition was in my thoughts, without the slightest interruption. If therefore nothing be got by its sale, it has not made me the poorer. I am so much the happier for having written it, so much the richer as a poet, and in fact have received from you half as much as the profits of an edition would be when shared by a publisher. Its success (I speak solely of its *market* success) will only thus far influence me, that a good sale would make me afford more time for other such poems, which I should then publish as fast as they were written. Its still-birth (which I entirely expect) will merely make me write others as this is written, in the early morning hours; which I shall continue to do as long as the unabated power is in me, and leave them behind as post-obits to my children, in perfect confidence that such manuscripts will prove good and secure property hereafter. At Edinburgh I shall feel my way about the publication. When the obnoxious line was written, I thought of better painters than the exhibitioners—of those whose creative powers entitle them to be mentioned anywhere. It is however an ugly word, because it always reminds one of the house-painter. I set a black mark upon the line. Your remarks shall be well weighed, and every passage which I cannot entirely justify shall be altered. Do not however be at the trouble of criticising the first portion which you received, for that has been greatly altered since by rhyming most of those parts which were rhymeless—a task which is yet to be completed."

Landor's former objection to the rhymeless metres had led to this concession from his friend; and speaking

of it in his next letter he says that, apart from his admiration of the higher beauties of the poem, the facility displayed in the new rhymes had taken him greatly by surprise. "It never was equalled. New rhymes in "general seem strange; and nine people out of ten, "scholars I mean and literatists, imagine them forced, "not chosen. No weakness or absurdity is half so much "scoffed and scouted as a new or unusual rhyme." From the same letter we learn that he had been lately

READING EURIPIDES.

"I believe I shall remain at Bath a good while longer. I am reading what I had not read before of Euripides. Between ourselves, in most of his tragedies there is more preachment than poetry. I was surprised and mortified to find it so. How, in the name of heaven, could the Athenians endure on the stage, so deplorably mutilated and metamorphosed, those heroes whom they had followed in the vigour of unsophisticated life through the wide and ever-varying regions of the *Iliad* and *Odyssea?* A hero, penned up and purgatorised in this middle state, is fitted to become a Monseigneur bien poudré among the mesdames and waiting-maids and patch-boxes of Racine. I have been reading also Twining's translation, notes, &c. of Aristotle's *Poetics*. I attempted the original once. It appeared to me, what I suppose it is not, tautological though concise. I found it too hard for me. At that time my teeth were better, though my digestion not so good. I could reach the construction, but I could not analyse the parts."

Very characteristic was Southey's next letter, in which he described *Kehama* as approaching completion so rapidly that already his thoughts were busy with what its successor should be. Two more sections only, he said, would finish what he had in hand; and he was eager for Landor's advice as to the metre most advisable for his next poem, which should certainly be on the founder of the Spanish monarchy, Pelayo. He could not but feel the force of views formerly expressed to him

by Landor, that what in itself was excellent would be best in blank verse, but that everything below excellence would borrow something from rhyme. As to the publication of *Kehama*, Scott had failed as yet to make the hoped-for arrangement.

"His bookseller, Ballantyne, was here lately, and his advice to me was to sell the copyright of whatever I wrote, because, he said, booksellers repaid themselves by selling off shares of the copyright. More persons were thus interested in the success of the book, and consequently greater efforts were made to sell it. This may be true, but it is a truth which is not applicable to my case; for it is utterly impossible that this poem should become popular now. The copyright therefore is worth little or nothing at present; and yet if it be as good as I believe it to be, there will come a time when it will have its reward. The better way, I think, will be to print it as a pocket volume, and let it take its chance. Two hundred pages will hold the poem, and about a hundred and fifty more the notes."

A little delay is still interposed; improvements have to be made in the metre, and lines to be altered or added here and there; but at last, on the 26th November 1809, he is able to announce to Landor that on the preceding day he had finished *Kehama*. He did not expect that it would meet with more admirers than *Gebir*, but should be thoroughly satisfied if they whom it did meet with admired it as much. His work being done, he is full of fears for it. There was too little beauty, he doubted, and too little human interest; and perhaps all the feeling it could be expected to awaken would be wonder at the strangeness of the tale and the monstrosity of the fiction. He can only comfort himself by looking forward, and resolving that *Pelayo* shall be begun as soon as his plan is sufficiently matured. Four days later Landor thus replied:

"Hardly could I assure myself that I was speaking with sincerity if I congratulated you on the completion of *Kehama*, on

abandoning those scenes and images which must have given such exquisite and enchanting pleasure as they were rising and passing in your mind. You are right in beginning another poem while the heart is warm with poetry. Pelayo and Richard the First are the two finest subjects in the world. I thought of Sertorius once; but, I know not how, it appears to me that nothing romantic or poetical can co-exist with what is Roman. These two unfortunate words stand up, backing one another against me and accusing me of a quibble. I meant simply to say that the Romans were a blunt flat people, and that even a Roman name breaks the spell of poetry on plain historical ground. Spain is even yet a sort of faeryland, and we are yet not too familiar with the faces of Goths and Moors. You possess here peculiar advantages. No other man in Europe has had so minute an insight of their history and character.

"I perceive in many of the verses in *Kehama* a particular ring of rhyme—a recurrence not marking, nor waiting for, the termination: such as we find in Italian:

'Ma sento che adesso
L' istesso non è.'

Nor indeed is it always in the same place. In some instances it has not gratified my ear, coming upon it when it was unprepared. If the poem could be translated into any oriental language, what a happy effect it might produce! It would show them that puny conceits and weak extravagance are no requisites in poetry, and that wildness of imagery is not inconsistent with truth and simplicity of expression. I have read everything oriental I could lay my hands on, and everything good may be comprised in thirty or forty lines. There is a prodigious deal of puckering and flouncing and spangles, but nothing fresh, nothing graceful, nothing standing straight upwards or moving straight forwards on its feet. I would rather have written the worst page in the *Odyssea* than all the stuff Sir William Jones makes such a pother and palaver on; yet what volumes would it fill! what libraries would it suffocate! God forbid that I should ever be drowned in any of these butts of malmsey! It is better to describe a girl getting a tumble over a skipping-rope made of a wreath of flowers."

The rest of the letter, dated 30th November 1809, was filled with a Latin idyl. Like Sir Roger de

Coverley, Landor had been reading at the end of a dictionary, not like him an account of Hector, but the story of Callirhoe, who spurned the love of Coresus, priest of Bacchus, whereupon he swore and prayed to his god, who visited her people with pestilence. In their affliction they betook themselves to Dodona, when Jupiter announced that only the death of Callirhoe or some one in her stead could remove the curse, and Coresus was appointed to fulfil the command of Jove. But when Callirhoe stood before him at the altar, his revenge paled before his love and pity, and he drove the knife into his own bosom. Landor had written this pretty and pathetic story in excellent Latin hexameters,* close and dramatic, and now sent the first sixty-eight to his friend, sending the remaining sixty-two in a second letter after some weeks' interval, during which Southey had been silent.

"I have been happy in the idea that you are employed in something interesting to yourself and the age and other selves and other ages, else I should have complained a little that I have not heard from you so very long a time. I remember that I transcribed some Latin verses in my last, but cannot find where I left off! Whether these are good or bad or indifferent, they are better than anything I can write on the spur of the occasion, for these are spurs that always catch my greatcoat in getting on. When I have done writing I shall find a thousand things I ought to have written about."

Southey, alas! had a good reason for not acknowledging the Latin idyl: he had not been able to decipher it, and very frankly doth confess so much. He had also been hoping to send Landor the first sections of *Pelayo*. His letter is dated March 1810.

* It is the seventh of the Idylla Heroica in *Poemata et Inscriptiones* (1847), and a translation by himself is in the *Hellenics* (1859), pp. 57–63

"It *is* very long since you have heard from me, and for a twofold reason: first, because your verses tantalised me as a barrel of oysters would have done if set before me without a knife. I could not read them. There is little difficulty in understanding the worst possible handwriting in our own every-day language; though I once saw two parcels which had travelled all over England, and at last found their way by the lucky guess of some post-office clerk, who wrote on them 'Try Durham:' they had tried Dublin previously. But when a foresight of the meaning is necessary to make out the words, anything not easy in itself becomes very difficult. If I could have read these verses, I should have understood them; because I did not understand, I could not read them. The case however is not desperate: in some season of leisure I purpose transcribing them, and shall thus make them out step by step.

"The other reason was that I might send you the first section of *Pelayo*, and this I have been prevented from completing because my hours for poetry have been partly employed in correcting *Kehama*, partly diverted to the pressing business of the *Edinburgh Register*. *Kehama* is half printed, and the remaining half still requires correction. I want to get rid of the snake in the water-chambers, which is neither well conceived nor well written; and something is wanting at the conclusion. It will probably be published in June. I have made my usual bargain with the booksellers—that is to say, no bargain at all: they print, and I share the profits. Scott recommended strongly the quarto form, and quarto accordingly it is; my own opinion being that in whatever form it appeared a sale to clear the expense was certain, and anything beyond that exceedingly improbable."

Pelayo, which took afterwards the name of *Roderick* in whom its interest finally centred as the hero, went to Landor regularly as its predecessor, section by section, when once he had despatched the first. But still this was delayed, and with it the appearance of *Kehama*, Southey's doubts and misgivings suspending some of the sheets at press. In July 1810, however, he promises the published poem in six weeks, saying that he thought it in structure, now he surveyed it as a whole,

far superior to *Thalaba;* and though in most other respects he was afraid he did not himself like it quite so well, he held it to be a work *sui generis.* Like *Gebir* it would find its own admirers, and Landor's preface on that point he had always sincerely echoed. Then in September he announced that the last proof had been corrected, that there will be yet a further delay of another six weeks, and that it was dedicated to his friend, but for whom it would never have been finished. To this (writing from Bath in October) Landor says he cannot hope from *Kehama* more pleasure than he has already derived from it, whatever new ornaments his friend may have added, and however exalted his own head may be by the chaplets and roses placed upon it. Nevertheless, as late as November he has again to ask, "Where IS *Kehama?*" To which Southey replies, "Heaven knows what is become of "*Kehama.* I look, and have for weeks and months "daily been looking, for the advertisement. Longman "has your Pulteney-street direction to send it by "whenever it does appear, and I hope it will reach "you before this." He adds that he thought to have accompanied it with an epistle to Landor in blank verse; but that this remained still on the anvil. Indeed it was never finished, a simple prose dedication taking its place.

In the same letter (17th December 1810) he asks Landor for his Latin *Alcaics,* his friend having told him that he had written some to the ex-king of Sweden, the deposed Gustavus, and ordered a very few to be printed. He is also to send him his *Simonidea,* if he can by any influence command a copy, having himself in vain endeavoured to obtain one from London. That was another of Landor's hasty, impetuous, private

publications, containing some charming Latin verse and several English pieces to Ioné and Ianthe.*

"Thanks, a thousand and a thousand," replying to that December letter Landor sends him for *Kehama*, which had arrived at last. "How am I delighted that "the man, whom above all others I would wish to know "me thoroughly, sees through me! The inscription is "most suitable to my taste; and if I may think of "myself somewhat magnificently, which I was never "disinclined to do, most honourable to yours." In the following month, writing still from Bath, he says Ch.

* Landor's reply described it. "There are many things of which "I am ashamed in the *Simonidea*. I printed whatever was marked "with a pencil by a woman who loved me, and I consulted all her "caprices. There is a sneer, of which I am heartily ashamed, at "Mr. Grant, Mr. Heber, and Lord Strangford. But is it not a cursed "galling thing to hear a woman (who is soul and senses to one) tell "me to write like these? She had read no better and few other "poets. I added some Latin poetry of my own, more pure in its "Latinity than in its sentiment. But the *Pudoris Ara* is incompar- "ably the best poetry I have been able to write. Adieu; and when "you read the *Simonidea* pity and forgive me." Whether Southey received it does not clearly appear. He makes no mention of it. But it most probably reached him, as he acknowledges the *Ode to Gustavus* which had been sent along with it from the printing-press of Valpy, asking him what was the meaning of the monogram in its title-page, and saying he never read his Latin without wishing it were English and regretting that he was ever taught a language so much inferior to his own. To this Landor replied in his following letter (Feb. 5, 1811): "You inquire what is the meaning of the monogram. "I looked at it. Surely it is a digamma; a puerile sort of practical "pun invented by Valpy no doubt. It serves as an initial instead "of v. Grammarians tell us that it was pronounced so. I fancy "they lie. Certain it is the Romans substituted the v when they "assumed some words to which the digamma was affixed or inhe- "rent—vinum, sylva, &c. The Greeks, I imagine, pronounced it as "a double u. B seems in many countries to serve occasionally as v— "Viscaia, &c. The modern Greeks read πολυφλοισϝοιο for πολυφλοισ- "βοιο, giving the diphthongs as faint a sound almost as the French "do."

Burney had borrowed the book of him, and admired it not less enthusiastically than himself. He describes himself at the time, however, as out of humour with everything *but* Southey and his poem, and proceeds to show it by a remark on the notes:

"One thing I confess to you fills me with astonishment: how you can write such poetry and admire, when to endure would be immeasurably too much, the flimsy and fantastic Spenser. Milton did too; but our language in his time had little good in it, except a few contracted passages, beside the works of Shakespeare. Chaucer is much better than any of the rest—a passably good novelist, but hardly to be called a poet."

These heresies he abated greatly afterwards, but never quite got rid of. His ill-humour at the politics of the day and the kind of government England then had, vented in the same letter, underwent little subsequent abatement or change:

"If Bonaparte were not the worst and most execrable of human beings, sure people would hardly lift a hand up to save these rascals who are dividing our property. It is better to yield to force only than to have one's ribs bent together between force and fraud."

Upon these various points Southey has in turn, of course, something to say. As to *Kehama*, which Scott is going to review for next *Quarterly*, he is glad of Burney's good opinion, as one which has weight in the world. Him he had met only once; but he had a familiar acquaintance with his brother the captain, meeting him at Rickman's, where they and their host and Charles Lamb would make bad puns the whole night through. Notwithstanding *Pelayo*, another poem is already working in his brain, with a son of Goffe the regicide for its hero; and he has been writing for the coming *Quarterly* on Captain Pasley's book, which he

would fain make "our political bible."* Landor's heresy about Spenser, however, he cannot overlook. Inferior he admits him to be to Chaucer, who for variety of power had no competitor but Shakespeare; but of English versification he is incomparably the greatest master in the language. As for our having had little poetry before Milton, Southey thinks rather that there had been little since. What there was in the earlier time, at any rate, was sterling sense in sterling English, with thought and feeling in it; whereas now the surest way to become popular was to have as little of either ingredient as possible. "Campbell's success is a notable "example."†

Landor shows some kind of fight for his heresies, notwithstanding. But first he declares his amazement

* A letter from Walter Birch reached him just at this time, which, for its acknowledgment of the Latin Odes by Landor (to Gustavus of Sweden, &c), now sent forth anonymously, for other points it touches on, and for its agreement with Southey as to Pasley's book, may be read with interest. "Dear LANDOR, thank you for "your elegant Latin Odes, of which I did not know you to be the "author till this morning. I send you in return some verses which I "wrote for the Examiner at Oxford, which will show how far I agree "with you. Their tone was not quite coincident with the desponding "spirit attributed to some of Lord Grenville's party, or I did not "mean that it should be so. I have lately been reading with high "interest a publication entitled *An Essay on the Military Policy "and Institutions of the British Empire*, by Captain Pasley, R.E. "It appears to me to be a noble work, and calculated to be more "useful than any political publication I have seen since the days "of Burke. I have also been much interested in Sir R. Wilson's "book, notwithstanding some little ambition of style and other "defects of no great consequence; but for which the *Edinburgh "Review* will, I have no doubt, give him a trimming. By the "bye, did you read Coplestone's second reply to the Edinburgh Re- "viewers? I really never saw a more decisive and triumphant piece "of controversy. I have not yet seen Southey's poem, but hope "to do so before long. Believe me, dear Landor, yours very affec- "tionately, W. BIRCH."

† Omitted in the imperfect copy printed in the *Life*, iii. 295.

at the new poem his friend is planning ("the War of "the New Englanders, the principal character a Qua- "ker"!) as what no other man alive would be bold enough to undertake. And how in any case will he ever manage to write two poems at one and the same time?

"To dictate to half a dozen secretaries, in as many languages, is a trick; but to do it at once is a difficult one. How you can write two poems at a time I cannot conceive. I could write history and poetry, but I could not divide my passions and affections. When I write a poem, my heart and all my feelings are upon it. I never commit adultery with another; and high poems will not admit flirtation.

"I should like to talk about Spenser with you, and to have the *Faery Queen* before us. Passion can alone give the higher beauties of versification. Shakespeare, who excels all mortals in poetry, excels them all in verse frequently; but I am convinced he formed erroneous opinions on the subject, and that he preferred a stiff and strutting step systematically, and was great only when he was carried off his legs in spite of himself. In my opinion there is more transcendent poetry in Shakespeare than in all the other poets that have existed since the creation of the world, and more passages filled with harmony from its inspiration. Immeasurably as I prefer Chaucer to Spenser, I cannot as a poet—a great one is here understood—because he never comes up to the ideal so well exprest by Horace: '*meum* ' *qui pectus inaniter angit*,' &c. The language of Chaucer is the language of his time; but Spenser's is a jargon. No, I do not think we had little good poetry before Milton. Some truly pure grains of gold were carried down by the streamlets in rude old times, ill exchanged for the tinsel which we are just removing from ours. The English nation was in all respects at its highest pitch of glory in the times of Shakespeare and Hooker. Chivalry had forgotten all the follies of its youth: it retained its spirit, and had lost only its austerity. The Tudors, those blackguard and beastly Welsh, had never infected the mass of English mind. People read; and to our national manliness a little was now added of Roman dignity. I am going on as if I had nothing else to do or say."

Leaving unnoticed the close of this letter, Southey

replied upon its opening remark, that his ability to think of two poems at once proceeded from weakness, not from strength. The continuous excitement Landor had lately gone through in the composition of a tragedy, he could not stand: in him it would not work itself off, as with Landor, in tears; the tears would flow while in the act of composition, and they would leave behind a throbbing head and a whole system in the highest state of nervous excitability, which would soon induce the most fearful form of disease. This was a dream that always haunted Southey. Not, alas, wholly without reason, as afterwards appeared.

The tragedy referred to had been written in the interval covered by these letters, and will be the subject of the next section. To this will now only be added such fresh allusions to *Pelayo* in its progress as may be read independently, and other matters incidentally arising that have in them some personal interest.

One of Southey's letters in 1810 told Landor a melancholy story of a young Bristol poet who had died at nineteen, cherishing to the last a hope that his poems, printed after his death, might save his sister from destitution. They had been sent to Southey.

"Thirty years ago they would have been thought wonderful,—neither you nor I wrote better at nineteen, perhaps not so well,—but what can be produced at nineteen except promises of after-excellence, which serve only to give one the heart-ache when the blossom has been cut off? I do not know the family; but I am exerting myself earnestly to make this poor bequest productive."

To which Landor answered:

"I grieved at your account of poor William Roberts; and the more as among all my friends I hardly know one on whom I can reckon as a subscriber for his poems. Plenty of people will say *poor fellow!* and moralise and sentimentalise. It is

better to go to the devil than hear or hazard their hypocrisy. Pray write again, and tell me how I can forward two or three guineas to his friends without wounding their tenderness or their pride. It may be long before the work is printed; and, if they wait for twelve hundred subscribers, never. I went to Bristol the morning I received your letter, and am ashamed to say did nothing. I want dexterity, and never did anything right except in moments of great danger. Then instinct prevails."

In one of the letters immediately following he is still talking of the poem of which Southey has sent him the dedication.

"My feelings are hardly more gratified by the marks of kindness and distinction you confer on me than by the exalted pleasure I receive from the perfection of the work. . . I like to talk of myself to you, though no earthly being is so universally silent as I am on his hopes and fears and speculations. I confess to you, if even foolish men had read *Gebir*, I should have continued to write poetry;—there is something of summer in the hum of insects. I like either to win or to extort an acknowledgment of my superiority from all who owe it. No others owe this so sincerely and indisputably as those who write against me. I am informed two or three people have done it. Of these I have only seen one, and he calls me by names which Mr. Pitt would have said, or might have said, are quite *irrelevant*. I forget whether cuckold or pirate, but something I am sure as little concerned with poetry."

Southey promptly replied with genuine sympathy and wise advice. He spoke of what had prevented *Gebir* from being read by the foolish. No doubt it was too good for them, but it was also too hard. Of course they could not understand it, but they did not find meaning enough upon its surface to make them even fancy they understood it. Why should he not display the same powers upon a happier subject, and write a poem as good and more intelligible? Yet very certain was it, after all, that *Gebir* had really excited more attention than its

author seemed to be aware of. For instance, two manifest imitations had appeared—Rough's play, and the first part of Sotheby's *Saul*. To which Southey added all about his own review of it in the *Critical*, and what a laugh he had had in connection with it at Gifford, the editor of the new Review of which the first numbers were lately out.

"When Gifford published his *Juvenal*, one of the most base attacks that ever disgraced a literary journal was made upon it in the *Critical Review*, by some one of the heroes of his Baviad. Gifford, who gives way to all sorts of violence in his writings,* wrote a desperate reply, in which he brought forward all the offences of the *Review* for many years back, and one of those offences was its praise of *Gebir!*"

At last, in July 1810, Southey sent to Landor, in six closely-written folio columns, the first section of *Roderick*, or as he continues for some time to call it, *Pelayo*. The subject at the outset enthrals him, and he has a second sight of what its course and treatment is to be with which he is more than satisfied. The received legend of Roderick's escape from the battle-field and dying in penitence at Visen is that which he means to follow; discarding his alleged abode at Nazareth and other stories out of the miracle-shops; and what effect he means at the last to produce by bringing together him and Florinda and Count Julian, his friend shall see. Nor shall this be his only achievement. Landor has laughed him a little out of his quaker hero; but

* In the imperfect copy of this letter in the *Life* (iii. 228-31) these words and the "desperate" reply are altogether omitted. One of the other omissions at the close of the letter is touching, and worthy to be kept. "God knows I do not begin to be a-weary of the sun, and "yet the wish which I most frequently express is, that the century "were over, and that I and mine had all reached our haven of eternal "rest."

his brain seethes and teems with other subjects. He has visions of a poem built on the Zendavesta, wherein the evil powers should be leagued against a son of the great king, and, by every new calamity inflicted upon him, should evolve in him some virtue which his rank had stifled, till it would end in his abandoning Persia in company with a Greek slave, the philosopher of the story, and becoming a citizen of Athens. And something of this and other projects* he now tells his friend that he may wind up with an adjuration to him, with his full leisure and abundant power, to do likewise, and thus leave behind him what distant generations would take delight in—other *Gebirs* with happier fables.

Landor's reply took Southey somewhat by surprise, for it announced that he had at intervals been writing other things beside Latin Idyls and Alcaics, Hints to Juntas, Simonideas, and Letters to Burdett, and that among them was a tragedy with Count Julian for its hero! What other feeling also arose to Southey as portions of the tragedy were sent to him, we shall shortly see; but when, after a few months, all was completed and before him, he could not but survey with some despondency his own *Pelayo*. He talked of compressing some parts of it, and said it was well that their conceptions of all the historical personages were so entirely unlike, as he should inevitably have been

* One of these I extract in greater detail from another of Southey's unpublished letters. It was a poem that he felt would be more difficult of execution than *Kehama*, if he should ever feel at leisure to execute it. It was to paint such a future state as should be consistent with the reason and hopes of the wisest and best men. "An earthly story must be chosen, in order to have " the interest of earthly passions; but the point of view should be " from the next stage of existence. Perhaps this is not very in- " telligible. Such as it is, however, it is the seed from which I am " confident a fine tree might arise."

deterred from proceeding. With eager and frank reassurance Landor replied. In the portions just sent to him he perceived the same strain of high impassioned sentiment, proper and peculiar to the character on which it was to act. The poem would be different from Southey's former efforts in a greater degree than any two epic poems known to him, however remote their ages.

"I do not see what you can compress in this part of *Pelayo*. If you take away too many leaves you starve the blossoms. There is a light luxuriant arborescence, which shows the vigour of the roots and stem, and answers for the richness of the fruit. As I live, I have written three verses! made so by a stroke of the pen."*

Nor was this a loftier strain of eulogy than the subject of it fairly challenged. Some of the noblest parts of *Roderick* are remarked on here:

"I have read, and I know not when I shall cease reading, the incomparable description of Roderick's wanderings and agony. What are those of Æneas or Ulysses in comparison? The story of Adosinda is heart-rending. When I have looked long enough at the figures of great painters, I dwell on the landscape. It is only the great ones who make it strikingly peculiar and appropriate. We wish for more, yet are conscious that we ought not to wish it. In the beginning of the sheet, the scene of the pine-forest is a perfect example of what I mean. I hope you will meet with no more interruptions.† I am

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* "There is a light luxuriant arborescence
Which shows the vigour of the roots and stem,
And answers for the richness of the fruit."

† Referring to what Southey had written on the 10th October, giving an amusing picture of how he wrote his epics: "You would "have had a book of *Pelayo* ere this, had not Gooch very uncon- "sciously prevented me. He happens like myself to rise about "seven, and found his way into my library as early as I did. Now "poetry is the only thing which I cannot compose if any person be "present; because voice, gestures, and eyes require a freedom which "the sense of any human presence would restrain. What has been

fortunate; for I never compose a single verse within doors, except in bed sometimes. I do not know what the satirists would say if they knew that most of my verses spring from a gate-post or a mole-hill. Many hundreds, as good at least as any I have written, I have foreborne to write for want of a pencil or a dry seat."

The letter from Southey which accompanied the sixth book of *Pelayo* is a comment on the most critical part of this masterly poem, and on the reasons that led to the form it finally assumed, too curious and interesting to be lost:

"I know nothing like this book in poetry; but there is something like it in romance. *Gyron le Courtoys*, a book which has some of the best and some of the worst things of chivalrous romance, has something which is so far like it that great part of the hero's former history is related to himself. It has a very good effect there, though there is no passion connected with it; and I was led to this mode of back-narrative by the natural and necessary course of my own story, not by imitation. Least of all things am I an imitator; though you will see that I have borrowed something from *Count Julian*.

"The next book is nearly finished. I believe I must go back to the fifth, and interpolate a passage introductory of Egilona, whose death I think of bringing forward in Book viii, and in whose character I must seek for such a palliation of the rape of Florinda as may make Roderick's crime not so absolutely incompatible with his heroic qualities as it now appears. The truth is that in consequence of having begun the story with Roderick, I have imperceptibly been led to make him the prominent personage of the poem, and have given him virtues which it will be very difficult to make consistent with his fall. . .

"I shall soon have two more books to send you, when I have fitted in two passages which must be interpolated in the earlier part of the poem. The way is opening before me; and now the farther I get, the more rapidly I shall proceed for the sake of getting to the conclusion, which will be full of fine

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" written since my return, if it be not good, deceives me grievously;
" for I never produced anything under the influence of deeper feel-
" ing."

things. The Spaniards will never forgive me for making their Virgin Mary at Covadinga into Adosinda, and performing the miracle by human means."

Acknowledging this in November 1812, Landor writes:

"I have now received two detachments of *Pelayo* since I wrote, which proves that one sits much more quiet and idle under pleasurable sensations than even under those which are indifferent. In the mean time I have written a score silly things to a score silly people. . . . The more I read of *Pelayo*, the more arduous the undertaking seems to me; but at the same time the strength with which it is carried on increases. People have formed their opinions of heroic poetry from Homer and his successors. All who have followed Homer have failed deplorably. Virgil is great only where he has not followed him. You will not persuade any one that anything is heroic without kicks and cuffs. All can enter into the spirit of a battle, and perhaps the timid man likes it most of all from a consciousness of security: there are very few who will feel at heart what Pelayo feels, and fewer still who will follow up with intensity all the vicissitudes of Roderigo. How many, how nearly all, of our poets and critics will read these concluding lines as if they were common ones!

> 'Roderick alone appear'd
> Unmoved and calm; for now the royal Goth
> Had offered his accepted sacrifice,
> And therefore in his soul he felt that peace
> Which follows painful duty well perform'd—
> Perfect and heavenly peace—the peace of God.'

The language is so plain and the sentiment so natural that I am the only man in England who know the full value of them. You yourself would only find it out in the writings of another."

A verbal criticism may be worth preserving:

"In one place you have written *forsook* as the participle. Now I am very jealous of the participles. I would not write 'it was held,' but 'it was holden;' although custom authorises both, and rather (in late years) has preferred the former. I

wish to see our language perfect in your works: it is very far from perfect in any other of our poets."

To which Southey:

"Your remark about the participles is right; and when I have written incorrectly, it has been [in] virtue of a privilege which, in spite of all precedent, is best honoured in the disuse."

Nor should a pleasant note be lost on the introduction of Roderick's dog (which Southey, by the way, did not improve by substituting Theron for Whitefoot in the poem as printed):

> "Resting his head upon his master's knees,
> Upon the bank beside him Whitefoot lay," &c.

"Though the dogs," said Landor, "are the best people "among us, the fastidiousness of poetry rejects their "names. Homer has given none to the dog of Ulysses, "though Ovid has signalised every cur that devoured "Actæon."

His last letter on Southey's manuscript from which I shall quote for the present has a touch of personal significance.

"Certainly this last section of *Pelayo* is the most masterly of all. I could not foresee or imagine how the characters would unfold themselves. I could have done but little with Florinda and with Egilona, taking your outline; yet I could have done a good deal more with them than any other man except yourself. For I delight in the minute variations and almost imperceptible shades of the female character, and confess that my reveries, from my most early youth, were almost entirely on what this one or that one would have said or done in this or that situation. Their countenances, their movements, their forms, the colours of their dresses, were before my eyes.

"One reason why we admire the tragedies of the ancients is this: we never have had our images broken by the iconoclast effort of the actors. Within my memory we never have had any worthy of the name; but I feel convinced that Gar-

rick himself, who was probably the greatest that ever lived, would not have recompensed me for the overthrow and ruin of my *Lear*."

A kind of practical comment on this will now be laid before the reader in letters written during the composition of *Count Julian*, and the weakness as well as the strength which Landor carried to the enterprise of writing a tragedy will be seen. That the natural bent of his genius went strongly in the direction of the drama, as he seems himself at all times to have felt with greater or less vividness, there is no doubt. The old Greek had not a more unquestionable power than his of giving objective shape to the most subtle and the most ethereal fancies, and this in itself involves a very intense element of the drama. Where any marvel occurs in *Gebir*, there is no doubt about it: it is actually there, and to be seen. Transfer this to the drama, assume that a passion is to be represented, and by the same power there it is; not mere language describing it, but the thing itself, and language only as the effluence or outbreak of the thing. In the abstract there cannot be a higher form of the dramatic than this, and it holds to a large extent even in what may be called the concrete, the details of the scene. Because, no doubt, at a play it is from other arts than the poet's that what is mainly material should reach us. Strictly speaking the poet might claim to be entirely discharged from any part of the office of setting forth, before an audience of spectators, what already is or ought to be visible to them. But unassailable as this is in theory, in practice it is not found to be possible, and all kinds of descriptive and other indulgences have to be brought in aid of the purely dramatic. The result expresses just the concession or compromise which the stage requires from the drama,

which Shakespeare understood as he understood everything, and which even such writers as Landor and Lamb comprehend imperfectly when they object to the stage-presentation of *Lear*. *Lear* was written to be played; and its author, we may safely affirm, would rather have seen it acted however wretchedly in a barn, than heard it read to perfection in a palace. Landor tells us in this letter that he delights in "the minute variations and "almost imperceptible shades" of character, and that he has "countenances, movements, forms, the very colours "of dresses," before his eyes as he writes. Doubtless it was so. No one conceives a character more vividly, or puts it more expressively in action. Each has a distinguishing mark and a specialty of utterance, the look that none else should give, the language that none other so appropriately could use. He described it himself on another occasion in saying to Southey that he could never publish a poem that contained any character of a human being until he had lived two or three years with that character, and that he left off Count Julian and his daughter twice because each had said things which other personages might say. But though all this may seem to raise a perfect ideal, the practicable is another thing. Too little is left for the art of the actor, and too much for the imagination of the audience. We may get at the most magnificent results too quickly, when all the little intermediate stages have been overlooked. It may indeed be the smallest part of genius that is thus wanting to complete upon the stage its highest manifestations, but the fact admits of no dispute that to the highest without it the stage is inaccessible. An example is about to be afforded than which there have been few nobler, that no given number of scenes, each of the first order of dramatic

genius, will constitute a play. Let the characters, as here, be all marked and all in position; let the passions be at their highest, and always at work; let the situations even be the best; but unless there is also obtainable from the story an interest of quite another kind than that which, by creative rather than merely appreciative power, the audience must elicit for themselves, there will be no tragedy in the true sense of the word. There will only be a succession of dialogues. In all the various "scenes," however, and in all the "con- " versations," through which, from the beginning to the close of his life, and under every "imaginary" form, Landor's genius has most delighted to express itself, none have higher claims to admiration, or will better reward faithful study, than those of *Count Julian.*

VII. The Tragedy of Count Julian.

The period of the tragedy is supposed to be that which immediately preceded the final defeat and mysterious fate of the last of the Gothic kings of Spain, when his most powerful noble Count Julian, whose daughter he had by violence dishonoured, to avenge that wrong brought back into his native land the Moorish hosts whom he had just gloriously driven out, overthrew the monarchy, and delivered over his country to the infidel. A more tragical conception nowhere exists. In its isolated grandeur indeed it is rather epical than tragic; and there is a fine passage in one of Mr. De Quincey's essays where he speaks of the tortures inflicted in old Rome, in the sight of shuddering armies, upon a general who had committed treason to his country, as not comparable to Landor's fancy of the unseen tortures in Count Julian's mind; "who — whether his

" treason prospered or not; whether his dear outraged
" daughter lived or died; whether his king were tram-
" pled in the dust by the horses of infidels, or escaped
" as a wreck from the fiery struggle; whether his dear
" native Spain fell for ages under misbelieving hounds,
" or, combining her strength, tossed off *them*, but then
" also *himself*, with equal loathing from her shores—
" saw, as he looked out into the mighty darkness, and
" stretched out his penitential hands vainly for pity or
" pardon, nothing but the blackness of ruin, and ruin
" that was to career through centuries."

The characters grouped around this central figure have each an individuality strongly marked, but all subserve to a common purpose. From every point they draw Julian only closer and closer within the meshes of misery which love for his daughter had woven round him first, and in which all his other virtues since have but the more despairingly involved him. It is the old story of crime propagating crime; of evil failing ever to expiate evil; and of blind necessity, out of one fatal wrong, reproducing wrong in endless forms of retaliatory guilt and suffering.

The tragedy opens at the moment when, though the extent of his successes over his countrymen has alarmed Julian, nothing is yet decisive, and there seems still a chance for the old monarchy. The outrage had been done upon his daughter Covilla in the absence of her betrothed Sisabert, who, upon his return in ignorance of what had passed, finding her separated from him and her father in arms against Spain, believes Julian to be simply aspiring to the throne, and for a time joins Roderigo against him. The gleam of success emboldens the hard-pressed king to attempt conciliation. Imploring Julian to wipe out his treason against Spain by a second

treason against his Moorish confederates, he proposes to divorce his wife Egilona, himself to marry the wronged Covilla, and to divide with the father his daughter's throne. Julian rejects these overtures with scorn; but Muza, the cruel and arrogant Moorish chief, suspects him to have yielded, and Roderigo's wife, believing her divorce to be resolved on, accepts the love of Abdalazis, Muza's more generous son. This is the position at the opening of the third act, when Sisabert's discovery of the truth as to his betrothed joins again his arms to those of Julian, who accomplishes the triumph of the Moor. Roderigo is now at Julian's feet, and is spurned by him; but Spain is in the hands of the Infidel, who continues to watch with distrust the victorious renegade, and believes he will yet prove traitor again. Julian meanwhile has been found by Roderigo inaccessible to mercy. The conqueror permits him to live only that life may become to him a burden; and while the fallen king still piteously pleads to be permitted to atone his wrong, the terrible sentence is pronounced which separates eternally the wrongdoer and his victim, sending Covilla to the convent's peace and Roderigo to the penance of the felon. Ignorant of what has really passed, however, even the most generous of the Moors drops away from Julian when he hears that the defeated king has been suffered to escape with life; and Egilona, blinded by her jealousy and love, and who has witnessed the departure at the same time from the camp of both Roderigo and Covilla, denounces Julian to the Moorish commander as having yet the purpose to continue the throne of the Goths to his daughter and her betrayer. Throughout every scene, whatever else its ebb or flow of passion, Julian has to bear the brunt of suffering and sorrow. High above the rest still towers that shape of solitary pain, to which

all converge, whether in love or hate, with fruitless effort to overstep the abyss that has eternally parted him alike from foe and friend. Such hopes as animate the rest from scene to scene exist but to show that from him hope is gone for ever; and the tragedy closes as the intelligence is brought to him that, for the supposed act of treachery which he has not committed, his wife and two sons have been murdered by the Moor whom his victories had made master of his native land.

I propose now, as was done with *Gebir*, to fill-in this outline of the story by a series of passages exhibiting the varieties of power and beauty with which its tragic scenes are written. Landor's style is here at its best; and contemporary poetry has nothing to show beyond *Count Julian* in purity or in grandeur.

In the first scene Opas, metropolitan of Seville, has found admittance to Julian's tent, ostensibly to induce him to see his daughter, but with the secret desire that his intercession may yet ward off the last meditated stroke of vengeance. Not unmoved but resolute is Julian's reply. He knows that by what already he has done—

> "my fair fame in after-time
> Will wear an alien and uncomely form,
> Seen o'er the cities I have laid in dust."

But, until the tyrant is hopeless and beggared as himself, there can be no peace or comfort for him, and no child. The rejoinder of Opas, interceding with Julian for those to whom the war will bring unmitigated horrors, is one of the many evidences afforded throughout the scenes of Landor's recent personal experience of Spain.

> "No pity for the thousands fatherless,
> The thousands childless like thyself, nay more,
> The thousands friendless, helpless, comfortless.
> Such thou wilt make them, little thinking so,

Who now perhaps, round their first winter fire,
Banish, to talk of thee, the tales of old,
Shedding true honest tears for thee unknown:
Precious be these and sacred in thy sight,
Mingle them not with blood from hearts thus kind.
If only warlike spirits were evoked
By the war-demon, I would not complain,
Or dissolute and discontented men;
But wherefore hurry down into the square
The neighbourly, saluting, warm-clad race,
Who would not injure us, and can not serve;
Who, from their short and measured slumber risen,
In the faint sunshine of their balconies,
With a half legend of a martyrdom
And some weak wine and withered grapes before them,
Note by their foot the wheel of melody
That catches and rolls on the Sabbath dance."

In the scene that follows between Julian and Roderigo, where the king has reached him protected as a herald and offers to divide with him the throne, there are some noble passages. Roderigo is permitted to witness what the duty of revenge has cost the avenger. Julian exclaims in his anguish:

"And Spain! O parent, I have lost thee too!
Yes, thou wilt curse me in thy latter days,
Me, thine avenger. I have fought her foe,
Roderigo, I have gloried in her sons,
Sublime in hardihood and piety:
Her strength was mine: I, sailing by her cliffs,
By promontory after promontory,
Opening like flags along some castle-tower,
Have sworn before the cross upon our mast
Ne'er shall invader wave his standard there."

Not the less is he adamant against every proposal for pardon of the outrage of his daughter, or for the baser compromise, which Roderigo urges on him, of condoning it by marriage.

"*Julian.* *She* call upon her God, and outrage him
At his own altar! *she* repeat the vows

She violates in repeating! who abhors
Thee and thy crimes, and wants no crown of thine.
Force may compel the abhorrent soul, or want
Lash and pursue it to the public ways;
Virtue looks back and weeps, and may return
To these,—but never near the abandon'd one.
Who drags religion to adultery's feet,
And rears the altar higher for her sake.
Roderigo. Have then the Saracens possest thee quite?
And wilt thou never yield me thy consent?
Julian. Never.
Roderigo. So deep in guilt, in treachery!
Forced to acknowledge it! forced to avow
The traitor!
Julian. Not to thee, who reignest not,
But to a country ever dear to me,
And dearer now than ever! What we love
Is loveliest in departure! One I thought,
As every father thinks, the best of all,
Graceful and mild and sensible and chaste:
Now all these qualities of form and soul
Fade from before me, nor on anyone
Can I repose, or be consoled by any.
And yet in this torn heart I love her more
Than I could love her when I dwelt on each,
Or claspt them all united, and thankt God,
Without a wish beyond. Away, thou fiend!
O ignominy, last and worst of all!
I weep before thee."

In the second act Julian and his daughter are together, and the tenderness of his pity for her becomes more profoundly affecting from his inability to cheer her with other hope than that the misery brought upon Spain may last for ages.

"Crimes are loose
At which ensanguined War stands shuddering,
And calls for vengeance from the powers above,
Impatient of inflicting it himself.
Nature in these new horrors is aghast
At her own progeny, and knows them not.
I am the minister of wrath; the hands
That tremble at me, shall applaud me too,
And seal their condemnation."

Then suddenly enters Sisabert who had been betrothed to her, who believes the change he sees to be her own unfaithfulness leagued with her father's ambition, and to whose reproaches neither can make the only reply which would show them to be unjust.

> "We, who have met so alter'd, meet no more.
> Mountains and seas! ye are not separation:
> Death! thou dividest, but unitest too
> In everlasting peace and faith sincere."

When he has left the scene, this passes between the father and child:

> "*Covilla.* He thinks me faithless.
> *Julian.* He must think thee so.
> *Covilla.* O tell him, tell him all, when I am dead."

No, not death, cries her loving father; without crime she has suffered its penalties, and even on the earth there shall yet at the least be peace for her. The local colouring of Spain is again strongly here.

> "*Julian.* Wide are the regions of our far-famed land:
> Thou shalt arrive at her remotest bounds,
> See her best people, choose some holiest house;
> Whether where Castro from surrounding vines
> Hears the hoarse ocean roar among his caves,
> And, thro' the fissure in the green churchyard,
> The wind wail loud the calmest summer day;
> Or where Santona leans against the hill,
> Hidden from sea and land by groves and bowers.
> *Covilla.* O for one moment in those pleasant scenes
> Thou placest me, and lighter air I breathe!
> Why could I not have rested, and heard on!
> My voice dissolves the vision quite away,
> Outcast from virtue, and from nature too!
> *Julian.* Nature and virtue! they shall perish first.
> God destined them for thee, and thee for them,
> Inseparably and eternally!
> The wisest and the best will prize thee most,
> And solitudes and cities will contend
> Which shall receive thee kindliest."

On the eve of the decisive battle Opas makes inter-

cession with the king, as fruitless as had been his appeal to Julian; pleads in vain for Egilona; and, replying to Roderigo's taunt that he wants no pity, wants nothing that enemy or friend can give, declares in these noble lines how lower than even Julian's is the fate that awaits the man who has wronged him.

"Proclaim we those the happiest of mankind
Who never knew a want? O what a curse
To thee this utter ignorance of thine!
Julian, whom all the good commiserate,
Sees thee below him far in happiness.
A state indeed of no quick restlessness,
No glancing agitation, one vast swell
Of melancholy, deep, impassable,
Interminable, where his spirit alone
Broods and o'ershadows all, bears him from earth,
And purifies his chasten'd soul for heaven.
Both heaven and earth shall from *thy* grasp recede!"

In the same mouth is placed one of the most enchanting descriptions in the tragedy, where Roderigo's wife, Egilona, is exhibited as she was while yet her husband was true to her, and as she is now that his indifference and falsehood have transformed her, and she is ready to become wife to the infidel.

"*Sisabert.* She may forgive him yet.
Opas. Ah, Sisabert!
Wretched are those a woman has forgiven:
With her forgiveness ne'er hath love return'd.
Ye know not till too late the filmy tie
That holds heaven's precious boon eternally
To such as fondly cherish her; once go
Driven by mad passion, strike but at her peace,
And, though she step aside from broad reproach,
Yet every softer virtue dies away.
Beaming with virtue inaccessible
Stood Egilona; for her lord she lived,
And for the heavens that raised her sphere so high:
All thoughts were on her, all, beside her own.
Negligent as the blossoms of the field,

Array'd in candour and simplicity,
Before her path she heard the streams of joy
Murmur her name in all their cadences,
Saw them in every scene, in light, in shade,
Reflect her image, but acknowledge them
Hers most complete when flowing from her most.
All things in want of her, herself of none,
Pomp and dominion lay beneath her feet
Unfelt and unregarded. Now behold
The earthly passions war against the heavenly!
Pride against love, ambition and revenge
Against devotion and compliancy:
Her glorious beams adversity hath blunted;
And coming nearer to our quiet view,
The original clay of coarse mortality
Hardens and flaws around her. . . . .
His was the fault; be his the punishment.
'Tis not their own crimes only men commit,
They harrow them into another's breast,
And they shall reap the bitter growth with pain."

With the fourth act the stress of the tragedy arrives; for only with the completeness of Julian's victory comes the whole unutterable anguish of his misery. When the ruined and fallen king stands wailing before him for mercy, he employs an image to express his own present weakness and his former strength, which, for the vividness of its appalling contrast, is probably among the finest in the range of English poetry:

"I stand abased before insulting crime,
I falter like a criminal myself;
The hand that hurl'd thy chariot o'er its wheels,
That held thy steeds erect and motionless
As molten statues on some palace-gate,
Shakes as with palsied age before thee now."

The last lines are the only others I may quote from this great scene:

"*Julian.* I swerve not from my purpose: thou art mine,
Conquer'd; and I have sworn to dedicate,
Like a torn banner on my chapel's roof,
Thee to that power from whom thou hast rebell'd.

Expiate thy crimes by prayer, by penances.
Roderigo. One name I dare not . . .
Julian. Go; abstain from that;
I do conjure thee, raise not in my soul
Again the tempest that has wreckt my fame;
Thou shalt not breathe in the same clime with her.
Far o'er the unebbing sea thou shalt adore
The eastern star, and may thy end be peace!"

All that the tragedy has now to do is to show to its extremest verge what the conqueror and avenger is still to suffer; and with exquisite art the poet interposes before this a picture of what he had been before he lifted arms against the country that idolised and gloried in him. His foster-brother Hernando who has cleaved to him through all, who in all that he has done is the solitary heart (except his daughter's) which has loved and comprehended him, strives to win him into gentler and reassuring thoughts by memories of the past.

"Often we hardly think ourselves the happy
Unless we hear it said by those around.
O my lord Julian, how your praises cheer'd
Our poor endeavours! sure, all hearts are open,
Lofty and low, wise and unwise, to praise:
Even the departed spirit hovers round
Our blessings and our prayers; the corse itself
Hath shined with other light than the still stars
Shed on its rest, or the dim taper nigh.
My father, old men say who saw him dead,
And heard *your* lips pronounce him good and happy,
Smiled faintly through the quiet gloom that eve,
And the shroud throbb'd upon his grateful breast.
Howe'er it be, many who tell the tale
Are good and happy from that voice of praise."

Again he takes up the theme:

"Early in youth, among us villagers
Converse and ripen'd counsel you bestow'd.
O happy days of (far-departed!) peace,
Days when the mighty Julian stoopt his brow
Entering our cottage-door; another air

Breath'd through the house; tir'd age and lightsome youth
Beheld him with intensest gaze; these felt
More chasten'd joy; they more profound repose.
Yes, my best lord, when labour sent them home
And midday suns, when from the social meal
The wicker window held the summer heat,
Prais'd have those been who, going unperceived,
Open'd it wide that all might see you well:
Nor were the children blamed, hurrying to watch
Upon the mat what rush would last arise
From your foot's pressure, ere the door was clos'd,
And not yet wondering how they dared to love."

But all such kindly efforts are vain; and at the opening of the fifth act, from the same friendly lips, we have a picture of him to which Mr. De Quincey's language will do greater justice than any words of mine. "Mr. Landor, who always rises with his subject, and "dilates like Satan into Teneriffe or Atlas when he sees "before him an antagonist worthy of his powers, is "probably the one man in Europe that has adequately "conceived the situation, the stern self-dependency, "and the monumental misery of Count Julian. That "sublimity of penitential grief, which cannot accept "consolation from man, cannot hear external reproach, "cannot condescend to notice insult, cannot so much "as *see* the curiosity of bystanders; that awful care-"lessness of all but the troubled deeps within his own "heart, and of God's spirit brooding upon their sur-"face and searching their abysses; never was so ma-"jestically described."

The generous Moor, Tarik, having said that at last Count Julian must be happy, for "delicious calm fol-"lows the fierce enjoyment of revenge," here is what succeeds:

"*Hernando.* That calm was never his: no other will be.
Not victory that o'ershadows him sees he;

No airy and light passion stirs abroad
To ruffle or to soothe him; all are quell'd
Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind:
Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men;
As oftentimes an eagle, ere the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immovable
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light above the dews of morn. . . . .
He can not live much longer. Thanks to God!
Tarik. What! wishest thou thy once kind master dead?
Was he not kind to thee, ungrateful slave!
Hernando. The gentlest, as the bravest, of mankind.
Therefore shall memory dwell more tranquilly
With Julian once at rest, than friendship could,
Knowing him yearn for death with speechless love.
For his own sake I could endure his loss,
Pray for it, and thank God; yet mourn I must
Him above all, so great, so bountiful,
So blessed once! bitterly must I mourn.
'Tis not my solace that 'tis his desire;
Of all who pass us in life's drear descent
We grieve the most for those that wisht to die."

Solemnly beautiful is this close to the magnificent image with which the speaker opens. For all the irreparable ruin there is only death, and even Hernando wishes it for him; not with any comfort in the thought that he wishes it also himself, but because only from the grave can ever come restoration or peace. While yet the hero, however, is in presence of the spectator, this is not to be. In the ordinary sense Death is necessary to constitute a tragedy; but the intensity of tragic suffering, here, is in continuing to live.

If I add yet a few more lines from this remarkable poem, the apology which Mr. De Quincey made for giving but one passage will perhaps equally serve as mine for offering so many. "How much, then, is in "this brief drama of *Count Julian*, chiselled, as one might

" think, by the hands of that sculptor who fancied " the great idea of chiselling Mount Athos into a demi- " god, which almost insists on being quoted; which " seems to rebuke and frown on one for *not* quoting it; " passages to which, for their solemn grandeur, one " raises one's hat as at night in walking under the " Coliseum; passages which, for their luxury of love- " liness, should be inscribed on the phylacteries of " brides or the frescoes of Ionia."*

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

" All men with human feelings love their country.
Not the high-born or wealthy man alone,
Who looks upon his children, each one led
By its gay handmaid from the high alcove,
And hears them once a day; not only he
Who hath forgotten, when his guest inquires
The name of some far village all his own;
Whose rivers bound the province, and whose hills

* See the ninth volume of De Quincey's works (*Leaders in Literature*), pp. 326-32. The closing passage affords evidence still more impressive of the effect produced by this tragedy on a mind of no ordinary character. " After all has been done which intellectual power " *could* do since Æschylus, and since Milton in his Satan, no embodi- " ment of the Promethean situation, none of the Promethean charac- " ter, fixes the attentive eye upon itself with the same secret feeling of " fidelity to the vast archetype, as Mr. Landor's *Count Julian*. There " is in this modern aërolith the same jewelly lustre, which cannot be " mistaken; the same *non imitabile fulgor*; and the same character " of 'fracture' or 'cleavage,' as mineralogists speak, for its beaming " iridescent grandeur, redoubling under the crush of misery. The " colour and the coruscation are the same when splintered by vio- " lence; the tones of the rocky harp are the same when swept by " sorrow. There is the same spirit of heavenly persecution against " his enemy, persecution that would have hung upon his rear, and " burn'd after him to the bottomless pit, though it had yawn'd for " both; there is the same gulf fixed between the possibilities of " their reconciliation; the same immortality of resistance, the same " eternity of abysmal sorrow. Did Mr. Landor *consciously* cherish " this Æschylean ideal in composing *Count Julian?* I know not: " there it is."

Touch the last cloud upon the level sky:
No; better men still better love their country.
'Tis the old mansion of their earliest friends,
The chapel of their first and best devotions."

MONARCHIES ELECTIVE AND DIVINE.

"*Muza.* Where is the king?
Julian. The people must decide.
Muza. Imperfectly, I hope, I understand
Those words, unworthy of thy birth and age.
Julian. O chieftain, such have been our Gothic laws.
Muza. Who then amid such turbulence is safe?
Julian. He who observes them: 'tis no turbulence,
It violates no peace: 'tis surely worth
A voice, a breath of air, thus to create
By their high will the man, form'd after them
In their own image, vested with their power,
To whom they trust their freedom and their lives.
Muza. They trust! *the people!* God assigns the charge!
Kings open but the book of destiny
And read their names; all that remains for them
The mystic hand from time to time reveals.
Worst of idolaters! idolater
Of that refractory and craving beast
Whose den is in the city! at thy hand
I claim our common enemy, the king.

A STATESMAN'S CARES.

"O destiny! that callest me alone,
Hapless to keep the toilsome watch of state,
Painful to age, unnatural to youth,
Adverse to all society of friends,
Equality, and liberty, and ease,
The welcome cheer of the unbidden feast,
The gay reply, light, sudden, like the leap
Of the young forester's unbended bow,
But, above all, to tenderness at home,
And sweet security of kind concern
Even from those who seem most truly ours."

A CHARACTER.

"He was brave, and in discourse
Most voluble; the masses of his mind
Were vast, but varied; now absorb'd in gloom,

Majestic, not austere; now their extent
Opening and waving in bright levity . . ."

PERSECUTION AND ITS VICTIMS.

"Although a Muza send far underground,
Into the quarry whence the palace rose,
His mangled prey, climes alien and remote
Mark and record the pang. While overhead
Perhaps he passes on his favourite steed,
Less heedful of the misery he inflicts
Than of the expiring sparkle from a stone,
Yet we, alive or dead, have fellow-men
If ever we have served them, who collect
From prisons and from dungeons our remains,
And bear them in their bosom to their sons.
Man's only relics are his benefits;
These, be there ages, be there worlds, between,
Retain him in communion with his kind:
Hence is our solace, our security,
Our sustenance, till heavenly truth descends,
Covering with brightness and beatitude
The frail foundations of these humbler hopes,
And, like an angel guiding us, at once
Leaves the loose chain and iron gate behind."

CHRISTIAN SANCTIONS.

"Is any just or glorious act in view,
Your oaths forbid it: is your avarice,
Or, if there be such, any viler passion
To have its giddy range and to be gorged,
It rises over all your sacraments,
A hooded mystery, holier than they all."

GUILT.

"Guilt hath pavilions, but no privacy."

PEACE.

"Peace is throughout the land: the various tribes
Of that vast region sink at once to rest,
Like one wide wood when every wind lies husht."

MUZA'S SON DESCRIBES RODERIGO'S FALL.

"There is, I hear, a poor half-ruined cell
In Xeres, whither few indeed resort.
Green are the walls within, green is the floor

And slippery from disuse; for christian feet
Avoid it, as half-holy, half-accurst.
Still in its dark recess fanatic Sin
Abases to the ground his tangled hair,
And servile scourges and reluctant groans
Roll o'er the vault uninterruptedly,
Till (such the natural stillness of the place)
The very tear upon the damps below
Drops audible, and the heart's throb replies.
There is the idol maid of christian creed,
And taller images whose history
I know not nor inquired. A scene of blood,
Of resignation amid mortal pangs,
And other things exceeding all belief.
Hither the aged Opas of Seville
Walkt slowly, and behind him was a man
Barefooted, bruised, dejected, comfortless,
In sackcloth; the white ashes on his head
Dropt as he smote his breast; he gather'd up,
Replaced them all, groan'd deeply, lookt to heaven,
And held them like a treasure with claspt hands."

JULIAN'S DESCRIBED BY THE SAME.

"Behold him, once so potent, still so brave,
So calm, so self-dependent in distress;
I marvel at him: hardly dare I blame
When I behold him fallen from so high,
And so exalted after such a fall.
Mighty must that man be, who can forgive
A man so mighty; seize the hour to rise,
Another never comes: O say, my father!
Say, 'Julian, be my enemy no more.'
He fills me with a greater awe than e'er
The field of battle, with himself the first,
When every flag that waved along our host
Droopt down the staff, as if the very winds
Hung in suspense before him. Bid him go
And peace be with him, or let me depart.
Lo! like a God, sole and inscrutable,
He stands above our pity."

Resuming Landor's correspondence with Southey, it will now be seen in what circumstances this poem was composed, what varieties of alteration it underwent,

and what throes of labour and enjoyment, doubt and encouragement, hope and despair, attended the successive stages of its production.

The first allusion to it is in a letter of July 1810, when Landor had heard from Southey that he was beginning a poem on Roderick.

"Among a dozen unfinished things, I have somewhere about the third of a tragedy, the subject of which is Count Julian. I represent him as the most excellent and the most *patient* of all earthly beings, till the violation of his daughter. When he hears the narrative of this, or rather narratives, for there are three, the inwards of his heart develop themselves. I have chosen that three different persons should describe to him the events that had taken place, both for the sake of variety and extent: a father and son, his friend and Florinda's lover, and a natural daughter of Roderigo, known at present only as the early confidante and companion of Florinda, and beloved by Count Julian. I left off this and began another on Ferrante and Giulio, natural sons of the Duke of Ferrara, half-brothers of Cardinal Ippolito di Este. But I left off making cobwebs, for I felt no anxiety to catch flies. If I had finished Count Julian, he would have landed in Spain within a few hours of the first intelligence of his calamity; for the Moorish army was investing Ceuta both by sea and land, and had only to sail across. He would have taken Roderigo prisoner during an engagement in the night, would have forced him on board a vessel, and have exacted no more than his oath to pass the remainder of his days in penitence at the Holy Sepulchre. If I had written down all I composed in my walks, I should perhaps have finished half. But I cannot sit to write anything, and whatever I propose to do, I leave undone. This argues a most deplorable imbecility of mind, such as never can happen but from an uninterrupted series of vexations and disappointments."

The reader sees, of course, how different was this proposed execution of the piece from that which he adopted. The theme he had chosen shook his friend a little at first; but soon came the frank and generous

praise. Southey thought the conception of the Count very fine and original: his own, on the contrary, imputing no grandeur of mind to him, but a great deal to his daughter. Not until November, writing from Bath, does Landor refer again to his tragedy, with characteristic account of how he had been writing it; and the rough draft then enclosed of what he meant for its very last scene, sketched before the first scene of the first act was completed, is here given with the letter because of its agreement in feeling, but entire unlikeness in detail, to the scene as subsequently altered and printed. It begins when Julian has been told of the murder of his sons.

"One evening, as I returned from the concert, I wrote down a speech for my tragedy of *Count Julian*. I am happy we take such opposite, or rather such distant ground; for if I came too near you, it would avail me little to be entrenched up to the teeth. My magnificent plan is now totally changed. I had made some fine speeches, really and truly; but, alas, I rejected them all because they *were* fine speeches. I am a man who *semper ad eventum festinat;* and although I have not more than about four hundred verses that will remain on the permanent establishment and do duty, yet I have finished the last scene. Here it is. I will write it as legibly as I can.

'*Julian* (*after a pause*). I will not weep—pity and joy
and pride
Soften me and console me. (*Pause.*) *Are* they dead?
Muza. Yes, and unsepulchred.
Julian. Nor wept nor seen
By any kindred and far-following eye? (*Pause*)
O children, ye are happy. Ye have lived
Of heart unconquer'd, honour unimpair'd,
And died, true Spaniards, loyal to the last.
Muza. Away with him!
Julian. Slaves! not before I lift
My voice to heaven and man: though enemies
Surround me, and none else, yet other men
And other times shall hear: the agony
Of soul, the wheel that racks the heart, is heard.
Nature, amidst her solitudes, recoils

At the dread sound, nor knows what she repeats.
The cities swell with it. The villager
Honeys with fallen pride his infants' lore.
The element we breathe will scatter it.
The ministers of heaven, presiding o'er them,
Breathe it! And none dares dream whence it arose.
From prisons and from dungeons mortals hear
Expiring truth, nor curse repentant crime.

Enter a Messenger.

M. Thy wife, Count Julian—
Julian (*afraid*). Pause!—
M. —is dead.
Julian. Adieu.
Earth! and the humblest of all earthly hope,
To hear of comfort, though to find it vain.
O soother of my hours, while I beheld
The light of day, and thine! Adieu, adieu!
O my lost child, *thou* livest yet—in shame!
O agony past utterance! past thought!
That throwest death, like some light idle thing,
With all its terrors, into dust and air—
I will endure thee—for I see again
My natal land, and cover it with woe.'

When Count Julian says to the messenger, Pause! he says it in great vehemence and distraction, as if he apprehended the same outrage as had dishonoured his daughter.

"I have one passage which is better than this, and only one of any great extent. I will now give you a specimen of the old leaven:

'*Opas.* I never yet have seen where long success
Hath follow'd him who warred upon his king.
Julian. Because the virtue that inflicts the stroke
Dies with him, and the rank ignoble heads
Of plundering factions soon unite again,
And, prince-protected, share the spoil in peace.'

"I sometimes rise into too high a key, but I have an instinctive horror of declamation."

Replying in December* Southey tells his friend that

* It is perhaps not necessary again to remark that what is quoted here of Southey's from the correspondence will not be found in his *Life* or *Letters*.

he is not sure he does wisely in rejecting fine speeches from his tragedy, and remarks of the speech of Julian above, given as a specimen of the old leaven, that it seems to him perfectly in character, such sort of reasoning being of the essence of passion. The concluding scene he thinks very fine, though he loses some of its force from want of knowing precisely the situation. One line, where the villager

"Honeys with fallen pride his infants' lore,"

he does not *yet* understand. But, as in *Gebir* he used to read over difficult passages till the meaning flashed upon him, perhaps by to-morrow he shall feel the purport of this. The action of his own poem, he adds, does not begin till Landor's has finished, and he encloses and explains its opening sections. Landor meanwhile, at the end of the same month, had been sending further news of *Julian*, when, in the midst of his letter, that of Southey with its enclosures arrived. He has now altogether discarded the plan first chosen, and has completed his first act on the new plan.

"I have completed my first act of *Count Julian*. I believe I have not a syllable to alter; but who knows that, so early in the business? Has nobody ever chosen Count Julian for the subject of a tragedy? Not that I care—I find that Alfieri has not. I shall reject the greater part of what I wrote long ago. I cannot graft anything on such twigs. I am abler than I was. I will cut all my figures out of one block, under one conception of their characters. My tragedy, after all, will have many defects; but I did not imagine I could do so well as I have done. The *popularis aura*, though we are ashamed or unable to analyse it, is requisite for the health and growth of genius. . . . . * I believe I am the first man who ever wrote the better part of a tragedy in a concert-room. Your letter has come this instant."

* A touching passage, already given in note p. 178, is omitted here.

He explains the line not intelligible to Southey; throws out a remark worth study on the varieties of ancient method in poetical language; and closes with a remark on the opening of his friend's *Roderick*.

"I spared as poetry what I had once rejected as tragedy. 'Honeys with fallen pride,' &c.; the villager sweetens his children's lesson by giving them a story of fallen pride. This is the meaning; but nothing ought to stand in a tragedy of which one is obliged to say, This is the meaning. Added to which, all views of country life should be excluded by the turmoil and *déploiement* of the passions. The ancients permitted the sense to sink deeper below the surface than we do. Look at Pindar and Sophocles; or take Sophocles alone. His language is generally the sacred language of poetry in the more impassioned parts, though in the shorter and more familiar dialogue it is nothing more than the conversation of ordinary life.—You rise in energy and spirit as you proceed; but I fear that the portico will be too large for the temple, if you propose to rear your structure by the ancient rules. Is this necessary? May not a poem be more comprehensive than we have been used to?"

Then, on the 21st of January 1811, less than three weeks from the time when the first act had been completed, writing from the South-parade in Bath he exultingly announces that the entire tragedy is done, and is unable to suppress the hope he entertains that it may even prove worthy to be acted.

"I have finished *Count Julian* this evening. It cannot be well done, written with such amazing rapidity. In forty hours I have *done* a thousand lines. Little of the original plan is retained, but about three hundred verses are unaltered, or nearly so. When my fingers are fairly well again, I will transcribe the whole for you—that the eye may take in all at a time. I ought to have it acted, as an indemnity for the sleeve of a new coat which it has actually made threadbare. Do not whisper to any one that I have written a tragedy. My name is composed of unlucky letters. But if you know any poor devil who

can be benefited by the gift of one, he may have it—profit, fame, and all; and what is more, if it is not successful, he may say it is mine. At all events, it will have a better chance with him than with me. It would be impossible for me, indeed, to have anything to do with such people as managers and lord chamberlains—though, as the latter is a person of rather more consequence, I may employ him, a few years hence, to empty . . . . I used to believe that I was prodigiously less *absent*, as people call it, than other reading and writing men; and I can hardly bring to my memory an instance of the kind, before the one I am going to mention. I sent for a volume of Racine (having no books) from the library, for the sole purpose of counting what number of verses was the average of a tragedy. I was writing when it came; and I turned over his messieurs and mesdames with a vacant stare, and sent the volume away in a passion without the least idea what had induced me to order an author I dislike so much. Let me however do justice to Racine. I have a reluctance to begin, but if I begin I go on. His great fault is, every tragedy represents the same state of society, of whatever country the characters may be, or in whatever age the event. In a few of our higher feelings this is really the case; but the reasonings and moral sentiments of this poet, and above all the mode of expressing them, may be fairly laid down between the Luxembourg and the Bois de Boulogne."

He had indeed done wonders with *Count Julian*, was Southey's answer ten days later. He had never himself had a quicker run (in sailor's phrase) than twelve hundred lines in a week. But that was nothing to Landor's exploit; "and your manner involves so "much thought (excess of meaning being its fault), "that the same number of lines must cost thrice as "much expense of passion and of the reasoning faculty "to you as they would to me." To see the tragedy as completed he is now all impatience. As to the line of which he had asked an explanation, the meaning had flashed upon him, as he thought it would, ten minutes after the letter was gone, and he be-blockheaded

himself according to his deserts.* As to the notion of putting it on the stage he says, with a manifest ignorance of the art which may in some sort excuse his not less obvious contempt for its workmen and professors: "Of managers I have as great an abhorrence "as you have; but if your play be fitted for repre- "sentation, which is supposing it to have certain vices "that it is not likely to have, and to be without certain "merits which are sure to be found there, means may "be devised of putting it into their hands, in that sort "of cavalier manner which is likely to have more effect "with such fellows than any other conduct." The tragedy, in its complete form, reached Southey with a letter of the date 5th Feb. 1811.

"I have laboured days and nights, without intermission almost, in correcting my tragedy. I send it you transcribed. Keep the copy, for I never shall have another fair enough to print from—if I *do* print. My rapidity in the composition was not quite so great as I led you to imagine. My hours were four or five together, after long walks, in which I brought

* As an illustration not without value of what the keenest perception may here and there find "obscure" in Landor's style, I give, with his friend's comment and explanation, another passage which to Southey had been unintelligible. It is where Opas implores Julian that it should never be his

> "To drag the steady prop from failing age,
> Break the young stem that fondness twines around,
> Widen the solitude of lonely sighs,
> And scatter to the broad bleak wastes of day
> The ruins and the phantoms that replied."

The last two lines being the difficulty, Landor told him thereupon that between them he had written

> "Spectres of bliss and avenues of hope;"

"the meaning being—and destroy all those scenes of privacy and "retirement in which the wretched raise up those illusions which "reply and are correspondent with their distempered imagination." The explanatory line nevertheless has failed to get into the printed copies of the play.

before me the various characters, the very tones of their voices, their forms, complexions, and step. In the daytime I laboured and at night unburdened my mind, shedding many tears. People have laughed at Voltaire for weeping at the representation of his own tragedies. For my own part I believe he never was half so sincere on any other occasion. Through-paced rascal and true Frenchman as he was, here was neither deceit nor affectation."

Not disappointed was Southey in the finished *Count Julian*. After six days he acknowledged it. Too Greek for representation in those days, it was altogether worthy of its author. The thought and feeling frequently condensed in a single line was unlike anything in modern composition. The conclusion too was Greek. He should have known the play to be Landor's if it had fallen in his way without a name. What that *was*, poor Rough's had only tried to be. Never was a character more finely conceived than Julian. The picture of his seizing the horses was the grandest image of power that ever poet produced, and in the very first rank of sublimity.* Nor could he have placed the story in a finer dramatic light. Of course he must print the tragedy. It would not have many more admirers than *Gebir*, but they would be of the same class and cast; and with *Gebir* it would be known hereafter, when all the rubbish of their generation should have been swept away. And what, was asked in conclusion, would he do next? "I cannot reconcile myself to the abandon-" ment of the *Phocæans*, of which the fragments are " so masterly."

This, at the close of February 1811, brings grateful reply from Landor. First he sends several corrections; says there was an embarrassed sentence at the end, to which after vast labour he has given pliability; and pre-

* See ante, p. 278.

sents the last brief scene in an unquestionably improved form, as will be observed by comparison of the version given in these letters with that in the printed play. Then he continues: incidentally remarking on two subjects, Sertorius and Spartacus, from which Southey had been anxious that he should make choice for a poem, unless he should prefer to go on with the *Phocæans:*

"I finished this tragedy only because I thought it disgraceful to have formed so many plans and to have completed none. Indeed, I had some doubt whether I could write a tragedy, a thing which I have always considered as a *desideratum* in modern literature. For the Harpies have left their filth among even the rich feasts in the theatre of Shakespeare, and Otway is an unclean beast. Surely an age that can endure the vile and despicable insipidities of Addison's *Cato* may listen to *Count Julian.* I wish it were possible for me, without a name, to bring it forward. I care not what is omitted in the representation. The plan and characters are well proportioned, which is sure to please people, though they know not why. The events of the first act lead naturally to the last, and every scene is instrumental to the catastrophe. Twice I struck out and replaced the verses, 'O happy days,' &c.* Such feelings and reflections occur in Sophocles and Euripides, but generally in the choruses. I wanted them as a *demi-tint,* to use the expression of another art, to surround and set-off Count Julian. It relieves us from the agonies of the preceding scene, and renders him an object of the most powerful sympathy as well as of the highest admiration. How different from the man who is forced to become the scourge of his country!

"I never could have made the *Phocæans* a good poem. I began in a wrong key for English verse. I had written several hundred lines in Latin, but I threw them into the fire at the bad reception that English volume met with. If I had not, my *Latin* poem of 'Phocæis' would have been the sheet-anchor of my poetical fame, and the labour of this very hour, probably. It would have contained very very little of what is now in the English.

"I admire the character of Sertorius more than any other

* See ante, p. 279–80.

Roman whatsoever; but the Romans are the most anti-picturesque and anti-poetical people in the universe. No good poem ever was or ever will be written about them. The North opens the most stupendous region to genius. What a people were the Icelanders! what divine poets! Even in the clumsy version of William Herbert they strike my imagination and heart differently from others. Except Pindar's, no other odes are so high-toned. I have before me, only in the translation of Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, the ode of Regnor Lodbrog, the corrections of which I remember. What a vile jargon is the French! 'Nous nous sommes battu à coups d'épées'!! There is one passage I delight in. 'Ah, if my sons knew the 'sufferings of their father, &c. &c.—*for I gave a mother to my* 'children from whom they inherit a valiant heart.' Few poets could have expressed this natural and noble sentiment; few are aware that it is the highest of all virtues to choose such a woman as may confer a good form and good dispositions on her progeny."

This striking letter, another proof of the invariable effect of the old Northern fictions on poets and men of genius, was followed after a few days by sundry fillings-up for the last act of *Julian*, to come immediately on the announcement made to the hero of the death of his sons.

"The tragedy is now 1600 lines long—too much I fear; but when I recollect first one thing and then another which I have omitted, I cannot help saying of one or two favourites, 'I have 'thrown a pearl away richer than all its tribe.' But I was afraid of the verses above.* I fancied the tenderness of them was

* The speech is that beautiful one in which, with pathetic yearning to his favourite, called after him, he contrasts the characters of his sons:

"Ermenegild! thou mightest, sure, have lived!
A father's name awoke no dread of thee!
Only thy mother's early bloom was thine!
There dwelt on Julian's brow . . thine was serene . .
The brighten'd clouds of elevated souls,
Fear'd by the most below: those who lookt up
Saw at their season in clear signs advance
Rapturous valour, calm solicitude,

almost equal to what he felt for his daughter. This would have been wrong. I see it plainly, now I can bring the whole into one view, and at some considerable distance from the period of writing it. His feelings were inadequately and improperly expressed before. I made him betray some anger and resentment at the idea that Muza had caused the death of his wife.* Now, the *keeping* is good, and I have only to scrutinise the words and retain the verses, which I do. I have added one touch of vanity and selfishness,† of that hardness which is so frequently superinduced on the female character when the bloom of early fondness is blown off."

On the 12th of March Southey answered. Too Greek for representation as he thought the tragedy to be, he seems nevertheless to have gravely entertained his friend's manifestly eager desire to have it acted. First he remarks upon the changes and interpolations,‡ and in particular says of the speech last sent, upon Julian's sons, that it is "a grand passage—a mixture of the "pathetic and the lofty and the profound, which is "not to be found in any other living writer, and in

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All that impatient youth would press from age,
Or sparing age sigh and detract from youth:
Hence was his fall! my hope! myself! my Julian!"

* See ante, p. 288.

† This is where Egilona, whose heart had softened to Roderigo on hearing of his last humiliation, hardens again at hearing that no word but that of penance had fallen from him:

"If he had only call'd upon my name,
Seeking my pardon ere he lookt to heaven's,
I could have—no! he thought not once on me!"

‡ The reader who compares the last scene as given in Landor's letter at p. 287–8 with the same scene as divided into two in the printed play, will understand what these were; and, besides that named in the text, I may subjoin these:

"the agony
Of an opprest and of a bursting heart
No violence can silence: at its voice
The trumpet is o'erpower'd, and glory mute,
And peace and war . . ."

" very few of those who are immortal;" next he says that "there is nothing in the play so obscure as the " last line and a half will be;" and then he talks of the stage. The chance for it, he shrewdly remarks, would lie in John Kemble's vanity; and he thinks that through Longman, who has some property in Covent-garden, backed by a note from himself, he can at least insure a reading from the actor-manager who would doubtless bring it out if he thought it calculated to display his talents, though as for "understanding the power and " might and majesty that the tragedy manifests," this was not to be expected from a man who, after Shakespeare, could act in such trash as *Cato* and the *Revenge:* the last a play which had so turned his stomach on seeing it nine years ago that he verily believed he should never set foot in a theatre again. But was it, after all, worth trial? Less from its want of pageantry than because of its excellencies, he very much doubted its success; and for himself he did not think he could ever consent to submit to the decision of such a crew as the London dramatic critics a production that had cost him thought and passion, blushes of cheek and throbs of head and quiet tears. However, he was ready to send the play to Kemble, and manage all the correspondence with him; and failing him, he thought he might send it with yet a better chance, through Walter Scott, to the Edinburgh theatre.

Landor promptly replied, after two days' interval, first, that Southey's remark on the last lines of the tragedy* was perfectly just. He might explain them; but as he could explain them in two ways, and was not able to recollect his precise feeling at the moment of

* These remained still as in the first draft, ante, p. 288.

writing them, it was proper they should be altered. He would now say

> "I will endure thee! I have seen again
> My natal land, and cover'd it with woe!
> What can I not, what should I not, endure!"

That idea, he thinks, would open a new source of pathos. Then, as to the stage, he makes an interesting and noteworthy comment. Not until a quarter of a century later, the reader at all conversant with such matters will remember, this disgrace of the lobbies was wiped out by Mr. Macready, the last of the really great actors of our generation.

"Kemble may be tried. It really does appear to me, on recollection, that Count Julian is a character suited to him; but I have seen very little of Kemble. You would hardly imagine it, I have not seen a play acted a dozen times in my life. I am not remarkably pure or chaste; but to hear generous and pathetic sentiments and to behold glorious and grand actions amidst the vulgar hard-hearted language of prostitutes and lobby-loungers, not only takes away all my pleasure by the evident contrast, but seizes me with the most painful and insuperable disgust. Added to which, I cannot restrain my tears, sometimes at even an indifferent piece. It is curious that we should be more anxious to conceal our best passions than our worst. Our pity and love are profaned by the most casual glance; but one would imagine our hatred and vengeance were pro bono publico. I think now of the public taste precisely as I did when I wrote the first preface to *Gebir*. That preface would not serve for a second edition. It was the language of a man who had not tried the public, and who threw down the full measure of his expectations. If *Count Julian* is endured, it will be because it is different from anything of the day, and not from any excellence. If Kemble will not act it, I would not submit it to inferior actors."

Thereupon, writing early in May 1811, Southey told Landor he was going up to London, and would carry with him the tragedy for Kemble. He ought to jump

at it if he knew what was really excellent in dramatic composition; but Southey did not expect that from him, and Landor might rely at least on the man's being made to understand that no favour was solicited, the obligation being quite as much on the Kemble part as on theirs. But at this point Landor seems suddenly to have gathered from Southey's tone, what he ought clearly to have discovered much earlier, how vain was any hope from that quarter; and the eagerness so suddenly expressed for the stage was now just as hastily withdrawn. "*Count Julian* shall never lie at the feet of Kemble. "It must not be offered for representation. I will "print it, and immediately. Give me your advice how "this is to be done."

Southey's advice was ready, though hardly what Landor meant by his question. "Print the tragedy in "a volume," he wrote early in June, "with boarded "covers, not as a pamphlet to be dog-leaved." Scott also, he told him, was writing on Roderigo; and if the old Goth ever got any literary news in the other world, it would surprise him to hear what work he had made for the poets of the nineteenth century!*

While yet however that letter was on its way, Landor had written three or four more to his friend, each with its changes, interpolations, additions, or suggestions. Whether to admit the fresh lines that rise to his mind he is frequently doubtful; and the doubt mostly ends in exclusion. But some there are that haunt him, so that he cannot decide; and two or three, apparently unimportant, it had cost him a day each on an average

* Writing to Scott in 1812, to thank him for his *Vision of Don Roderick*, Southey tells him: "I have a tragedy of Landor's in my "desk, of which Count Julian is the hero: it contains some of the "finest touches, both of passion and poetry, that I have ever seen."

to alter. The second scene of the third act he had found it necessary to enlarge; and instead of officers without names he had introduced Osma and Ramiro. By augmenting the same scene he had given time for the return of Sisabert and Opas, as well as reason and opportunity for the departure of Ramiro and Osma, to whose characters he had moreover given size enough for some discriminating touches. "I have made," he adds, "many improvements;" and he instances some new lines descriptive of Egilona.* Southey would observe also that he had slightly altered the last line. Does he now like it better?

"No, not yet, not quite," Southey at once replied. Those concluding lines were not yet what they should be; nor would Landor have asked for a further judgment if they had been. "All bad poets admire all that they "write. A true one never suspects a passage of his "own to be imperfect without cause. His suspicions "are of the nature of conscience." But the passage he had sent descriptive of Egilona was indeed perfectly Landorean! "It has a character of sublimity wholly "your own, and of that kind which has set the seal of "immortality on *Gebir*." Not welcomer to the thirsty grass the summer dews and rains, than to Southey's friend his ever noble, unstinting, unmisgiving praise; and with fresh heart he labours on, adding, transcribing, strengthening everywhere.

"I have had enough trouble in the transcribing: I will have no more. The conclusion never pleased me, and I shall pass a few hours agreeably enough in bringing it nearer to my mind."

He had sealed his letter, but opens it again to send

* See ante, p. 277–8. The introduced lines are those beginning "Negligent as the blossoms of the field" to the close.

the fresh closing lines, which he thinks have something of a moral—a thing most critics want.

> "I will endure thee,—I, whom heaven ordained
> Thus to have served beneath my enemies,
> Their conqueror, thus to have revisited
> My native land with vengeance and with woe."

Still this does not satisfy him; and the letter containing it had hardly been dispatched when another took to Southey the additional lines as they now stand.

"I have added some lines for the conclusion, more dramatic according to modern notions, containing one stroke more of Julian's character. He *orders* the guards of Muza to follow him. It was requisite that even Muza, at the last, should acknowledge his superiority.

> 'Henceforward shall she recognise her sons
> Impatient of oppression or disgrace,
> And rescue them or perish. Let her hold
> This compact, written with her blood and mine.
> Now follow me . . but [*turning round, as he goes out, to Muza*] tremble!
> Years shall roll
> And wars rage on, and Spain at last be free.'

"I wrote also for my last scene, immediately on reading your letter, after some repressions, these lines:

> 'Justice, who came not up to us through life,
> Loves to survey our likeness on our tombs,
> When rivalry, malevolence, and wrath,
> And every passion that once storm'd around,
> Is calm alike without them and within.'"

That letter was written in the middle of June; when already, after a fashion his friend had not dreamt of, he had been acting on Southey's suggestion about the printing of the play. The result was described in a letter from Llanthony on the 25th June 1811; and a more characteristic one does not appear in the series.

"I sent *Count Julian* to your bookseller Mr. Longman, and gave him to understand, though not in so many words, as people

say, that you thought not unfavourably of it. I would have been glad to have given it up to him for half-a-dozen copies: not that I have half-a-dozen friends who know anything of poetry, or indeed so many of any kind; but I wanted half-a-dozen to give to people who have been civil to me. This would not do. I then proposed to print it at my own expense. This also failed. They would have nothing to do with it. We have lately had cold weather here, and fires. On receiving the last letter of Mr. Longman to this purport, I committed to the flames my tragedy of *Ferranti and Giulio*, with which I intended to surprise you, and am resolved that never verse of mine hereafter shall be committed to anything else. My literary career has been a very curious one. You cannot imagine how I feel relieved at laying down its burden and abandoning this tissue of humiliations. I fancied I had at last acquired the right tone of tragedy, and was treading down at heel the shoes of Alfieri."

At all this Southey is overwhelmed with grief. Why such a man as his friend, certain as he must be of the sterling value of his poems, should care either for good or evil report of them, was utterly unaccountable to Southey. He looked upon *Gebir* as he did upon Dante's long poem in the Italian, "not as a good poem, " but as containing the finest poetry in the language;" so it was with *Julian;* and so no doubt it was with the play he had so provokingly destroyed. Could he only have known that Landor thought of offering *Count Julian* to Longman, a word from himself would have prevented all that irreparable mischief!

" The people at that house know nothing about books except in the mere detail of trade; and the only thing which they would think of was, that single plays did not sell unless they were represented. And because these Paternoster-row men have acted in the spirit of their vocation, you have burnt a play which doubtless contained as much pure ore as *Julian*, and which would have lived as long as the language. Zounds! I could swear almost as vehemently at you as at them!"

This was written from London; in the interval be-

fore returning to Keswick, Southey and his wife visited Landor at Llanthony; and September was the date of Landor's next letter. He talks of the favourable weather, and what it is doing for the land. "After all this, if I "talk of my tragedy, I shall remind you of the lottery-"men in the newspapers. The weather has most cer-"tainly made several verses grow up in several places, "and occasioned me to prune some of the rankest "parts." He speaks of portions recovered from his holocaust of *Ferranti and Giulio;* and closes by saying that if Southey could tell him of any bookseller who would print *Count Julian* without giving him any more trouble than might arise from correcting the sheets, he should be very much obliged.

When that letter arrived at Keswick, Southey tells him on the 10th of October, both the Latin and English *Gebirs* were on his table. He had been putting them into the hands of Doctor Gooch, then on a visit to him; which was sufficiently expressing his opinion of Gooch, as it was a maxim with him never, except in the unavoidable way of publication, to throw pearls before swine. The doctor had left that afternoon, and the last word spoken by him at parting was an entreaty to himself to entreat Landor to write another poem. He winds up by saying that he had written by the same post to Murray, the publisher of the *Quarterly*, in order that no time might be lost about the tragedy. The result was declared in a note dated nine days later.

"Send *Count Julian* as soon as you please to Mr. Murray, Fleet-street, and he will be your publisher. I told him that I should recommend it to you to print only 250 copies, because the play would be highly admired by the few, but probably not popular; being too good for the many. In the latter part of this opinion I may be mistaken; so much the better: in the first I cannot."

Landor acted on this suggestion at once; and in his next letter, at the opening of 1812, he is in the midst of proofs and printing. He forgets whether he had mentioned to Southey that after some deliberation he rejected the name of Florinda as that of Julian's outraged daughter.

"It is absolutely worse than Amanda or Musidora. I am certain that in the time of the Goths there never was so finical a perversion of a Roman name. I have substituted Covilla. It is said that the city so named was called so from La Cava; which, by the way, was a designation given after her death. If Covilla was named so after the daughter of Count Julian, that probably was her very name, without any change or derivation. I have said something of this kind in a short preface.

"Mr. Murray wrote me a very civil letter indeed. He prints the thing in the same manner as *Gebir*. I have added another fifty to the number of copies, wishing to give so many to the poor fellow who desired to print that poem, and suffered for his temerity. I believe he sold a hundred or two, but he printed five. I receive a sheet every week. At present only the first has reached me, but I expect another on Monday. Of course it will not appear in a shorter time than two months after this. If you have leisure to read it again, you will find that I have polished it somewhat. I have reflected more on it than on *Gebir*, and my critics will be very angry that they cannot find so many faults in it. I am surprised that Upham has not sent me Mr. Scott's poem yet. However, I am not sorry. I feel a sort of satisfaction that mine is gone to the press first, though there is little danger that we should think on any subject alike, or stumble on any one character in the same track."

Early in February 1812, Southey received the printed *Count Julian;* and most fitly shall I close these curious critical passages by giving the substance of his manly letter. It was a work, as he believed, *sui generis*. No drama to which it could be compared had ever yet been written; and none ever would be, except it were by the same hand. Landor was the only poet whom it seemed to Southey impossible to imitate. Milton's lan-

guage and structure, Shakespeare's phraseology, though attempted by men immeasurably inferior, might yet be so resembled as infallibly to remind of the prototype; but in *Gebir*, and still more in *Count Julian*, the manner was no more separable from the matter than the colour from the rainbow. The form seemed incapable of subsisting without the spirit. And therefore never had he regretted anything so much as the play which Landor lately destroyed—except the lost books of the *Faery Queen;* and for them he had never grieved to the same extent, because the evil was too long past to be a vexation as well as a loss.

Some of the finest passages as printed he found to be new. He spoke of the picture of the Spaniards at the opening, and of various passages with a marked local colouring in them,* as evincing of what importance it was for a poet to have witnessed his own scenery. He singled out the description of Julian by Hernando, and the image of the eagle, as to his feeling in the very highest degree of sublimity. The concluding scenes, he also thought, were greatly improved.

What then would be the reception of this drama? With the Athenians for its audience, Southey could have told the author. But being what they were, and living in an age when public criticism upon works of fine literature was "at the very point of pessimism," he could only guess that it would pass silently; that a few persons would admire it with all their hearts, and all their soul, and all their strength; but that envy and her companions in the Litany would not hear enough to induce them to blow their trumpets, and even abuse it into notoriety.

And thus, by a hand skilful as generous, was the

* The reader will find these, ante, pp. 227, 273-4, 276, &c.

horoscope of *Count Julian* cast, and its fate exactly prefigured!

VIII. In Possession of the Abbey.

Between Landor's return from Spain and his completion of *Count Julian* three years had passed, and personal incidents now calling for mention had occurred in the interval.

The Staffordshire estate, which had been so long in his family, and which alone became absolutely his by his father's death (the Warwickshire estates of Ipsley-court and Tachbrooke not descending to him until the death of his mother), fell short in value of a thousand a year, and went but an inconsiderable way to the purchase of an estate with an estimated annual rental of more than three thousand. But after the failure of Loweswater and its lake he had set his heart on Llanthony and its abbey, and everything had to give way to his overpowering desire to possess it. In the end his mother consented to sell Tachbrooke, the smaller of her two estates, to enable him to buy Llanthony, on condition of a life settlement upon her from the latter of four hundred and fifty pounds a year. What she thus gave her eldest son was the difference between that amount and the sum of twenty thousand pounds, for which Tachbrooke sold; but she imposed only the further condition that the advowson of Colton should be surrendered to his brother Charles, to whom he had already presented that family living. An act of Parliament and the consent of all the brothers were required to give effect to these arrangements; the settlement being the same as that of his mother's estates, upon Landor for life with remainder to his issue and that

of his brothers successively in tail male. The act was also to enable additional sums to be raised upon the new purchase for improvements and to pay off mortgages, and it gave to the tenants in possession power to charge the estate with marriage jointures of not more than five hundred a year.

The letter of January 1809, in which he told Southey that he had a private bill coming on before Parliament, replied likewise to an invitation from his friend to go to the Lakes, giving him the additional startling information that since affairs had been going on so badly in Spain he had again offered his services, and that if he went, there was little chance he should ever again see Derwentwater, or, what was next in beauty and he hoped to have called his own, Loweswater. But that he was *not* going, all the rest of the letter showed pretty clearly. "I wish I had settled in your country. I could live "without Bath. As to London, its bricks and tiles and "trade and fogs make it odious and intolerable. I am "about to do, whether I live or die, what no man hath "ever done in England, to plant a wood of cedar of "Lebanon. These trees will look magnificent on the "mountains of Llanthony unmixt with others; and per-"haps there is not a spot on the earth where eight or "ten thousand are to be seen together." He proposed to be in London shortly, and should lose all abhorrence of travelling if he could but hope that they should meet.

No sooner did Southey get this news of the parliamentary bill than he was all eagerness to introduce his friend to his older friend Rickman, clerk to Parliament, praised by everybody, and whom Charles Lamb thought to be the most perfect man, up to anything, down to everything, fullest of matter with the least verbosity, that he had ever known. He would manage all the house-

of-commons part of the bill. To him Southey wrote accordingly, with no misgiving that he should raise too high his expectation of the friend he had to introduce. In seeing him, he said, Rickman would see one of the most extraordinary men that it had ever been his fortune to fall in with, and who would be one of the greatest if it were possible to tame him. "He does more than any "of the gods of all my mythologies, for his very words "are thunder and lightning, such is the power and "the splendour with which they burst out. But all is "perfectly natural; there is no trick about him, no "preaching, no parade, no playing off." Of Rickman at the same time he wrote to Landor, that he was a man to whom he owed hardly less than to himself in the way of mental obligation; for it was not more true that he had learnt how to see for the purposes of poetry from Landor than that he had learnt how to read for the purposes of history from Rickman.

I doubt however if these two worthies ever saw each other. Everything preliminary to the bill had to be done exclusively in the upper house, and Landor failed to find Rickman, though he attempted it twice. "My "brother, who manages my affairs, saw him, but I did "not; nor could I have enjoyed his conversation if I had, "for London, as usual, gave me a fever and cough." Southey had explained his own inability to be in London at the time by a promise made to visit Walter Scott in Edinburgh; and Landor tells him in this letter to be sure and see Professor Young. "He is an admirable "scholar; but his version of Tyrtæus is as bad as it "ought to be. I met him at Harrogate, and he showed "me great civility." Unhappily the loss of one of his children prevented Southey's Edinburgh visit, and was thus referred to in Landor's next letter:

"I fancied you were in Scotland, and my mind was often occupied on the accessions you had been procuring to your fame and happiness. If I moralise or reflect on these events, it disinclines me from speaking and from writing; not from an excess of sorrow or depression of spirits, so much as from inertness and torpor, and that flatness of soul lying abject at the foot of fatalism."

He had other matters equally troubling him at the same date. Though hardly yet in complete possession of the abbey, his "uninterrupted series of vexations and "disappointments in connection with it" had already begun. Not only his Welsh neighbours had been doing him some mischief, but one of his own servants had cut down about sixty fine trees, lopping others; and this, which he considered as the greatest of all earthly calamities, as he told Southey in a letter from Bath, had confined him to the house several days. "We recover "from illness, we build palaces, we retain or change "the features of the earth at pleasure—excepting that "only! The whole of human life can never replace "one bough." But it is time that I should now, however briefly, describe the place which was to be the source to him of so many anxieties, and whose acquisition cost him so much more than was justified or repaid by any happiness it yielded him.

A letter to me nearly thirty years ago thus whimsically referred to it. "Llanthony is a noble estate: it "produces everything but herbage, corn, and money. "My son, however, may perhaps make something of "it; for it is about eight miles long, and I planted a "million of trees on it more than thirty years ago. I "lived there little more than eight months altogether, "and built a house to pull it down again. Invent a hero, "if you can, who has performed such exploits." Here was

an instance of my old friend setting down as the thing he did the thing he only intended to do; for his million of trees fell considerably short in the reality of perhaps a tenth of the number at which his fancy reckoned them. Such as they were however, his plantations have been the most profitable part of the estate; which might in other points also have deserved as little the irony applied to it, if its capabilities even to the same extent had been seen and used. Very far from ill laid out would have been the whole seventy or eighty thousand pounds drawn into it, if they had but been expended with competent skill and prudent management.

I saw it lately. From Abergavenny I posted along those eight miles of hill and vale which belong still to Landor's son, the mountains on either side becoming more steep, and the valley more rich and picturesque, as, twining round and round the circuitous approach, Llanthony comes in view. Less of corn than pasture there is of course, and much of unreclaimed and mountain waste; but I saw also, through the whole extent of valley that we passed, abundance of fair meadow land, farms to all appearance under good cultivation, and sheep feeding on the slopes that even the famous breeds which Landor boasted to have brought over from Spain could hardly have excelled. At almost the farthest corner of the northern angle of Monmouthshire, into which the estate projects itself, stands what is left of the abbey from which it takes its name; and it would not be easy to find in any part of Britain a ruin amid nobler surroundings.

It is at the base of an amphitheatre of lofty hills, forming part of the chain of the Black Mountains, through which runs the rich deep vale of Ewyas. Dray-

ton has described the place in that good old book the *Polyolbion*, which Charles Lamb himself could hardly have liked better than Landor did:

> "'Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds are crown'd,
> The valley Ewyas lies, immur'd so deep and round,
> As they below that see the mountains rise so high
> Might think the straggling herds were grazing in the sky:
> Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,
> As nature at the first appointed it for pray'r:"

—and that still is the impression it gives. As it may have been two hundred or twelve hundred years ago, as when the old poet saw it or when the uncle of king Arthur is fabled to have chosen it for his retreat, it strikes the visitor now. I saw it in the later days of autumn; but the gaiety of summer would not have been so suited to the scene. Beautiful as the principal portion of the ruin is, the sense of beauty is not the feeling it first awakens. All that instantly attracts and fascinates the eye in the lovely and light picturesqueness of Tintern is absent from Llanthony. But deeper thoughts connect themselves with the solid simplicity of its gray massive towers, and the severely solemn aspect of its ruined church, taking from nature no ornament other than that worn by the hills around, majestic and bare as they, and even in ruin seeming as eternal. A place to meditate or pray in; but not, one cannot but instinctively feel in looking at it, to carouse or build a house in.

What is yet standing of the house once attempted to be built there, something less than half a mile up the slope at the back of the abbey, is nearly all that is left upon the spot to point the moral of the story I am to tell. Of the million trees that were to have enriched the estate but a small tithe are visible in the plantations now. The bridge built over the river Hondy that crosses the

valley was swept away by floods. The praiseworthy design of restoring the magnificent centre-nave, for which many Saxon and Norman stones were taken down and numbered, added only fresh fragments to the ruin. The road that was to connect the abbey with the mansion has all but passed away without a trace. But in three high ragged walls, open to the sky and when I saw them enclosing a haystack, and in some ruined but not yet unroofed stables and cellars, built on the very edge of a mountain stream that rushes swiftly past into the valley, what had once been an inhabited dwelling presents itself still. And the visitor who doubts the wisdom of building in such a scene at all has his wonder infinitely raised at the spot selected for the mansion.

Fifty-six years ago appeared the well-known *Beauties of England and Wales*, in which Landor is stated to have become recently proprietor of the abbey, and is reproached for indifference to its artificial beauties by having "directed many alterations to be made in the "ruins, and fitted up some parts for habitation." This however is not just. Landor's only wish was to restore; and it was not his act, but that of his predecessor, to build among the ruins. In March 1809, a year before that book was published, he was thus writing to Southey: "I am about to remove an immense "mass of building which Colonel Wood erected against "the abbey, and with which he has shamefully dis-"figured the ruins. I would live on bread and water "three years to undo what he has done, and three more "to repair what he has wasted. It is some consolation "to have the idea of receiving you in Monmouthshire "next season. I will soon have something of a cottage "built, and will send down a whole teacaddyful of

"books." The something of a cottage was the unfortunate mansion; but it rose from the earth so slowly and amid so many troubles and vexations, that he was fain from time to time to add to his temporary abode in the southern tower originally fitted up by Colonel Wood as a shooting-box, and which these additions enabled him to make his home for the most part of the time he lived at Llanthony. That home is now the Llanthony Abbey tavern, the bailiff of the property being landlord; and its condition at this day is proof that Landor's makeshifts "sixty years since" were not contemptible. Part of the old abbot's lodgings are adjacent, the arched refectory now serving for cellar to a spacious antique kitchen at the base of the tower; and there is also part of the old building in separate use as a farm, which then was available for domestic offices. Altogether, when the pictures had been placed and the teacaddy of books emptied, it was no bad temporary dwelling for the new lord of Llanthony.

Nor were the objects proposed by him in taking possession of his new estate other than the worthiest, and such as he might fairly have hoped to accomplish. He was bent upon restoring and civilising on every side of him: the mountain wastes, the church and abbey ruins, the shocking impassable roads, the ignorant barbarous people. The extent to which he failed will appear as the little story unfolds itself, and some of the reasons why: but it is right to say at once that he really entertained such designs. Unhappily he found the stubborn and evil qualities of the Welsh in his neighbourhood to be greatly in excess of his expectation; and what most repelled him from his self-chosen task was what should most have impressed him with its supreme necessity. Objecting a few years later to the phrase that the

vulgar have their prejudices, he said that the prejudices belong not to them but to those who ought to remove them if they have any; and the same remark applies equally to other accompaniments of humanity in its more abased and neglected forms, which will ever remain ill-intentioned till we have given it other intention by some kind of cherishing and care.

Landor's earliest correspondence about Llanthony was with the bishop of the diocese, Burgess of St. Davids, afterwards translated to Salisbury. A part of the estate was the living of Cwmyoy, of which the parish church is five miles from the abbey on the Abergavenny road; its chapel of ease, in which there is regular afternoon service still, being the old church within the abbey enclosure: a structure which by its rudeness as much startled me at my visit the other day, as it seems, when first seen, to have surprised and dissatisfied the new lord of the estate. He at once put before the bishop a proposal to restore what he believed to have been the original church, and to apply to more becoming use the materials of the existing chapel. His letter had been six weeks unanswered when he wrote again; and one would like to have seen the bishop as he read this second letter.

"Several weeks ago I thought it my duty to address a letter to your lordship on some alterations it is expedient to make in the chapel of Llanthony. I wished to restore to its former state and uses an edifice which I believe to have been the original chapel, no less from its internal and external structure than from the field in which it is situated being called the Chapel-field. The ruinous place which receives the few people who attend divine service in the summer months was not originally built for any such purpose; and your lordship is best able to judge, or to discover, whether it ever has been consecrated. If it has, it is the only instance of an ancient chapel in which I ever saw a chimney. It is under the same roof with

oxstalls, and surrounded by a farmyard. My intention is to remove instantaneously the buildings on which it leans; and it declines so greatly from the perpendicular that its fall is certain. I had hoped for permission to construct from the materials a school and a receptacle for the poor. I have conversed with the lower ranks of more than one nation in Europe, and last of all with those who have generally been considered the most superstitious and the most barbarous. But if drunkenness, idleness, mischief, and revenge are the principal characteristics of the savage state, what nation, I will not say in Europe, but in the world, is so singularly tattooed with them as the Welsh? Had I never known how to appreciate the sacrifice your lordship makes, voluntarily and silently and alone, turning away your eyes from the most perfect models of the most polished ages on a country which at no period of its history hath produced one illustrious character, most certainly I should not have requested your assistance in forwarding its interests. God alone is great enough for me to ask anything of twice. I wished to repair some monuments of antiquity, and to rescue some others from the injuries of time. We have beheld without attention a strange phenomenon. While Scotland and Ireland have been producing in every generation historians, philosophers, and poets, the wretched Welsh repeat their idle legends from first to second childhood, bring forward a thousand attestations to the existence of witches and fairies, boast of their illustrious ancestors and of the bards more illustrious who have recorded them, and convert the tomb of Taliessin into a gate-post."

To this the bishop was prompt in his reply, wisely avoiding the Celtic question introduced so explosively, and confining himself as strictly to the first letter as if but a jog-trot reminder had reached him with the second.

"Abergwilly, Oct. 9, 1809. Sir, I am very sorry that your letter of the 13th of August has lain by me so long unanswered. My only apology is the true one, that it has been overwhelmed in an accumulation of daily correspondence. I was much interested in the subject of your letter, and in the liberality of your offer to exonerate the parish from all charges in the improvement which you suggest, by the removal of Llanthony chapel.

I should be very glad if my consent would be sufficient for enabling you to do what you think would be serviceable to the parish, as well as convenient to yourself. But I believe an act of parliament would be necessary for the removal of a place of public worship. Of this, however, you are probably aware. I shall have it in my power very shortly to inform myself of everything that concerns your request and my consent, when you shall hear from me again. I am, sir, your obedient servant, T. St. Davids."

The promise was kept within a month; the bishop writing again on the 8th of November to tell Landor that, having had the opportunity of inquiring into the state of Llanthony church, and the advantages of the proposal for its renewal, he had no hesitation in giving his assent to it; but that an act of parliament also would be necessary. To which Landor replied on the 15th from Clifton; first remarking very drily that as he had recently been obliged to adopt such a measure to effect the settlement of some estates, he should be slow to renew his efforts in that quarter; and next proceeding to submit some points for episcopal consideration which the bishop found probably harder to digest than even the Celtic onslaught had been.

"Although the chapel might be better, I dare not replace it when we must be exposed ad millia quindecim et ducentos. When I first addressed your lordship on the subject, I had a precedent in view obscurely. Mr. Chetwynd, of Ingestre, had permission from the Archbishop of Canterbury to take down the parish church and build another. Plott mentions it in his *History of Staffordshire*. This event has been impressed on my memory from another cause. The church is dedicated Deo Opt: Max: although Voltaire has asserted that he was the first and only man who had ever dedicated a church to God. I should not have ventured so far, in reply to your lordship's condescension, if I had been aware that parliament had ever taken away or lessened this power in the bishop or the primate."

The bishop made no reply, and here ended Landor's first and last effort as a church-restorer. But a Conservative in church affairs he always called himself, soberly as well as jocosely; and when proposing, some thirty years later, to cut down bishops' incomes and add a trifle to the stipends of curates, he published his letters under that title;* which, in this particular transaction of Llanthony church, let us confess that he deserved perhaps better than his right reverend correspondent did.

Six months earlier than his first letter to the bishop he had been writing of the Welsh to Southey in much the same strain, and the letter will tell us also how slowly things were getting into shape at Llanthony. He writes from Bath, and has been sending a message to his friend's uncle, who had a parsonage on the borders of the Wye.

"Happily on the borders of the Wye the people are more civilised than about me. They are more active, and activity will not permit the lurking and loose indulgence of malignity and revenge. My people are idle and drunken. Idleness gives them time, and drunkenness gives them spirit, for mischief.

* *The Letters of a Conservative* (1836). I quote from the third letter. "I had three church livings in my gift, one very considerable (about a thousand a year), and two smaller, which are still in my gift. It may therefore be conceived that I am not quite indifferent to what may befall the church. These things it is requisite to mention, now I deem it proper to appear not generically as a Conservative, but personally." A sentence or two from the second letter are also worth giving. "I never had a quarrel or disagreement with any clergyman on any occasion. I owe my education, such as it is, to virtuous men of that profession. Two of them are dead, whom I remember with love and reverence; the gentle and saintly Benwell, my private tutor at Oxford, and the good old fatherly Langley, who received me previously. The patient instructor and the gentlemanly scholar, Doctor Sleath, of Saint Paul's, will accept the gratitude, while he discountenances the politicks, of his unruly pupil at Rugby."

I hope before the close, not of the next but of the succeeding summer, to have one room to sit and converse in, with two or three bedrooms. The bad weather has endangered both what is ruined and what is repaired. As these repairs are to be annihilated by me, I grieve the less; but if the stones are thrown down, they will be broken, and much time will be consumed in working more."

In the succeeding summer he wrote from Llanthony itself, not uncomfortably lodged in the southern tower, and eager to have a visit from his friend. Direful and never ceasing had been his troubles. His new house, not half finished, had cost him already two thousand pounds. Upon his estate, of which he had not been in possession three years, he had expended in labour eight thousand pounds. Yet the people who chiefly had benefited by this outlay treated him as their greatest enemy. The picture is not a cheerful one, but would probably have been not less true if its tints had been somewhat softened.

"While I was in Spain more injury was done to the abbey than I think it possible to repair, though I would live on a hundred a year for the remainder of my life to do it. In architects I have passed from a great scoundrel to a greater, a thing I thought impossible; and have been a whole year in making a farm-house habitable. It is not half finished, and has cost already two thousand pounds. I think seriously of filling it with chips and straw and setting fire to it. Never was anything half so ugly, though there is not a brick or tile throughout. Again and again I lament I was disappointed in my attempt to fix in your delightful country. The earth contains no race of human beings so totally vile and worthless as the Welsh. I doubt whether they will allow me to make improvements, I am certain they will not allow me to enjoy them. I have expended in labour, within three years, eight thousand pounds amongst them, and yet they treat me as their greatest enemy. Nevertheless, when I see the spherical head of a Welshman, I am indebted to him for a perfect view of Loweswater.

My mind glances from him, as the point of a sword from a block of stone, and I lose my aversion in my regret."

[The letter is finished at "Crickhowel" on "Monday morning."]

"So far I had written on Friday night. On Saturday I went to Ragland, and yesterday came hither. I am dismissing one half of my workmen; and by superintending the remainder I shall certainly find πλέον ἥμισυ παντός. When I had the happiness of meeting you in Bristol, you mentioned your design of coming into Monmouthshire this summer. I hope nothing will hinder it. Before two months have passed I can give you a comfortable bed. I have two small rooms finished, and my kitchen will be completed in six weeks. If you go soon to your uncle's, I will send you some melons. If he is fond of them, I will send him some more. Let me hear if you are not too busy, for I would wish him to remember me; though sending him melons is like twitching him by the coat to make him look back at me. When the weather is bad and unhealthy, as we have had it lately, I think of your little family; when it is fine I think of you and the mountains and lakes. Adieu. Let me add, for a little while."

The visit was not paid till the summer following; and soon after the date of that letter he left Llanthony. Worth subjoining are some remarks of his written just before he left to a friend (Miss Holford) who had sent him a printed reply to one of the sneering attacks on Wordsworth of which there was no lack in those days.

"I am not surprised that the criticism stands higher in your estimation than in mine. It is evidently the composition of a zealous and indignant friend. The poems, in my opinion, are far above the necessity of any such defence. The attack was not only weak but wicked. *Weak*, because a man of genius must know, and common minds alone can be ignorant, what breadth of philosophy, what energy and intensity of thought, what insight into the heart, and what observation of nature, are requisite for the production of such poetry. *Wicked*, to behold such signal gifts not merely with disrespect, but with irreverence and malice. I am sorry to say it, there is as great a

difference between our commendations and our censures as there is between a riding-school and a race-course, both in respect to latitude and animation. Still, indignation is not only the offspring but the parent of injustice, as regularly as the John Joneses in my parish are fathers and children of J. Joneses with a Jones ap John between. I will show it to be the case in this criticism on Mr. Wordsworth, where there is often an outcry preceded by no wound, and a sarcasm accompanied by no wit. The charm of irony is always broken at the very first glance of anger. No writer ever wrote more violently than Swift, yet he had the just caution and genuine taste to keep his irony at all times separate from any such expressions. This, added to a closeness of argument and a compactness of style, was indeed his principal excellence. He never attempted to round his sentences by redundant words, aware that from the simplest and the fewest arise the secret springs of genuine harmony."

* *

And because he would himself have liked that a particular letter should be printed that did not reach till he had quitted Llanthony, from which it followed him, I here subjoin it. During this year Doctor Parr had lost in rapid succession his wife, his grand-daughter, and his eldest daughter (Sarah, married to Mr. Wynne);* Landor

* Put up with the same letter I find two others, dated respectively the 15th and 24th November 1805, having reference to his younger daughter Catherine's death, really touching. I find also, under date of 21st June 1808, a reply from Parr to Landor's disavowal of a satirical attack that seems to have made some noise in Warwick. "To "my learned, ingenious, high-spirited, sound-hearted friend, Walter "Landor, greeting. I had not even heard of the poem you men- "tion; and if it contain any abuse of me, I should instantly have "pronounced it impossible for such abuse to flow from your pen. "My excellent and dear friend, how could you give yourself the "trouble of defending yourself to me against a Warwick rumour; "or for one moment suppose me so completely sottish as to believe "such an imputation against Walter Landor." Some light is thrown on what the squib was, and on the general prevalence of the rumour that rendered necessary Landor's disavowal, by the subjoined allusion in one of his sister Elizabeth's letters of the 10th of June 1808: "A little poem entitled *Guy's Porridge-pot* has been much talked

had been eager to offer sympathy to his grieving friend; and here is the old man's acknowledgment, dated in August 1810. It is curiously characteristic of him. One can hardly read it with gravity, yet it would be grossly unjust to treat it with disrespect. Grandiose and attitudinising as it is, it is yet the expression of a genuine sorrow, for his daughter's death had struck him heavily.

"DEAR WALTER LANDOR, Many and wise and affectionate are the letters which I have received from my friends, wishing to console me under the severe afflictions which with a rapidity almost unexampled have lately fallen upon me. But in candour of feeling, in grandeur of topics, in energy of language, they are far, very far surpassed by the letter which you wrote to me on the last and the heaviest of the calamities which I am doomed to suffer. Walter, I shall cherish and preserve it as a noble monument of your eloquence, your sensibility, and your friendship. My religious principles, Walter, are deep and most sincere. They are sufficient, I believe, to support me, even in this season of sorrow. I have yet remaining friends whom I love and honour. I have many duties to discharge for the good of my fellow-creatures. I resign myself to the unsearchable but righteous dispensations of my Maker; and I will endeavour so to act that death succeeded by judgment may be a pure and perpetual source of the most salutary and animating reflection. I am going on a ramble into Shropshire, and pray write to me, at Rev. Mr. Butler's, Shrewsbury. I in-

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" of here: it is printed by Slatter and Munday, and sent here to " Perry's, who on reading sent it back again, as they feared to offend " their neighbours by selling it. You are supposed to be the author, " as Mrs. Perry told Ellen with some half-hour's circumlocution; and " she affirmed it to be the comicallest book she ever read. It could " not be written by other people hereabout because it was far too " clever for them. It laughs at most of the people who go to Doctor " Parr's, some it treats tenderly, some it roasts terribly; whilst the " Doctor himself fills the foreground of the picture, with all his good " and many of his ridiculous qualities about him. Yet though it " professes to bring in all who surround the Doctor, it never mentions your name." Landor nevertheless was not the author.

tend some time or other to go into Devonshire. I shall reside next in Bath, and I will so make my arrangements as to have the comfort of your society. Write to me, and come to me when you come to Warwick. Again and again your letter recurs to me, and refreshes me. Let us cultivate friendship while we continue in this world, and cherish the hope of meeting in another and a better state, where the pangs of separation will be felt no more. I pray God to bless you, and am most sincerely, dear Walter, your friend, S. PARR. When you have nothing else, or nothing better to do, recall to your mind the image of my dear Sarah, and employ your mighty genius in describing what you think of her deserts and her virtues. July 31, 1810."

From Bath, to which that letter was re-directed, he continued to report to Southey of his buildings and plantings at the abbey; and this was the winter when he began *Count Julian* in the concert-room.

"In reading your *History of Brazil* I envied those who possessed the seeds of the pine, and wish Sir Home Popham had brought a few to England. I am convinced that in time the prophecy in Virgil's Pollio will not be far from verified: Omnis fert omnia tellus. All resinous woods, I think, are better adapted to cold climates than to hot, because, if insects puncture them while young, or any violence is done to them in later periods, the gum exudes from them and kills them. This cannot be so excessive in a colder and more astringent climate. I fancy I am acting wisely in ordering *ash* to be planted on the highest ground, because ash is more flexible and more tough than fir; added to which, by losing its leaves, it does not present so compact a body to the wintry winds."

Still his planting did not thrive; his cedar-groves were like the groves of romance; and he saw the million trees with which he had indulged his fancy daily dwindle and decay. He began by buying two thousand cones, calculating a hundred seeds for each, and believing that such had really been the product; "but, "alas! the rains and the field-mice have hardly left

" me a thousand. I must begin again; and instead of " raising a hundred and fifty thousand trees must be " contented with fifty thousand, or perhaps with thirty." The rest of the letter is about *Count Julian*, which he says will be fairly transcribed within a week.

The evening of the day when the transcription began was for Landor a memorable one.

IX. Marriage and Life at Llanthony.

Writing to Southey in April 1811 of many unimportant and indifferent things; suggestions for his tragedy, criticism of an epitaph by his friend which he thought comparable to the few finest specimens of such things in the Greek, questions of whether they are to meet in London or in Bath, where he has a spare bed ready; he thus fills up the last unoccupied corner of his letter. " It is curious that the evening of my beginning to " transcribe the tragedy, I fell in love. I have found " a girl without a sixpence, and with very few accom- " plishments. She is pretty, graceful, and good-tem- " pered—three things indispensable to my happiness. " Adieu, and congratulate me. I forgot to say that I " have added thirty-five verses to scene 2 of act iii. " There was hardly time enough for the re-appearance " of Opas." Southey is delighted at the news and gives him joy sincerely. The very Welshmen will become more endurable if he takes a wife to Llanthony. He means himself to be at Bath in July, and insists that, if Landor is absent from it then, he shall come on to Keswick.

A few days after the letter to Southey he wrote to his mother, who had questioned him on the reports she

had heard, qualifying her motherly interest with a little tender reproach.

"DEAR MOTHER, I hasten to acknowledge your very kind and affectionate letter, though I am several hours too late for the post. You have, throughout the whole of my life, constantly treated me with the same goodness, and I should be very ungrateful if I could ever forget it. I hope we shall often meet again, and pass many happy days together yet. My presence will be so often requisite to overlook what is going on at Llanthony that I am afraid I should hardly be able to stay longer than a few days with you at Ipsley. It would give me the greatest pleasure to see you, and I certainly would come over for that purpose if it were only for a day. The name of my intended bride is Julia Thuillier. She has no pretensions of any kind, and her want of fortune was the very thing which determined me to marry her. I shall be sorry to leave Bath entirely, but when I have completed my house I must remain there. Believe me, dear mother, your ever affectionate W. S. LANDOR."

Not only had want of fortune been no sort of drawback, but it was in truth the *very thing* for which he was marrying the girl! There was small opening for family remonstrance after that, nor does any seem to have been attempted. The marriage took place before the end of May. It had all been arranged and settled after the manner of the eternal friendship between Cecilia and Matilda in the *Anti-Jacobin*. A sudden thought had struck him and the thing was done. He had married a pretty little girl, of whom he seems literally to have had no other knowledge than that she had more curls on her head than any other girl in Bath; and that she was, as I find him also saying in one of his letters, descended from a Swiss noble family. In sober fact his little baroness, as he liked to call her, was the daughter of a banker at Banbury, whom ill success had taken to other employment in Spain, while his family found a

home in Bath. There was nevertheless, in all this, nothing of necessity to prevent the marriage proving suitable and happy, if what was so entirely wanting in both before the ceremony had only been in any sufficient degree supplied by either after it. This, unfortunately, continued to the last to be altogether absent; and with whom primarily, and to the greatest extent, the blame must be held to rest, I do not think there can be any kind of doubt. I will in fairness add what is told me by Mr. Robert Landor in one of his letters. "I must "do this little wife the justice to say that I saw much "of her, about three years after her marriage, during a "long journey through France and Italy, and that I "left her with regret and pity."

All the danger appears to have been foreseen by Birch, who wrote his congratulations from Magdalen-college on the 20th of June. The marriage had taken him by surprise, and he had been expecting that Landor would have written to him. He now told him that such a step, he had long thought, would be likely to improve and secure his happiness, and he did not doubt but that the choice made would confirm this opinion. Excellent as the rude material might be however, something would still be wanting. "You will think me a strange "fellow for talking in this coarse and homely way on "such an occasion. The air of a college perhaps con-"tributes to chill one's feelings a little prematurely, "though indeed it is time they should be pretty well "sobered by the age of thirty-seven, at which I am "now arrived. Well, then, do not smile at me, but it "is my belief that an excellent wife is seldom made "perfect to our hands, but is in part *the creation of the* "*husband after marriage, the result of his character and* "*behaviour acting upon her own.*" How much might

have been saved to Landor if he had but taken sufficiently into his brain and heart these few wise words!

No misgivings had the good old Parr, nothing but affectionate rejoicings. "Be assured," he wrote on the 7th of June, "that my heart would leap for joy if I saw "both of you at my parsonage-gate, and that I should "give you a most cordial reception. God bless you "both! Walter, your genius and talents, your various "and splendid attainments, your ardent affections, your "high and heroic spirit, will ever command my ad-"miration, and give me a lively interest in your hap-"piness. I have read the Alcaics five or six times. "They are worthy of you." With the announcement of his marriage Landor had sent the staunch old whig a Latin poem against the ministry.

By the middle of June Landor and his wife had taken up their abode at Llanthony, and at the end of that month he reminded Southey of his promised visit. "After my marriage I stayed at Rodboro' and Petty "France for three weeks, intending to spring upon "you on your way to London. There was a disin-"clination in my wife either to remain at Bath or visit "Clifton. She wished to escape from visits of cere-"mony and curiosity, and I would not hint to her any "reason why I should be happy to pass a few days at "Bath." Telling him then of his correspondence with Longman about *Count Julian*, the ruin of his hopes and conflagration of his unfinished tragedies, as already detailed, he goes on:

"I now employ my mornings in cutting off the heads of thistles with my stick, and hoeing my young chestnuts. My house is raised half its highth. Do we lie out of your way? I cannot promise you much comfort here, but I should be most heartily glad to see you. I live among ruins and rubbish, and

what is infinitely worse, bandboxes and luggage and broken chairs: but I have a spare bed in the same turret where I sleep; and I have made a discovery, which is, that there are both nightingales and glowworms in my valley. I would give two or three thousand pounds less for a place that was without them. I hardly know one flower from another, but it appears to me that here is an infinite variety. The ground is of so various a nature and of such different elevations, that this might be expected. I love these beautiful and peaceful tribes, and wish I was better acquainted with them. They always meet one in the same place, at the same season; and years have no more effect on their placid countenances than on so many of the most favoured gods."*

To this and another letter extending the invitation to Mrs. Southey, his friend replied from London in the middle of July that in three weeks they hoped to see him in his turret. They were to leave London that day week. Southey was full of hope and eagerness for the visit. He had been once at Llanthony thirteen years before, and had then to ford the Hondy on foot because he could not find a bridge. He wonders whether Landor had yet discovered the St. David's-cavern which Drayton places there, and for which he had himself inquired in vain? They proposed before nightfall on Monday the 12th of August to reach the Vale of Ewyas, where they would stay two days, going on then to Ludlow; and, weary of London which he hated, it would refresh him both soul and body to breathe the air of the mountains once more. No time was lost by Landor in replying.

"We shall be most happy to see you on the twelfth. But there are two things which trouble me not a little—your departure so soon as two days afterwards, and your arrival here just at nightfall. The road is perfectly safe, and indeed excellent: but I, who could not in common decency take a seat in the

* For the rest of this passage in his letter see ante, p. 13.

inside of the carriage, dare not, for fear of a rheumatism which tormented me nearly two whole years, sit on the outside late in the evening. If you are resolved to continue your journey in such haste however, do not let me lose the only chance perhaps I shall ever have of being your fellow-traveller. My travelling carriage is the easiest I believe in the world, and the road to Hereford, through which place I presume you go to Ludlow, is the roughest. I have looked in vain for St. David's-cave: not a cave is there in my whole manor. This is very extraordinary in so mountainous a country, and where the earth has given way in so many other directions."

The visit passed off with perfect success. Visits of other friends were made in that and the following year; Landor's sisters came; and he prevailed even upon his mother to see for herself what the abbey was like; but he always had a satisfaction in remembering that the first who shared his turret with him there were Robert and Edith Southey. They stayed three nights and two days: days to which Southey referred six-and-twenty years later, when writing the prefaces to his collected poems, as having left with him still "a joy for memory;" and of which, more than forty years later, Landor gave this memorial, in lines to Southey's son.

"Twelve years had past* when upon Avon's cliff,
Hard by his birthplace, first our hands were join'd;
After three more he visited my home.
Along Llanthony's ruin'd aisles we walkt
And woods then pathless, over verdant hill
And ruddy mountain, and aside the stream
Of sparkling Hondy. Just at close of day
There by the comet's light we saw the fox
Rush from the alders, nor relax in speed
Until he trod the pathway of his sires
Under the hoary crag of Cwmyoy.
Then both were happy."

Other memorial of the visit remains not, excepting

* He means, from the time when Southey wrote the generous review of *Gebir*.

in such hints as may be gathered of subjects talked of between them, from these passages of letters written immediately afterwards.

"Julia and I have been anxiously waiting to hear how Mrs. Southey and you find yourselves after so long a journey."

"This morning I had a letter from Portugal from a sensible man and excellent officer, Walter O'Hara. The officers do not appear to entertain very sanguine hopes of ultimate success. We have lost a vast number of brave men, and the French have gained a vast number, and fight as well as under the republic. This revives in my mind a toast I was accused of giving at Oxford: May there be only two classes of people, the republican and the paralytic!"

"As there are not quarrels enough in the world, my plasterers and carpenters have had a vehement one, and one party or other resolved to go away. The dispute was referred to me. I told them I would examine it thoroughly; that a very few days would show who were in the wrong; and that if I heard anything more until I had taken time to consider, I should think those the most blameable who showed themselves the most impatient. How easily duped men are! I *had* heard nothing of the matters in dispute, yet all were satisfied, and probably I shall hear nothing, and they will all stay. I cease to wonder how Pitt, the shallowest man I can bring to my recollection, cajoled the gentlemen of the House of Commons, who certainly are far less acute than these carpenters and plasterers, and whose living is far less dependent on the continual practice of petty knaveries."

"Let me trouble you, if you have any correspondence with the agriculturist in Durham, to mention that I have already several hundred acres to let *instantly*, for a pound an acre, tithe free, extremely small parochial rates, a lease for twenty-one years, but after the first ten a rise of four shillings per acre. Many thousands of land to be enclosed, at three shillings for the first ten years, six for the remaining. A railroad now forming within a mile along a perfect level to the market-town; lime and marl on the estate, and underwood sufficient for all the new enclosures, which will be *given*. I hope to get a scien-

tific tenant for about 1600 acres. He shall have every encouragement, but he should have 6 or 7000*l.* I have received two offers since I saw you, but for parts only."

That last reference was to the subject of Landor's earnest wish to get a good tenant for a large farm at Llanthony, on which they had specially talked together at the visit; and it contained unhappily the germ of infinite vexation and trouble. Southey now replied that he had written to Durham, and hoped to get him the tenant; but he had to inform him afterwards that his Durham farmer, George Taylor, would not be ready for a year or two. Then there went another letter to tell him that Taylor had strongly recommended Thomas Hutchinson, the brother of Wordsworth's wife, and that through Wordsworth he was going himself at once to put the matter in train. "Thomas rents a farm not very "far from you, being on the edge of Radnorshire near "Kington: he is an illiterate man, but a very worthy "one, and a thorough-bred farmer, with money at "command."* Unfortunately it turned out that even Thomas was not to be had either, and they must try again elsewhere. The man yet unthought of, who was

* In the same letter from Keswick (of course unpublished, or I should not quote it), there is a whimsical mention of the lengths to which priest-tyranny was going in Ireland. "Wakefield, who is "about a statistic account of Ireland, has been here. He tells me "that when a Methodist gets up to preach to the people the Catholic "priest comes with a horse-whip and lays about him till he puts the "congregation to flight. This he has twice been an eye-witness of. "The Bishop of Meath also, who is lodging here, tells me that when "a school had been established in his neighbourhood upon Lancas-"ter's sneaking system of teaching no peculiar religion, the priest "used to waylay the children with the horse-whip; and thus lite-"rally kept the little Catholics away by main force, when he could "not operate upon the minds of their parents." Remembering the clamour raised with especial vehemence at the time for Catholic "Emancipation," this seems rather strong.

to be Landor's plague in the matter, waited in the background. Southey had volunteered to find a "farmer "agriculturist" willing to become a Llanthony tenant, and nothing short of success would satisfy him; but the very last man in his thoughts, the man of all others he was *not* likely to have chosen, the spiteful Fates had themselves already laid hold of, and when the rest had withdrawn were to thrust unasked on the scene. These are things of destiny.

By this time September had arrived; and the abbot of Llanthony, as his half-sister Arden persisted always in calling him, was writing with unwonted cheerfulness, as commonly happens at the very moment (astrologically) when some malignant influence is crossing one's house of life.

"Julia desires I will present her love to Mrs. Southey. 'Yes, if you will send it to Mr. Southey too.' We had lately some rainy days, after six weeks of weather perfectly fine and hot—a thing never known before since the creation. Thanks to the comet. When Darwin was projecting a scheme for destroying the ice at both poles, I wish he could have found a coadjutor who would have planned a large wire trap, or any other, to catch comets. Your hills in Cumberland and ours in Monmouthshire might then produce plenty of good wine, and perhaps a little coffee. I seriously think we have the best climate in the world; because it is the most comfortable to brute animals—and there are a hundred of these to one man—and because men must be industrious to keep themselves warm in winter. Bodily strength, of course national strength, arises from it; together with such habits as exempt them from the vices of idleness."*

* The action of climate on character is a subject frequently mentioned in his writings; and something of the thought in this letter found afterwards nobler utterance in the magnificent lines (*Hellenics*):

"We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills

When next he writes it is winter; but though the scene has sadly changed, he is happily unconscious yet of the blow that has fallen on him, and thus innocently discourses of that man of destiny, his coming tenant, who is to occasion him so much misery.

"It is likely that I shall owe a tenant to you. A Mr. Betham has mentioned your name, and proposes to come over here next week. He brings his wife. I am afraid she will be starved to death almost. The rain runs every day down the stairs; and the wind, once or twice a week, blows half a window down. I cannot wait for my masons to finish. I must be off to Bath in another fortnight. This is no place to spend a Christmas in. I have lost some stained glass which I intended for my bath, and must supply its place with worse."

To which replied Southey that Charles Betham was certainly known to him, and came of an excellent stock, but he had never thought of asking him to be tenant at Llanthony. His knowledge of him was derived from a liking for one of his sisters, very dear to Charles Lamb as well as himself for her genius and goodness, though both had to be discerned through a most unprepossessing exterior and a nervousness looking like silliness. The introduction of her brother was the strangest accident. Writing to himself the other day she said her

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Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.
But where the land is dim from tyranny,
There tiny pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties; as the feet
Of fabled faeries when the sun goes down
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.
Then Justice, call'd the Eternal One above,
Is more inconstant than the buoyant forms
That burst into existence from the froth
Of every-varying ocean: what is best
Then becomes worst; what loveliest, most deform'd.
The heart is hardest in the softest climes;
The passions flourish, the affections die."

brother wanted a farm, but she as little expected in such a matter to be helped by him, as he to be asked by her. "Betham has probably to learn farming," he ominously added, "and so far is less desirable than "Hutchinson." This was of course disregarded, and Betham was duly installed. Considerably more will be heard of him hereafter.

Landor's next letter was from Bath, and dated the 12th February 1812:

"After travelling through Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Warwickshire, where I passed several weeks with my mother, I went to superintend my workmen at Llanthony. Violent floods have carried away two bridges. I am engaged in building a third also, for the union of two farms, now under one tenant. I am rebuilding a house for Ch. Betham, and erecting a new one for a Gloucestershire man. Yesterday I returned to Bath, for the sake of meeting Mr. Thuillier, my wife's father."

A few months later Southey pleasantly took up the strain of Bath, the friends interchanged their experiences of the famous city, and what they said of it has not yet lost its interest.

SOUTHEY TO LANDOR.

"Will this find you in the Vale of Ewyas, or have you taken wing for Bath, which, in spite of thirty years' labour toward spoiling it, still remains the pleasantest city in the kingdom? I remember it when it ended at the Crescent, and there was not a house on the Bath-wick side of the river. The longest walk in which I was ever indulged was to a cottage—*the* cottage we called it, in a little orchard, a sweet sequestered spot at that time—my ne plus ultra then, beyond which all was terra incognita. No doubt it is now overgrown with streets. But the only alteration which I cannot forgive is the abominable one of converting the South Parade into one side of a square, and thus destroying the finest thing, perhaps the only thing, of its kind in the world. I have often walked upon that terrace by moonlight, after the play, my head full of the heroics which I

had been imbibing—and perhaps I am at this day the better for those moonlight walks."

LANDOR TO SOUTHEY.

"You remind me of Bath! if not a delightful, a most easy place. I cannot bear brick houses and wet pavements. A city without them is a city fit for men before the Fall. But, alas, they fell before they built. The South Parade was always my residence in winter. Towards spring I removed into Pulteney-street—or rather towards summer; for there were formerly as many nightingales in the garden, and along the river opposite the South Parade, as ever there were in the bowers of Schiraz. The situation is unparalleled in beauty, and is surely the warmest in England. I could get a walk into the country without crossing a street, which I hate. These advantages often kept me in Bath until the middle of June, and I always returned in the beginning of November. I wonder that your grave meditations were not disturbed there; for as sure as ever there was moonlight, a train—not qualis per juga Cynthi exercet Diana choros—was ready to invite you. I always hated plays and playhouses, and in the nine first years I was only once at the Bath theatre; but if I had a very large fortune I would have one of my own, and give a company a thousand pounds to act once a week in the summer, for me and four or five more. I would have only the best actors and the best audiences, and I would have no comedies—except Molière's, for the ladies."

What progress meanwhile was making in affairs at Llanthony, whether affecting Landor himself or his relations with the neighbouring gentry, should now be told. Southey's prediction that a wife would make the very Welshmen endurable had unfortunately not been realised. Matters went on so badly, that even when the building of his house was finished, and some rooms had become habitable, he simply from time to time occupied these, left the rest unfurnished, and never wholly quitted the tower. He never seems quite to have settled to the conviction that he should continue to occupy the place. "This blessed day," he wrote in August 1812, "to use an expression which people sel-

"dom use so emphatically, my masons have left me, "after a job of three years. I live in my house merely "to keep it dry, just as a man would live in a dog- "kennel to guard his house. I hate and detest the "very features of the country, so much vexation have "I experienced in it. I wish to God I could exchange "it for a house in Bath, or anywhere. Another man "would not have the same causes for vexation. The "people would not be his tenants. I never can be "happy here, or comfortable, or at peace. Adieu. "Melioribus utere fatis!" He had also special causes of vexation at this exact date, of which the brief narrative contained in letters preserved among his papers may now be not unamusing. It will at least be full of character.

Being a member of the grand jury of the county of Monmouth, he had startled his colleagues at the summer assizes of 1812 by an unexampled departure from precedent. Accepting in their literal signification the formal expressions in Mr. Baron Thompson's charge, he presented with his own hand into that of the judge a statement of alleged felony committed by one of the surveyors of taxes in the county. And this he did, as he further amazed the learned baron by informing him, because his fellow-jurymen, whom with himself his lordship had adjured to lay before him whatever they might have heard of felony committed in the county, had in the particular case refused to perform that duty.

At the same time (29th August 1812) he wrote to the grand jury in their official character to acquaint them with what he had done. I substitute initials for names, though there is nothing now to give offence to any.

"GENTLEMEN, As one of the grand jury for the county of

Monmouth, I have thought proper to give into the hands of Baron Thompson a statement of felony committed by J. P. surveyor of the taxes in that county. I understood that he was displaced from that office for neglect of duty, and since hear that he has been reinstated by the influence of Sir C. M. and Sir R. S. That he has on many occasions been guilty of vexatious surcharges is a matter of the most public notoriety; and that he has met with countenance and favour from certain men in power for something the very reverse of surcharging is as much the subject of general belief. That the minds of the common people, which are too apt to be unquiet in these times of severe and almost intolerable taxation, may be relieved from the painful idea that they are paying up the deficiencies of the rich, is the intention and purport of my letter. I was informed (I am not certain whether it was officially), when I came into the county, that if I would invite Mr. P. to dinner, and send him occasionally some game, I should not find him troublesome; that he surcharged Mr. B. of Caerleon and offered to remove the surcharge for a dinner; that Major M. and Mr. J. of Lanarth for several years were not charged to near the same amount as he discovered they were liable to when hunger or resentment made him more keen; that Sir A. M, Sir R. S, Mr. L. of Landilo, and many other gentlemen in the neighbourhood, have never been charged up to four parts in five of the amount. These things it is impossible for me to ascertain; but it is your duty to examine into them, and if I shall be found to mention the facts from light and frivolous report, I am subject to no small portion of just censure. I have heard it again and again, in the county and out of it; and was myself surcharged while I was in Spain. Since my return I was surcharged again, to which no man in his senses would be liable knowingly; and although half a year has elapsed, the surcharge has not been confirmed. A servant in my absence was twice seen riding an old coach-horse of mine past use; while I was at Bath my gamekeeper was said to have dogs of mine, which however were not mine; and some other things were brought against me which I left totally to the management of my agent, as I did the whole of my entries, &c. For the present I think it more proper to lay this statement before you than before parliament or the public: because an open discussion would irritate the public at a period of such accumulated oppression and almost universal distress; and because

you will be equally able to quiet the minds of the suffering community by immediately instituting a strict inquiry, and by showing them that it is not they alone who are liable to surcharges, and that a surveyor is not readmitted to an office which he was dismissed from for neglecting, merely because he is favoured by the rich and powerful, who are now not only the dispensers of but the gainers by this patronage. I have the honour to be, W. S. LANDOR."

Some days passed, and no direction for inquiry being vouchsafed by the judge, Landor proceeded to write to that learned person himself. He recounted what he had done, and why he had done it; said he had never in the most trifling matter disputed or quarrelled with any of his colleagues on the grand jury; named one of them as the magistrate who had given him the evidence on which the statement of felony was drawn up; and asked if his lordship was prepared to screen these Monmouthshire gentlemen in refusing inquiry against the demand of that member of their body who had shown its necessity: "a man who never committed, or con-
" nived at, any base action, who never avenged an in-
" jury, who never accepted a favour at the expense of
" independence; and who, in everything that elevates
" the character or adorns the mind, would blush at
" descending to a comparison with the first and wisest
" among them." Very lately indeed, it was reported, his lordship had entertained the majority of the grand jury at dinner, when this matter had been the subject of conversation; and if he had really said to them, as alleged, in giving up the question to their wishes, *we shall all go to the House of Lords together*, he had taken accurate measure of the character of his present correspondent.
" I would indeed bring you all before the House of
" Lords if such a step were requisite: but if I read
" your decision as clearly as you read mine, you will

"order the affair to be investigated, and you will consider it worth some deliberation whether felons should be servants of the king, or are proper supporters of his crown and dignity."

The learned baron nevertheless, meaning nothing of the sort, prudently abstained from even answering the letter: upon which Landor wrote again to remind him that there was a time when the courtesies of life required that a letter should be answered, though written by an inferior in fortune or in learning. "Matters of even small importance had always their share of notice; and somewhat was occasionally added that they might not repine at what they could not aspire to, and that the inequalities of fortune might be smoothened by her condescension. These things have been. Among the things that I should have fancied could never be, is a judge refusing to investigate a felony, when a grand juror, whom he had commanded to lay such matters before him, states the fact, and a magistrate brings the evidence. I acknowledge my error and must atone for my presumption. But I really thought your lordship was in earnest, seeing you, as I did, in the robes of justice, and hearing you speak in the name and with the authority of the laws." And so ended the matter, as indeed it could not help ending; Landor being not so much wrong as wrong-headed, and preferring to lose what he wanted rather than fail to overturn all common law and usage in getting it.

The transaction was in truth not so foolish as it looks. The object of Landor's wrath was an electioneering attorney whom everybody believed to be a rascal, but some had found convenient to their purposes, others did not like to meddle with, and Landor alone was for exposing at all hazards. The thing in its way was quite

as chivalrous as anything in the page of Cervantes, and to many perhaps will seem not much less absurd; but that at least one Monmouthshire magistrate, a clergyman and a man of education and refinement, thought Landor right and unselfish in moving in the matter, I learn from the letters of Mr. Davies of Court-y-Gollen. They are besides very pleasing evidence of the terms on which the lord of Llanthony remained with one of the most intelligent of the resident gentry as long as he lived in the county. The families exchange visits, and more substantial courtesies. Mr. Davies overflows with thanks for a Rembrandt Landor has given him, and sends him back no end of poplars and other trees. They stock each other's ponds and gardens with fish and fruit, discuss, amicably Cuyps and Claudes, and do not quarrel even over politics. Mr. Davies is for an influence in the county adverse to the Beauforts, "or we shall be lost;" being appealed to in one of Landor's disputes with his tenantry, he decides in his favour, but not without shrewd advice as to points of temper; and he is one of the two magistrates long afterwards referred to in the imaginary conversation with a Florentine visitor, where Landor, speaking in his own person, says: "In the "county where my chief estate lies, a waste and un- "profitable one, but the third I believe in extent of "any there, it was represented to me that the people "were the most lawless in Great Britain; and the two "most enlightened among the magistrates wished and "exhorted me to become one."*

* *Works*, i. 326. The result is thus described: "It would have "been a great hindrance to my studies; yet a sense of public good, "and a desire to promote it by any sacrifice, induced me to propose "the thing to the duke of Beaufort, the lord-lieutenant. He could "have heard nothing more of me, good or evil, than that I was a "studious man, and that, although I belonged to no society, club, or

He made the application accordingly; and I am able to relate from his papers what followed its rejection. The time for making it must be admitted to have been ill-chosen; his letter to the lord-lieutenant bearing date in the same month when he had written to the grand jury, the foreman of whom was the lord-lieutenant's brother. This was hardly an excuse, however, for the dryness of the duke's reply.

"Badminster, August 28, 1812. SIR, I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to express my regret that at present it is not in my power to comply with your request. I am, sir, your most humble servant, BEAUFORT."

Landor's rejoinder, written on the 2d of September, was not without dignity. Since it was not his grace's pleasure, he wrote, to nominate him on the commission of the peace, he requested that the duke would have the goodness to appoint some other person of more information and of more independence; "qualities which "no one can better appreciate, and which are so abundant in all parts of the county, particularly the magistracy." It was absolutely requisite, he added, that

"party, and never sat in my life at a public dinner, I should oppose "his family in elections. The information, however probable, was "wrong. I had votes in four counties, and could influence fifty or "sixty, and perhaps many more; yet I never did or will influence "one in any case, nor ever give one while Representation is either. "cheat or coaxer. The noble duke declined my proposal." In the same dialogue he makes these further personal allusions: "Had "avarice or ambition guided me, remember I started with a larger "hereditary estate than those of Pitt, Fox, Canning, and twenty "more such amounted to: and not scraped together in this, or the "last, or the preceding century, in ages of stockjobbing and peculation, of cabinet-adventure and counterfeit nobility. My education, and that which education works upon or produces, was not "below theirs; yet certain I am that, if I had applied to be made "a tide-waiter on the Thames, the minister would have refused me."

some justice of the peace should reside within ten miles of Llanthony parish, in which, for want of one, every sort of misdemeanour was almost daily committed with impunity; and he now made that request not only as a compliment usually paid the lord-lieutenant, but to avoid any appearance of discourtesy in applying directly to the chancellor.

The duke made no reply: a circumstance he probably regretted when, after a very few days, the subjoined communication reached him, and, as well from its contents as from the papers transmitted with it, he knew better the kind of man he had treated with discourtesy.

"Mr. Landor begs leave to enclose some testimonies of his fitness for the office which, in furtherance of the public good, he was willing and desirous to undertake. When the lord-lieutenant sees them coming from persons of experience and virtue, it is much to be hoped that he will approach one step towards wisdom by taking some advantage of theirs. By generous and elevated minds many deficiencies are overlooked on a little relaxation of arrogance, and many follies are pardoned for retracting one. This observation is made by Mr. Landor in the same spirit of pure benevolence as constantly and zealously animates him in the guidance of weaker intellects, which are always in the more danger the higher the station is; and he entreats that it may not be considered as a reflection, much less as a reproach. He has been given to understand that the duke of Beaufort acts honestly according to his ideas of honesty, wisely according to his ideas of wisdom, and independently according to his ideas of independence; and it would be ungenerous to try him by any other standard. Never will Mr. Landor be induced to believe that a person invested with authority (which however, as a stronger safeguard against revolutionary principles, is more often conferred on rank than on information, and on subservience than on integrity) would, for the indulgence of an irrational prejudice, or the gratification of an unmanly resentment, render himself an object of detestation to the honest or of ridicule to the wise."

Landor followed this up by a letter of nearly the same date to the chancellor, in which he stated the urgent grounds that existed for the appointment of a justice of peace in the neighbourhood. There was not one within ten miles, and several parts of the parish were thirteen miles from one. As a consequence thefts and every kind of misdemeanour were committed almost daily, and always with impunity. For, men were unwilling to leave their little farms, cultivated by their own personal labour, to take offenders a whole day's journey over mountains so wild and perilous; and were no less afraid of returning to their homes than reluctant at leaving them on such a business. He had mentioned these facts to the lord-lieutenant, and had taken the trouble also of drawing the inferences for him; but they were probably not understood. The office of a magistrate would of course be a troublesome one to a man of retirement and letters, if it was not presumptuous to call himself so; yet he was willing to have undertaken it. The duke of Beaufort however thought him unfit, and he was quite content to submit to the decision of a person whose family had always been so remarkable for its discernment. His grace's inducement or motive he had not himself asked, this being an inquiry of a by no means philosophical cast; but it was right the chancellor should know the rumour prevalent in the county that the lord-lieutenant's principal reason "which it was foretold me would operate " as it has done, is that I preferred a charge of felony " against an attorney who is said to have been very ser- " viceable in elections. In doing so, I conceive I did " my duty as a grand juryman. The chairman, Lord " Arthur, thought otherwise: the rest followed." The letter closed with a waiver of his own claims in favour

of any more suitable person, and with a reiteration that the appointment was necessary.

The chancellor made no reply. It is difficult now to believe possible, what could then be done, or omitted to be done, with perfect impunity. As Sydney Smith says of the time comprised in the first quarter of the century when this particular chancellor and his court pressed so heavily on mankind, it was an awful time for liberal opinions and for all who had the misfortune to entertain them. A man raising his voice against a tory lord-lieutenant was a man crying out in a desert, with about equal chances of reply; but Landor did not therefore abate his voice, and happily we may hear it still. He wrote another letter, which I think myself fortunate to have found, because its interest rises above the occasion of it, and gives it value in a higher sense. It tells us what in favourable circumstances he proposed to have done at Llanthony, and what, in circumstances less happy, he did; and so much as it eloquently and quite truly claims of unselfishness of intention and worthiness of design may stand hereafter not unfairly against some serious faults and failures of execution. It is a masterly apology, if not a complete defence, and will soften if it does not arrest judgment. Its date is October 1812.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

"MY LORD, It would ill become me to complain in public or private that your lordship has not noticed my letter. My letter was such indeed as any common person might have written, but the business was not a common, nor a private, nor an unimportant one. I requested that a justice of the peace might be nominated by your lordship in the district where I live. I gave my reasons for the necessity of the thing itself, and of applying to you for its accomplishment. The lord-lieutenant had declined it. I never was anxious to obtrude myself on the notice of the great or of the public; but this

affair is one in which the community is much interested. The choice of justices and their conduct are perhaps of greater importance than any things now remaining of the English constitution. I thought myself qualified. I have constantly endeavoured from my earliest youth to acquire and disseminate knowledge. My property in the county is little short of 3000*l.* a year, and capable of improvement to more than double that amount. I have estates in other counties, both in possession and in reversion. I have planted more than 70,000 oaks, and 300,000 other forest-trees; and I shall not leave off until I have planted one million. Fifteen thousand acres of land will allow room enough for their growth. Yet I have sought no medal or notoriety, and the mention of it is now extorted from me to prove that in one instance I have not without success attempted to benefit the county. I have at my own expense done more service to the roads in a couple of years than all the nobility and gentlemen around me have done since the Conquest; and I stated my desire of being in the commission of the peace to arise from the power it would afford me, at the sessions, of presenting what are still impassable, and of repressing those lawless acts which are committed in all countries where, from similar impediments, there is little intercourse with mankind. When the Duke of Beaufort thought proper to decline my offer, I wrote again to him with perfect temper, and requested him to appoint one better qualified. He had no reply to make. It may indeed justly be said of me, if anything shall be said, *Serit arbores quæ alteri sæculo prosint;* and what honour it will confer on the lord-lieutenant to have rejected the public and gratuitous services of such a man, is worth his consideration rather than mine. It certainly will bestow on him a more lasting celebrity than any other Duke of Beaufort has acquired. I did not believe him to have been so ambitious. But if it should appear that any lord-lieutenant has erred in pursuing fame by a track so unfrequented and so cheerless, your lordship at least has the power of preventing the ill consequences which would arise from his stupid precipitancy or his unruly passion. You will not countenance irrational prejudice, will never support unmanly resentment, will never sanction dishonourable patronage. It is possible that a lord-lieutenant may have been instructed in little else than in the worming of hounds, the entrapping of polecats, the baiting or worrying of badgers and foxes; that he may be a perverse, and ignorant,

and imbecile man; that he may be the passive and transferable tool of every successive administration; and that he may consider all whose occupations are more becoming, the gentleman and the scholar who is wiser or more independent than himself, as a standing and living reproach. In this case, which I entreat your lordship to consider as merely an hypothetical one, would not you be anxious to superintend him a little, and even to control him in the choice of those magistrates on whose information and on whose integrity the basis of English jurisprudence must repose? If, for instance, he should reject from the bench of justices a person who, in estate, understanding, quiet political demeanour, and sound constitutional principles, is rather more than on a level with the generality of them, and for no other reason than because this person, pursuant to a charge from the judge of assize, gave information of a felony committed by a partisan of that lord-lieutenant, would not you cry out against such an abuse of power, such a prostitution of honour, such a violation of equity, such a mockery of the judge, such a scandal and impediment and subversion of the laws? This case also, for obvious reasons, must be hypothetical: but the answer may be direct, to the person and to the point. I never now will accept, my lord, anything whatever that can be given by ministers or by chancellors, not even the dignity of a country justice, the only honour or office I ever have solicited. In truth it was the only one fit for me. I cannot boast that high cultivation of mind, that knowledge of foreign nations, that intercourse with men who have established and men who have subverted empires, that insight into human nature, that investigation and development of the causes why Europe has diverged from the same (original) state of society into such variations of civic polity; in short, those travels abroad and those studies at home which have adapted the great statesmen of the day for the duties they so ably and disinterestedly fulfil. Yet somewhat of all these things have fallen within my reach and exercised my moderate powers of mind. DEMOSTHENES and POLYBIUS, LIVY and TACITUS, MACHIAVELLI, DAVILA, GRAVINA, BECCARIA, DE THOU and MONTESQUIEU, MILTON and SYDNEY and HARRINGTON and LOCKE, may console me for the downfal of my hopes from that bright eminence to which none of them, in these times and in this country, would have attained; and for which my pursuits equally disqualify me. Here I have only occupied my hours with

what lie beneath the notice of statesmen and governors, in pursuing, with fresh alacrity, the improvement of public roads, of which already I have completed at my own expense more than a distance of seven miles over mountains and precipices, and have made them better and much wider than the turnpike roads throughout the country; in relieving the wants and removing the ignorance of the poor; and in repressing, by personal influence rather than judicial severity, the excesses to which misery and idleness give rise. These things appear of little consequence to the rich and prosperous, but they are the causes why the rich and prosperous cease to be so; and if we refuse to look at them now in the same point of view as humanity and religion see them in, they will have to be looked at hereafter from a position not only incompatible with leisure and quiet, *but far too close for safety*. I am, my lord, WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

With this, and a poetical epistle in the same month to Southey, the subject was dismissed, and he troubled duke and chancellor no more. Through the verses, perhaps more than through his graver protests, his bile had completely discharged itself; and for a better reason also than this the reader will thank me for subjoining some of them. They were the first important example of a kind of writing he was afterwards very fond of, and showed much mastery in: the rhymed verses which in Swift's time were called "occasional," but for which we now borrow an epithet from the French. Swift himself hardly threw them off more successfully than Landor. For it is the consummate art of such writing to seem infinitely easier than it is, and commonplace professors of it are slip-shod when they ought to be easy. It should condescend without condescending, combine the most perfect finish with an apparent carelessness of rhyming, and to the utmost terseness of language give the tone of mere conversation.* And hence it is that

* What other higher qualities it may be enriched by, I have expressed in my Life of Goldsmith, who wrote it as well as any man.

the finest examples of it are often found in men who have also written poetry of the highest order.

The opening couplet in the letter to Southey was taken from Catullus.

"Laugh, honest Southey! prithee, come
With every laugh thou hast at home;
But leave there Virtue, lest she sneer
At one 'most noble' British peer,
Who ties fresh tags upon his ermine
By crying 'aye,' and catching vermin.
Terror of those, but most the foe
Of all who think, and all who know. . . .
'Such characters,' methinks you say,
'We meet by hundreds every day;
And common dolts and common slaves,
Distinguish'd but by stars or staves,
Should glitter and go out, exempt
From all but common men's contempt. . . .
Ribbons and garters, these are things
Often by ministers and kings,
Not over-wise nor over-nice,
Conferr'd on folly and on vice.
How wide the difference, let them see,
'Twixt these and immortality!'
Yes, oftentimes imperial Seine
Has listen'd to my early strain.
Beyond the Rhine, beyond the Rhone,
My Latian Muse is heard and known.
On Tiber's bank, in Arno's shade,
I woo'd and won the classic maid.
When Spain from base oppression rose,
I foremost rushed amidst her foes:
Gallicia's hardy band I led,
Inspirited, and clothed, and fed.
Homeward I turn: o'er Hatteril's rocks
I see my trees, I hear my flocks.
Where alders mourn'd their fruitless bed,
Ten thousand cedars raise their head;
And from Segovia's hills remote
My sheep enrich my neighbour's cote.
The wide and easy road I lead
Where never paced the harnessed steed;
Where scarcely dared the goat look down
Beneath the fearful mountain's frown,

Suspended, while the torrent's spray
Springs o'er the crags that roll away.
But Envy's steps too soon pursue
The man who hazards schemes so new;
Who, better fit for Rome and Greece,
Thinks to be—*justice of the peace!*
A Beaufort's timely care prevents
These wild and desperate intents.
His grandsons, take my word, shall show for't
This my receipt in full to Beaufort."*

But though the affair was thus finally dismissed, it would be difficult to overstate its effect on his temper while it lasted. He had made up his mind even to quit England altogether, and become a citizen of France. He would live in some French town in retirement on half his income, and give up the other half to a trustworthy agent who should employ it exclusively in improving his English estates. I gather the details of this notable scheme from the letter which reasoned and shamed him

* Some of these lines he printed with variations in his *Dry Sticks*, having already admitted them, with erasure of every reference to the duke or the magistrates, into one of his published poems (*Works*, ii. 635-6) from which I borrow these additional verses:

"Llanthony! an ungenial clime
And the broad wing of restless Time
Have rudely swept thy massy walls
And rockt thy abbots in their palls.
I loved thee by thy streams of yore,
By distant streams I love thee more;
For never is the heart so true
As bidding what we love adieu.
Yet neither where we first drew breath,
Nor where our fathers sleep in death,
Nor where the mystic ring was given,
The link from earth that reaches heaven,
Nor London, Paris, Florence, Rome,
In his own heart's the wise man's home!
Stored with each keener, kinder sense,
Too firm, too lofty for offence,
Unlittered by the tools of state,
And greater than the great world's great."

out of it: a wise and kindly letter of his brother Robert's, who had forgotten it and the occasion of writing it but whose permission I have obtained to insert it here. Dating so long since, it is identical in tone and temper with those that have enriched this memoir, and even as Mr. Landor writes of his brother now he was writing to that brother himself fifty-five years ago. It is dated from Dawlish in August 1812.

"DEAR WALTER, At the very time that I most assuredly expected to find that you were become exactly like other people, that you had been melted down, in the matrimonial crucible, to the same common shape and quality with other mortal men, you turn out a stranger fellow than ever! If you will listen patiently to me, I will modestly undertake to prove that you are wrong in every respect. First, to think of going into France when there is a peace. Supposing that a peace be possible—which it is not while Bonaparte lives and this country remains unconquered—who would voluntarily become the subject of such a tyrant? Who would sacrifice the right—whether he uses it or not—of speaking what he thinks? For my own part, if I were certain that I should never feel the slightest inclination to speak or write on political matters again, if I were certain of being protected and well treated, I would rather live as a day-labourer in England than as a prince in France. I should feel that in choosing to live under an absolute government, I voluntarily relinquished honour and liberty, that I went out of my way to seek a master, and to look for servitude. It is in vain to say that a man is not oppressed till he feels the oppression. I think with Johnson that ninety-nine men out of a hundred might live as free from any *actual* tyranny in Turkey as in England; but the knowledge that we are *subject* to tyranny, that we are *liable* to caprice, that we *must* abstain from such and such particular topics, is the torment. To see others oppressed without daring to expostulate, in fact to be indebted to the forbearance of any absolute authority, is degrading. It may be said that people are wronged and oppressed even in England sometimes, and that they can obtain no redress; but that will not apply. No government can hinder some injuries; but the constitution does not authorise them; and the laws, however administered, are in themselves just.

Consequently there may be wrong, but there is no degradation. You say that a proof is wanting that no personal desire of gain has influenced your actions. This implies some deference to opinion. Now, what would not only your enemies, but even your friends say, if you settled either in France or in any other country under French influence? The latter would say that 'this apostle of liberty, who passed so much of his life in praising it, who not only talked of it and wrote for it, but who gave his money and risked his person to defend it, he has left his connections, his property, his country, and chosen to live under the most arbitrary government in Europe.' Your enemies would point you out as an example to prove that extremities often meet, and that what they call Jacobinism is closely allied to Tyranny. I do not say this to dissuade you from going into France and settling there, because I know that you will never be able; because the war can never terminate till either this government or the French government is overthrown; but to dissuade you from entertaining, and still more from disclosing, a wish which many men who hate your character and envy your understanding will otherwise exult at. No, sir, everything, so far, can be explained by the love of liberty. You will never do, or on consideration wish to do, what you talk of. As for the determination to give up society, and to spend the best half of your income in improving your estate, that I think also wrong. Why not enjoy yourself now? Why look so far forward, and that for those who at present are not in existence? It is making money of too much consequence, and time of too little. You will leave as good a fortune as you received, without anxiety or deprivation. Instead of shutting myself up at Llanthony, I would take a pleasant house in a good neighbourhood, and live, after setting apart a quarter of my income for repairs, on the remainder. A man, and particularly a married man, risks everything by determining on solitude. Solitude influences the temper in one year more than society can in twenty. It creates habits and feelings the most dangerous, particularly to a warm and sensitive character. The melancholy man becomes infinitely more melancholy, and the proud man more proud. That which was at first a rill becomes a torrent. There is no resistance, no hope. I am both melancholy and proud, and I dread solitude. The more I observe, the more I am convinced that everything in life which is singular is dangerous. You have now the happiness of others to

consider: so take the safest road, which is the commonest. I have a right to talk to you in this way because you mention your schemes, and because I am vested with authority to teach and preach, though the hearers may be wiser and better than myself. I had much to say about books, but my paper is filled and my beef is growing cold. Let me hear from you at Dawlish where I shall continue this month. I have been told that notwithstanding your indifference" [in marrying] "about everything else besides good temper, you have contrived to get a great many other qualities into the bargain. Yours affectionately, ROBERT EYRES LANDOR."

Landor acquiesced and submitted. But it is to be added, quite apart from any question of individual complaint, that his opinion of the way in which affairs were at this time administered in England differed materially from his younger brother's; and that what he has been writing on that special subject to Southey* during the past two years is consistently the tone of all his letters, and has upon it the impress of very strong convictions unwarped by personal irritation or wrong. The reader will perhaps not be sorry to have some of these opinions laid before him. Originality and interest always, very frequently great worth and value, constitute a claim to preservation even apart from their striking illustrations of character.

X. PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Southey's connection with Scott's scheme of the *Edinburgh Register*, for which he had undertaken to supply the history of each year as Burke did for Dodsley's, led to occasional interchange between the friends on the political questions of the day more frank and outspoken than his *Quarterly* lucubrations at any time afforded. In the Review he was never able quite to un-

* See ante, p. 241.

muzzle himself, and it is curious to observe how ill from the first he and Gifford got on together both in politics and literature. As for the notice he wrote of *Count Julian* for the *Quarterly*, and by which he hoped to have given Landor satisfaction, Gifford had so completely knocked its brains out before publication that no subsequent mention of it, to Landor or any one else, was ever made by the writer.

Sending his friend in the summer of 1810 the first volume of his Edinburgh history, he tells him of the second he is already working at; inquires as to places visited by Landor in Spain, of which he wishes to give good descriptions; and, declaring his opinion that that country is not to be subdued, says he means to burst out upon the subject on all fit occasions. The French emperor, he believes, will find the grave of his power in the Peninsula; and he takes pride in the opportunity this history-writing for the *Register* is giving him, to denounce all incapable half-hearted contemporaries, and to "speak of Bonaparte as befits a republican."* Not backward of course is Landor's sympathy here; and finding his friend's history much to his liking, he praises loudly its manliness and spirit.†

The next prominent subject in their letters is Sou-

* Another passage in this letter (suppressed in the printed copy, *Letters*, ii. 203) says that he gets 400*l.* a year from this undertaking of Scott and the Ballantynes, and that he has vested 209*l.* of his first year's payment in a twelfth share of the concern which is to bring him in 40 per cent. Poor Landor himself could not have taken a simpler or more sanguine view of the transaction. Alas! we find Southey soon in trouble arising from this over-confident calculation, and glad to put off further responsibility by sacrificing all he had invested.

† One exception only he makes, in highly characteristic phrase. Why should Southey have thrown so romantic a cast over the valour of a certain general, "as great a rascal as any of his family, which "has been rascally for many generations"? He was a Welshman.

they's increasing work for the *Quarterly*, with which his grumbling at the editor continues to keep pace; but he has good hope that he will not meddle with a forthcoming article on Methodism which he has written in reply to Sydney Smith's in the *Edinburgh*, and which he shall follow up in the number following with a mortal blow at Malthus, the especial object of his contempt and abhorrence. Then, after several months, while yet he is in pains of labour with his second product of history for the *Register*, his article on Methodism has appeared and given such delight to Perceval that Southey feels he has lost a rich benefice by not going into the church.* There are, however, subjects less pleasant. Had Landor seen Jeffrey's criticism on *Kehama*, as original as the poem and altogether matchless for impertinence? And had he not, seeing what the Portuguese had just done (it is now May 1811), repented of his unkind words about them in his letters to Riquelme? Characteristic in every point was Landor's reply, in which the reader will not now care to criticise closely words out of which the heat and venom have long since departed. Jeffrey himself gave hard words in those days, and was prepared to receive them; but, though a greatly overrated literary critic, he was a man of prodigious ability in various ways, of an unequalled quickness and keenness of intellect, and with a power of inspiring attachment possessed only by sincere fine natures.

* This I need hardly say was Southey's destination originally, if he had found himself able to accept the Articles. I possess a curious little note of Coleridge's to Cottle in 1796, consisting simply of these words: "DEAR COTTLE, I congratulate Virtue and her friends that "Robert Southey has relinquished all intentions of taking Orders. "He leaves our party however, and means, he thinks, to study the "law. Yours, S. T. COLERIDGE." "Our party" was the Pantisocratic expedition.

"I was shamefully wrong in speaking as I did of the Portuguese, and I am very glad they have acquitted themselves, and punished me, in the manner they have done. Men are brave until bad governments have made them forget the use of bravery. Then the very breed degenerates for want of action. Look at the Chinese for an example.

"Your review of Methodism is admirable. It is impossible to mistake the author. This is not my observation: it is Mrs. Carrick's.

"Jeffrey is called a clever man, I hear. If so, people may be clever men without knowing the nature of a lie, or the distinction between virtue and vice. No species of dishonesty is surely so unpardonable as Jeffrey's, no profligacy so flagitious. Thievery may arise from early example or from urgent want. It may have grown into an incurable habit, or have been pushed on by the necessities of nature. A man may commit even murder itself from the sudden and incontrollable impulse of a heart still uncorrupted; but he must possess one of a very different kind who can air and exercise his faculties on no other ground than the destruction of fame and the mortification of genius. I was once asked whether I would be introduced to this gentleman. My reply was, No, nor to any other rascal whatsoever. I like to speak plainly, and particularly so when the person of whom I speak may profit by it."

That was in May 1811; and Jeffrey, if he could have read it and the letter which followed it in July, would doubtless have smiled at the worshipful society of rascals in which he found himself. Landor was then expecting his friend at Llanthony, and after telling him of the copy of Drayton's *Polyolbion* he had bought at Rugby,* thus continues:

"What a series of fools and scoundrels have managed this country! Surely such fellows as Pitt and Fox should never have gone further than the vestry-room. A parish workhouse

* See ante, p. 23. He cannot tell how to direct that letter, "and "the worst is, I never was right in my life if I hesitated." Alas! it was his habit of not hesitating oftener, and reflecting more, that led him into all kinds of intemperances of act as well as speech.

had been too much for their management, and they have been making a national one!"

It must at the same time be admitted that this sort of thing was more harmless than Southey's occasional outbreaks. A few months later there is a letter of his, a strange medley of shrewdness and violence, criticising affairs in Spain, hopeful of Wellington, giving Bonaparte a lease of less than seven years, confident of seeing a peace dictated under the walls of Paris, and condemning the Spanish soldier Blake as a general, which ends by his declaring it humiliating that Spain should have produced two centuries ago half a dozen men resolute in a mistaken cause to slay the Prince of Orange at the sacrifice of their own lives, "and that now she has not "found one to aim a dagger at the heart of Bona-"parte!" Southey was more scrupulous than his friend as to flinging about reckless epithets; but where he felt very strongly, the flame of his anger burnt with a fiercer as well as a more intense glow.

Replying at the opening of 1812 from Bath, whither he had gone to meet his wife's father, Landor says:

"Mr. Thuillier has just left Cadiz. He represents the government as fools and traitors, every individual intent on making his fortune. It grieves me to hear that Blake also was accused of the same unworthy propensity, and that not a doubt was entertained that all his principal officers were *latterly* in the French interest. Zayas is not exempt. Mr. Thuillier knows many members both of the government now existing and of the last. *All* the old ones hold office under the present, in one form or other. It certainly was intended to sacrifice the English at Barrosa, where he also was, and where that silly fellow Whittington was acting under La Pena. Had he marched with two thousand men under his command, the French might easily have been cut off from their *retreat*, for retreat they most certainly did. It is terrible to think that, such is the state of Europe, no nation can go on tolerably well

without an usurper. France would have fallen without Bonaparte. If Palafox had retired from Zaragoza, he might have rescued Spain. The world is ruined by stupidity, and not by knavery or cruelty. I heard it reported, for I never read any newspaper or new book, that Lord Cochrane is appointed to a command of ten thousand men in Catalonia. This is so wise a thing that I cannot believe it. He would do more with ten thousand than any other English officer with thirty thousand. If he really has the appointment, I will lay a thousand guineas to three farthings that the ministry act in such a manner as will force him to resign in six months. If I were unmarried, I would join him; and I think, with my fortune, I could show a way in which ten thousand men might do greater things than these are destined for. Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ. It would be easy with such means to draw round them twice as many Spaniards who would laugh at nation and party. In fact there is not a government in Europe that might not be and should not be destroyed. The French is unquestionably the best, because it is in the hands of the wisest; as for virtue or vice, the shades of difference are utterly undiscernible."

This was written a few months before his scheme of finding a home for himself in France, so wisely rebuked by his brother Robert; but it was not to his discredit at this time that while denouncing as loudly as Southey the misdeeds of Bonaparte, he recognised not only his genius, which the other never did, but, in the fact of his being by far the ablest of living Frenchmen, some sort of reason for putting him at the head of France. There was small comfort of that kind to be got out of a survey of the existing English government, whatever its other merits might be; and if the genius for statesmanship possessed by Pitt and Fox were to be measured by the England they had left behind them, by ministerial purity, party fidelity, or national prosperity and honour, Landor had some excuse for pitching it so low. It was a time when disasters were certain and victories yet doubtful, and when the people were as unfairly re-

stricted in their liberties as in their energies, industry, and enterprise. With the regency had begun the undisputed reign of the mediocrities, Mr. Perceval entering with the new year as Lords Grey and Grenville were finally bowed out; and England had become chiefly famous for Walcheren defeats abroad, for machinery riots and bread riots at home, and for every kind of revolting variety of ex-officio informations and furious attacks on the press. So great was the misery about Llanthony, Landor proceeds to say in his letter, that not only had his people ceased to be mischievous, but had even lost the spirit to exult in their landlord's losses and misfortunes. He puts the matter with a whimsical sense of humour that we cannot but smile at still.

"What think you of our detestable villains of *the House?* While the people are starving for want of food and employment, those infamous scoundrels reject an act for the enclosure of waste lands. So the attorneys and the commissioners will eat up two-thirds of the scanty allotments which would otherwise be the portion of the poor. If they suffer this, they will deserve their sufferings. Three pounds of miserable bread costs two shillings at Abergavenny. The poor barbarous creatures in my parish have actually ceased to be mischievous, they are so miserable. We can find them employment at present, and four-and-sixpence a day; yet nothing can solace them for their difficulty in procuring bread. All my hay is spoilt. This is always worth a day's meal to them, but it can happen only once in the season. The poor devils are much to be pitied, for they really look now as if they hardly enjoyed it. It is their moulting time, and they cannot crow."

That letter was dated the 12th of February, and was crossed by a letter from Southey of two days earlier date, written in much alarm. "Trotter's book" was the life of Fox lately published by his secretary; and with Mr. Murray, the reader will remember, Landor had been placed in communication by the printing of his tragedy.

"About an hour ago came a parcel to me from Murray, containing among other things an unfinished commentary upon Trotter's book. Aut Landor, aut Diabolus. From the manner, from the force, from the vehemence, I concluded it *must* be yours, even before I fell upon the passage respecting Spain which proves that it was yours. I could not lie down this night with an easy conscience if I did not beseech you to suspend the publication till you have cancelled some passages: that attack upon Fellowes might bring you into a court of justice; and there are some others which would have the more painful effect of making you regret that you had written them. . . I have but looked into the leaves as I opened them, and will not delay this entreaty a single post: but to-morrow I will point out every passage which is likely to inflict undeserved pain upon others, and therefore to recoil upon yourself. It would equally grieve me to have the book supprest, or to have it appear as it is. It is yours and yours all over—the non imitabile fulmen."

On the 15th Landor replied, telling what the thing was, how it originated, and the objection Murray had himself made to a proposed dedication of it to the President of America, against whom England was then on the eve of a declaration of war. This, the rejoinder of Southey, and the letters that followed, besides being highly characteristic, have a special value for the completeness of the description they give, not only of the Commentary, of which a few copies got into subsequent circulation as "Observations on Trotter's Life of Fox,"*

* A reference to this is in one of the letters of an old country gentleman of Staffordshire, Mr. Whitby of Creswell; whose son, the captain of the frigate Cerberus which formed part of the squadron in the Adriatic, was hero of one of the most daring individual exploits in the war, often referred to in exalted strain by Landor. Returning thanks for a copy of *Count Julian*, which Murray had just published, Mr. Whitby tells its author that his brother the rector of Colton had called and told him of the publication of some *Observations on Trotter's Life of Fox*, which he was extremely anxious to see, because with no one upon politics did he so entirely agree as with Landor, and his independence of all party. In another letter he tells him he has read the Observations, and found them filled to overflowing with original and bold remark.

but of a suppressed companion tract called the Parallel, and of the suppressed Dedication. All that Landor intended by them, the startling paradoxes put forth in them, the personal attacks they contained, and the strange combination throughout them of largeness and wisdom of view with proposals worthy of Laputa and an absurd intemperance of expression, we see in these letters so vividly depicted that any further allusion or quotation will not be necessary.

"Did I never mention that I was writing the Commentary? In truth I seldom can tell whether I have communicated any thought or intention of mine, so that often I must appear the most barren of tautologists, and often more reserved than a quaker or a jesuit. How egregiously mistaken are those who judge of people by their letters, or indeed by anything they write! Not twenty men know that Addison and Pope abounded in the worst basenesses, or that Swift was anything better than a satirist and misanthropist.

"I will do precisely as you recommend, and request you particularly to mention such other passages as should be cancelled. If there is any eloquence in the Commentary, I will give you the reason. I was determined to try whether an *oration* could not be written more like what the Athenians were accustomed to commend than any such speeches as we have heard in parliament, or than any which were delivered in the French Academy. I first apologised for praising the living instead of the dead, and argued that although some might pervert the practice, yet with others it would undoubtedly have the effect of preserving them from subserviency and corruption; that, to give themselves the importance which they claimed on the assumption of such an office, they must preserve a perfect and most absolute independence, and cherish in their own hearts those virtues whose features they were desirous of transmitting to posterity. I praised Hastings, and drew a comparison between him and Fox; but, said I, possibly this great ruler may have been deaf to the voice of misery and of justice. I drew a comparison also between Lord Peterboro and Lord Wellington, in which I *proved* the latter to be equal to the other. In short, with reference to the military admi-

nistration, I preferred the present to every other in this reign except Lord Chatham's. But I asked myself what source of corruption these Percevals and people had cut off? What protection they had given to freedom or to literature?

"After all, who will read anything I write? One enemy, an adept in bookery and reviewship, can without talents and without industry suppress in a great degree all my labours, as easily as a mischievous boy could crush with a roller a whole bed of crocuses. Yet I would not destroy what I had written. It filled indeed but eight or nine sheets, interlined, it is true, in a thousand places and everywhere close. I transferred, then, whatever I could conveniently, with some observations I had written on Trotter's silly book, and preserved nearly half, I think, by adopting this plan.

"I am surprised that Murray should object to publish my dedication to the President of the United States. It is very temperate, and, I believe, not ineloquent. War is not declared; and I earnestly point out the mischief it would do America —how deplorable that freemen should contend with freemen, and diminish a number already so reduced! I never wrote anything better. It contains the best sentences of my oration. I will desire Murray to send it you, together with a piece aimed at the attorney-general of Ireland, but not mentioning him, nor subject to the cognisance of even an attorney-general's law."

In his allusions to America Landor had greatly the advantage of his friend, who had no indisposition to the war then imminent, was ready to give credit to any absurdity that might help to put a wider breach between us and our transatlantic kinsmen, and was as eager as many people since have been to believe in a disruption of the United States Republic as both desirable and likely. What he says on the other hand of George Rose is not a bad comment on what Lord Shelburne is reported to have said to him, "Good God, "Mr. Rose, why have you not more ambition!" Rose had been twenty years Pitt's secretary to the treasury, and was everybody's factotum in those days; but we

may easily understand Landor's slowness to recognise abilities of which only the most meagre memorials have even yet come to light, though he has been dead half a century. In the recent changes Rose had stuck to Perceval, in spite of all Canning's attempts to draw him off; and his appointment as treasurer to the navy, with Croker for secretary, a selection he was supposed to have suggested but which in reality he very strongly disapproved, had greatly moved Landor's wrath. The whole of Southey's letter, which is dated Feb. 21, 1812, is worth preserving; and among the personal bitternesses in the Commentary, the reader will not be unamused to see, Fellowes and Kett* had not been forgotten!

"I have re-read and re-re-read the Commentary. The dedication and the postscript are so full of perilous matter that it will be difficult to weed them clean. And there is this objection to both, that they, far more than the Commentary itself, tend to produce that state of feeling which such wretches as Cobbett are continually labouring to excite and inflame for the worst purposes. We are suffering for the antijacobin war,—the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children,—now it seems as if you designed to represent that the sins were our own. That we are not in peace and abundance and security, is the effect of *that* war,—*this* is unavoidable, and so are the expenses which it necessitates.

"We rivet the chain in Sicily, and we do not break it in Portugal; but certain it is that in Spain we have pressed upon the government the necessity of liberal measures and popular reform. Towards the Spanish colonies this country has not acted ill; all that it could do was to endeavour to mediate. Those colonies offer a wretched prospect; they are even more unfit for independence than the Americans were, who have become independent (by our fault most assuredly) a full century before they were of age. See what it is to have a nation to take its place among civilised states before it has either gentlemen or scholars! They have in the course of twenty years acquired a distinct national character for low and lying knavery;

* See ante, pp. 59-60; and pp. 110-112.

and so well do they deserve it that no man ever had any dealings with them without having proofs of its truth.

"There is now a probability that the damned junta of Cadiz will be crushed, and the colonial trade thrown open. I have no doubt that what you recommend, America is looking to; but I have as little doubt that it is under the direction of Bonaparte, who keeps the American government in pay. They dream of conquering Canada on the one hand, and Mexico on the other; and happy would Bonaparte be if he could see them doing his work. But the more probable consequences of that war with this country into which he is bribing them, would be the separation of the Northern States, and the loss of New Orleans, which it would be our first business to secure, and thus seal up the produce of the whole western territory.

"You have plucked George Rose most unmercifully. Yet if I were asked what man in the House of Commons had done most good there, I should name this very hero, who, according to a song sung by his company of Christchurch volunteers to his praise, while he used to get drunk with them drinking alternately his own health and his wife's, is 'as brave as Alexander.' The encouragement of the benefit-societies, the population and poor returns, and the naval schools, we owe to G. Rose. He has actually *done* more good than the whole gang of reformers have even proposed to do. The worst I know or think of Canning is that he seems to be laying out for popularity by showing symptoms of falling in with that party whose economy is injustice, and who never held out any nobler object to the people than that of saving pounds, shillings, and pence.

"But I meant to confine myself merely to those passages which are either directly actionable, or which after a while you would yourself be sorry to have published. They are that about Croker, the recommendation to withhold supplies, the mention of Lord Chatham and Lord Riverdale, of Fellowes and Kett, and what is said of the Irish attorney-general. About Irish affairs the English can never be made to take any strong interest. I should retain your parallel of Wellington with Peterborough to substitute as appendix. It would do good: for the great good which is now to be done is to keep up the spirit of the country. Thank God, England is not upon her stumps like Witherington; but we must fight on till we bring France into that condition.

"Your prose is as much your own as your poetry. There is

a life and vigour in it to which I know no parallel. It has the poignancy of champagne, and the body of English October. Neither you nor Murray gave me any hint that the Commentary was yours, but I could not look into these pages without knowing that it could not be the work of any other man. God bless you. R. S."

How much wiser, of how much more prophetic view and with what unmistakeable earnestness expressed, are the striking passages having relation to America in Landor's rejoinder, dated ten days later!

"I perceive that Murray is disposed to suppress the Commentary; whether for pay, or prejudice, or fear, I cannot tell. He did not advertise it in his catalogue as about to be published, though he received it in December, and the date of the catalogue is February.

"I never can be induced to believe that Maddison is in the pay of Bonaparte, or that an American wants any pay to make him resent the indignities and privations he endures from our maritime laws. All parties are against us now. So tyrannical a system never existed; nor one which would so certainly throw America into a confederacy with France. Why could we not have revoked our orders in council, and left nothing to the French but her hatred and vengeance? On the contrary, we resolve to seize American vessels so long as Napoleon perseveres in his system; as if the Americans could alter it, as if they could hinder him from doing what he chooses to do on the Continent, or indeed had any right, if they could, provided he did renounce, which he has done publicly and effectually, all right to seize their property, even though searched by English ships, and even after many of their crews have been in English ports, and some on board of English ships of war. Whichever Power was inclined to relax first from its pretensions, was certain of conciliating the Americans, and of directing all their animosities against the Power that persevered in its injustice. Napoleon saw this, and his pride and hatred yielded to his policy. I pray fervently to God that no part of America may be desolated; that her wildernesses may be the bowers and arbours of liberty; that the present restrictions on her commerce may have no other effect than to destroy the cursed trafficking and tricking which debases the brood worse than felonies and larcenies; and

that nothing may divert their attention from their own immense neighbourhood, or from the determination of helping to set free every town and village of their continent! To accomplish this end I would throw myself at the feet of Maddison, and implore till I were hoarse with imploring him. I detest the American character as much as you do, and commerce as much as Bonaparte does; but a civil war (and ours would be one) is so detestable a thing as never to be countenanced or pardoned, unless as the only means of bringing a ferocious and perfidious tyrant to public justice. Nothing can be more animating than such a tiger-hunt as this, and even the peril itself is salutary. But the Americans speak our language; they read *Paradise Lost;* and their children, if fire and sword should not consume them, will indulge their mild and generous affections in *Kehama.* Surely there must be many still amongst them who retain, in all their purity, the principles that drove their ancestors from this country. In my opinion one such family is worth all the turbulent slaves and nobles in the wilds of Poland, and all the thoughtless heads that are devoted for Fernando Settimo.

"I do believe with you that Franklin formed the American character as we now see it; but without him the people would never have been independent, at least not for many years. To destroy the power of one people over another, is enough of itself to constitute a great man. I have heard, and give full credit to it, that an immense bribe was offered him by General Howe to use his influence in bringing back the people to merely their own proposals. I believe he sent the letter to Congress.

"Whatever you do, do not despise Locke. Remember he refused a pardon, because acceptance of pardon would appear as an acknowledgment of guilt. It must be a glorious principle which could make a man resolve to live in Holland when he might live in England. There are some errors in his reasoning; but he cleared away much lumber from philosophy, and his writings tend to promote the interests of genuine freedom and sound thinking.

"I am heartily glad that the prince has shaken off Grey and broken up the Foxite pack; but I could wish that Mr. Perceval would allow forty thousand Englishmen to fight for religion and loyalty in Spain, though neither the loyalty nor the religion is perfectly to my taste. The capitulation of Blake is detestable and most infamous. Twenty thousand could cut their

way through any army on earth, provided that army was surrounding a vast city. But it appears that at first Suchet had not thirty thousand under him, so that the Spaniards could bring against him in any one point a much greater force than he could oppose. After all, the most advantageous way would perhaps be to fight from the houses and squares, where cavalry could not act, and where women and children, by throwing tiles from the roofs, would be as formidable as veterans. In Tarragona and Valencia, the Spaniards lost greatly more than two-thirds of their effective force. Suchet in the capture of these two places has done more against them than all the other generals since the commencement of the war in the Peninsula. Bonaparte is the only general who has performed such signal exploits. I saw Carrol here (Bath). I believe he is now in London. I did not ask him what he came for; yet I thought he would be more useful in Spain. He is an active and good officer, but should abstain from other views and projects."

But before that letter was even posted Southey had been writing to confirm the suspicion with which it opened, that Mr. Murray had taken fright at the Commentary, and was anxious to be relieved from going on with it. Not having read it when he undertook its publication, he has since been reading it in the proofs, and now finds that its remarks on Mr. Canning would put him in so painful a position that he has appealed to Southey to get him out of the scrape.

"I have a letter this evening from Murray, which I would enclose to you if it were not for the time which would be lost in sending it round for a frank. The sum of it is that it would relieve his mind from some very natural and very unpleasant feelings if you would allow him to procure another publisher for this Commentary, into whose hands he will deliver it ready for publication, and with whom he will settle for you. This is purely a matter of feeling and not of fear. He is, on the score of the *Quarterly Review*, under obligations to Canning, and would on that account have refused to publish any personal attack upon him. The manuscript he never read, looking forward to the perusal of the book as a pleasure. What he wishes will be no inconvenience to you, and no doubt you will

readily assent to it. 'I confess,' he says, 'I hesitatingly propose 'this, for I fear even you could not now speak of this to the 'author in any way that would not offend him. I will, however, 'leave it entirely to you; and if you say nothing about it, I will 'publish it without any further trouble to you or Mr. L, how-'ever painful, from my peculiar situation, it will prove to me.' These are his words. For my own part I should feel any fear of giving offence as the only thing which could occasion it. It is but for you to signify your assent to Murray in a single line, and the business is settled without any injury to any person's feelings. That it is purely a matter of feeling with him I verily believe. The not reading the manuscript was a compliment to the author, and a mark of confidence in him."

Landor's reply deals not alone with the Commentary but with the Parallel (in which comparison of Wellington and Peterborough was made), and is a wonderfully characteristic production. Its date is March 1812. "A plague on both your houses!" He is so disgusted with both factions, that, by way of grinding both into the dust, he means to lay out five thousand (borrowed) pounds in establishing a printing press at Llanthony! His other scheme of establishing Lord Wellington on the throne of Portugal one might suppose to have involved yet greater difficulty for so staunch a republican. But for the time no doubt he was hotly bent on both, and equally ready when the cool fit came to surrender either. Observe at the same time how large and just were his views on leading questions of civil liberty.

"My Parallel lies unfinished. It covers a good number of sheets; so many that I never shall have the heart to transcribe them; for I write not only on sands, but on such sands as are exposed to storms and tempests from every quarter of the heavens. When you come to Llanthony, which I hope and entreat you will this summer, I will show you what I have done, and help you to read the manuscript. I have lost one sheet or half-sheet, I cannot remember which; but it grieved me at the time,

because it contained some very laboured passages. I believe I threw it into the fire, thinking I had transcribed it afresh, as I had done with another page or two.

"My Commentary is condemned to eternal night. I have just written to Murray. One sentence in my letter to him will explain the whole.

"'Deceived or not deceived, the fault was not mine that 'you first undertook it yourself; that you next proposed to find 'another who would undertake it; and that at last you relapse 'even from this alternative. I am not surprised that, in these 'circumstances, you find some vexation. Had you, in the begin-'ning, pointed out such passages as you considered dangerous 'to publish (although this very danger would have shown the 'necessity of them), I would have given them another appear-'ance and stationed them in another place.'

"I am convinced he has been persuaded, either by Canning or some other scoundrel whom I have piquetted in the work, to withdraw from the publication of it; although I have soaped all the bristles that could have been clutched by the foul hand of our attorney-general.

"At this time I am reading the Correspondence of Erasmus, 2146 pages! How infinitely more freedom, as well as more learning, was there in those days than in ours! yet establishments of every kind were in much greater danger of innovation.

"Two things are wanting. Perfect equality in all religionists as to their competency in civil employments, and an acknowledgment of the principle, *ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.* In fact, that there is no libel without falsehood. Unless these rights are admitted and established, I think it a matter of utter indifference who governs. I confess I care not how fast that system runs to ruin which opposes them.

"It is delightful to see how the Foxites have disabled themselves from serving the Regent. The people will be able to pay taxes two years more, and those fellows will then excite them to some expression of their discontent; they will force themselves into the places of government; they will govern with as much corruption and fraudulence as their predecessors; and as much timber will be wanted for gibbets as for fleets.

"I think we have thrown away a greater sum of money in vain than ever was expended before for any possible good. We

have gained nothing but what it would have been better not to have gained, and the last vestiges of the constitution have totally disappeared. The senate of Rome did not impose so heavy a contribution on conquered Carthage as we pay every two years to our own senate, which strips us of everything that can make such subjection tolerable, and adds the grossest insult to the most insatiable extortion. The fear of Bonaparte keeps people quiet, as children are kept quiet by the name of some giant. I think of employing my time in proving that neither war nor ministers are formidable; that nothing is very much so but poverty, which strips us of all resistance when the enemy comes to close quarters; that this is the nearest and most urgent mischief; and that those who demand our money in every by-road and high-road of our lives are to be crushed at any peril, if we hope at any future time for comfort or security or peace.

"I am about to borrow five thousand pounds that I may establish a press for this purpose, and may have the glory, at much private loss, disquiet, and danger, of setting the public mind more erect, and throwing the two factions into the dust.

"I shall not cease to uphold the cause of Lord Wellington, and to recommend his establishment on the throne of Portugal; to revolutionise South America, which is a far more civilised country than any in Europe (as I myself know from conversing with both officers and soldiers who were natives), and which will otherwise be under the power of Bonaparte in another year. The people of South America are of a military origin, the descendants of brave and honourable men; they are uncontaminated by blackguard religions, and neither befooled by kings nor cowed by inquisitions. Their religion and all their other habits must perpetually remind them of their ancestors; and those men are always the best between whom and their forefathers no cloud or indistinctness intervenes. A North American can see his only through the pillory: this is a very different view from that which is presented under the banners of Pizarro and Cortes. It must also be conceded that an Englishman does not lift his foot so high above the dirt as a Spaniard, and that he degenerates much sooner and much more."

To that letter Southey had much to say, and said it with the strangest possible mixture of his former and

his present self, jacobin and antijacobin. He has a view of the libel-law that might have satisfied Eldon himself; with a faith in republicanism (everywhere but in America) and a theory of colonial independence that the same learned "Old Bags" would have treated as insanity. At the notion of setting up a printer's press he is terrified in the extreme. Heaven forbid that Landor should draw on himself such vexations! Cold lead was more perilous than cold iron. If he would but bear in mind what the laws of libel were, he might say what he liked to the public with safety. 'Of individuals all that 'ought to be might be said; of the state anything that 'did not evidently show the wish to overthrow it; and 'if he would but always be careful that the vehemence 'of his manner did not belie his intentions.' One cannot but now remember nevertheless, that within a few months of this date Mr. Perry of the *Chronicle* had been dragged before the courts for copying a gentle sarcasm about the Prince of Wales becoming "nobly popular," and that Mr. Leigh Hunt and his brother were sent to Horsemonger-lane gaol exactly seven months later for calling the same high personage an Adonis of fifty.

Southey went on to say that he and Landor had the same end in view; they only differed as to means. He would on no account have Wellington king of Portugal; the good powers forfend he should wish it! What he of all things desired was that the tide of opinion should take a republican direction, "and the whole Peninsula "form itself into a great federal commonwealth; the form "of polity which seems the best attainable in our present "state." Then very wisely he sums up his colonial policy thus: You must send out colonies, as a hive sends out swarms, Let them govern themselves. Protect them as long as they need protection. When that is neces-

sary no longer, though the countries be then each different and independent, let the policy never be lost of remaining one people. Give the Briton who goes to you all privileges of a nation; let the colonist here be an Englishman when he lands. "In fifty years America "would petition to be received back into the family."

Absurdly wrong as to that latter point, it is yet plain from the frequent recurrence of such passages in his letters that Southey had in his heart a more genuine republicanism than Landor, with whom it was often little more than an unreasoning hatred of kings. The illustration we have just seen the latter employ, that those men are always the best between whom and their forefathers no cloud or indistinctness intervenes, and that a North American could see his only through the pillory, is not one that Southey would have used. He puts the matter in another way. In his opinion, the present letter went on to say, Landor rated the American Spaniards too highly, just as he overrated the Americans themselves. He asks his friend to read Cotton Mather's *History of New England* of which the annals were told by succession not of princes but preachers. Half the Anglo-Americans, in Southey's view, went over red-hot from the conventicle, the other half flagrant from Bridewell; and the *tertium quid* had the roguery of the one superinduced upon the hard vulgarity of the other!

After this, for two or three months, other than public subjects occupy the letters of both, and not until October are politics resumed. The interval had been marked by stirring events, of which the latest were Borodino and Moscow; and at the reverses of Napoleon's fortune Southey's exultation knew no bounds.

"Will Bonaparte leave his army as he did in Egypt, or stay with them and keep his Christmas at Moscow? A Lenten sort

of Christmas it will prove. The Russians, like the Turks, are in a very unsubduable state; their beards and their idolatry are in their favour. It is of prodigious consequence that they don't understand parlez-vous-ing; and it will take a Frenchman, popinjays as they all are, a long while before he can gabble in Russ. Huzza! fight on, my merry men all, must be our tune; and as long as we can keep out the white-livered Foxites at home, the cause of Europe will never be to be despaired of. Should they get the ascendancy, it would then indeed be time to turn Turk in despair."

Landor's reply is less exultant; his toleration of the English government, to the direction of which Lord Liverpool had succeeded on the murder of Perceval, and of which Castlereagh and Sidmouth were now the animating spirits, is very naturally not on the increase; and as to Bonaparte the view here expressed by him is in effect that which Hazlitt supported in later years with the same abuse of power arising from personal passion.

"I do not think with you about Bonaparte. I hate him; I execrate him; but I detest our own government worse. Genius, in a political sense, is the Salvator or the Redemptor mundi. Corruption is the devil—not the Satan of Milton, but the sheer mean-spirited creature of the Evangelists. As for the cause of Europe, which you say is never to be despaired of, the kings and governments are such fools and rascals that I wish from my soul Bonaparte may utterly extinguish all of them. I want to see some paring and burning. I can wait patiently for the fresh vegetation that will follow. I want to see Finland liberated. That remote people had made a greater progress in agriculture and civilisation in thirty years than any in Europe, if perhaps we except the Scotch. Bonaparte will do an infinity of good; but I wish, when he has done it, he may be impaled. He forced the emperor of Austria to act infamously towards Prussia; the king of Prussia to act infamously towards Austria; and the emperor of Russia to act infamously to every power in Europe. Willingly should I sacrifice my fortune, my life, everything but my soul, to abolish kingship throughout the world. Men never can be honest or peaceable, God will never permit it, while they live under this most cursed idolatry.

"I am more and more convinced that Lord Wellington alone is able to unite such discordant nations as the Portuguese and Spanish. It requires but very little wisdom to govern well when a people knows that he who governs can enforce obedience. He would not permit any great demand for it. I have finished my book on this subject, and a part of it will probably light the candle when I seal this letter. It was at least as well written as anything of mine, and was enough to have raised me a host of enemies if I could have performed but the mere mechanical part of forcing it into day."

Immediately upon this followed the general election, in which Landor so far took part as to issue an address to the freeholders of Monmouthshire. He had declined, he said, himself to come forward; but he hoped they would choose a better colleague for their old member than the brother of the lord-lieutenant, to whose family pretensions in the point of intellect he was the reverse of complimentary. "We often find throughout "whole families," he wrote, "as lifeless an equality of "mind and soul as the revolutionists of France would "have established in rank and property. I trust we "should be as unwilling to countenance the one as the "other. Let us compassionate the evils we cannot alter, "and remove the evils we can. Let us prove that the "race of country gentlemen is not yet extinct, and that "some one of this order can be found in the county of "Monmouth whose character for probity and intelli-"gence renders him worthy to be the colleague of Sir "Charles Morgan." Another passage will show the view he took generally of public affairs, how closely he went to some of the main grievances, and how narrowly he missed the proper remedy. His strong opinion of the duty of the House of Commons to deal with the question of waste lands has already been seen; and other allusions made by him may be explained by the fact that he was writing within a few weeks of the exe-

cution at York, in one day, of fourteen miserable men who had taken part in Luddite riots.

"We have seen a great number of prime-ministers since the beginning of the war, and, as far as the constitution is concerned, very little if any difference in their method, whatever there may have been in their maxims, of government. This consideration should reconcile all parties. Since we are engaged in a contest, which could not have been avoided with honour nor terminated with safety, I have always thought the most favourably of those who have acted with most firmness and energy. To support us in the expenditure that is necessary, two other things are necessary also: first, the abolition of useless offices and unmerited pensions; secondly, the encouragement of agriculture and commerce. Englishmen will endure any privations for the glory of their country and the preservation of their liberties; but they never will endure that the pittance of the brave should be thrown into the lap of the slothful. There are pensioners, each of whom receives from the country they never have benefited as large a sum annually as would raise a thousand industrious mechanics from want and despondency to competence and comfort. Yet it is from these mechanics that the country *was* rich and powerful; and it is from these pensioners that she *is* exhausted and distressed. If their pension-money had been applied to the sustenance of our starving manufacturers by wise and liberal encouragements, what violations of peace and security, of law, of order, of the British character, what miseries and crimes, what oaths and perjuries, what robberies and murders, what imprisonments and chains and executions might have been spared for ever! You will remember not many months since, at a time when among the labouring classes there was a wide scarcity and universal discontent, that a general act of enclosure was recommended by the united voice of several counties. Although the scarcity could not have been relieved by an act of which the effects were not immediate, yet many of its painful feelings would have been removed by a disposition to prevent its recurrence. Such an act would not only have excited the industry of those useful men who wanted, in a greater degree than was ever known before, employment and subsistence, but it would have separated and diverted from mischief those turbulent spirits which were rising in the north.

The only person in your grand jury who opposed a general act of enclosure, however, with the exception of the duke's steward, was the duke's brother. And though certain it is that the opinions of men so little distinguished for abilities or information must have proportionately little weight with the wise, yet equally certain is it that the wise do not constitute the majority of mankind, and that wealth and rank have a greater influence on the affairs of this world than knowledge or integrity."

The date of that address was October 1812; the new parliament, from which it had failed to exclude Lord Arthur Somerset, assembled in November; and two months later Landor was eagerly intent on bringing before it an enclosure-bill of his own. Writing to Southey from Llanthony in the last days of January 1813, he thus refers to it:

"I remain here, not so much for pleasure as for business. I am bringing into parliament a bill for enclosing these commons, which are now depastured by the sheep of no less than nine other parishes. Mine is perhaps the only manor in the world that is surrounded by so many. Persons of all descriptions have assumed to themselves the liberty of turning out their cattle here. Among the rest is one who has a peculiar enmity against me, both as an Englishman and a gentleman, though we never met; and this enmity is increased and exasperated by the necessity which he is aware that he lies under of showing his right, such as he has, of turning out cattle in a manor where he has no property. He has given notice that he intends to oppose my bill in parliament, although I possess 95 in 112 of the land-tax; and he has raised the common people of other parishes against me. If you can procure me any assistance in parliament, you will render me the greatest service, as all opposition is attended by grievous expense. If the public good were not about to be promoted, as well as my own, I would not ask one earthly being for support; but in the present state of things a few miserable sheep are infected by the scab, all improvement in the breed is discouraged, and the large half-starving flocks break into the enclosures and destroy the grass and corn of the farmer, and the garden and croft of the cottager. In case of

enclosure, I shall plant above a million of trees on land which is now unproductive, and raise a very large flock of Spanish sheep, which, at present can with great difficulty be kept from the contagion that eternally prevails here. The landlord I have mentioned is so base a man that he bought the cottage of a woman bowed down by poverty and age, for one guinea. It was worth thirty."

Southey did all he could for the bill, and there is a mention in his letter of the members he had written to about it;* but, the opinion of his own county representatives being adverse, Landor had to abandon it early in the session. Even by that time, however, subjects of more engrossing interest had supervened; and what with his own troubles and Bonaparte's troubles he had more than enough to occupy him. The private disputes are reserved to another section; but what passed between Southey and himself during the eventful months that preceded the abdication at Fontainebleau will properly be added here.

In April 1813 Landor notices a newspaper report of Austria joining the coalition against France. "Kings "and emperors are such a detestable race of rascals, I "mean the present families of them, that I can hope "nothing from their coalition at all favourable to the "happiness of mankind. Alexander seems beneficent "by nature. At all events, the fewer Frenchmen there

* One of Parr's letters has reference to the subject. "DEAR "WALTER, I will give you all the assistance in my power, when "I have received your bill, and am informed by your solicitor about "the time at which it is to be debated in the House. He must "get the bill sent, as if to some member of parliament at my house. "I am very much pleased with your brother Charles. I tried to get "him over to dinner, when I had two very learned visitors. But he "could not come. I shall very soon ask him again, for he is a very "sensible and a very well-mannered clergyman. Pray give my best "compliments and best wishes to your lady, and believe me truly "your friend, S. PARR."

"are in the world, the happier will the world be. There "is no comfort or quiet for these gnats."* In something of the same spirit Southey replies; saddened by private as well as public occurrences, and less eager than he had been a few months before for continuance of war with America. He was full of fear that the German campaigns might lead to a peace, being convinced that a peace leaving Bonaparte alive would be worse than war. Still, therefore, he hoped to see his destruction, and then peace might be lasting. But how disastrous was the outlook at home! His friend had been too true a prophet. "Our naval superiority stricken, the "foundations of every establishment undermined, and "the dragon's teeth sown all around us."

"I suspected that the Americans must have made some improvements in gunnery, and it was a relief to my heart when I learnt that this was actually the case. They stuff their wadding with bullets,—which accounts for the carnage on board our ships, —and they make their cartridges of very fine sheet-lead, so that it is not necessary to sponge the guns; thus they fire nearly two to one, almost doubling their force. I fear I shall not see you this year. Remember me to Mrs. Landor. God bless you."

Happily for himself, however, he recovered spirits as the year went on; for the laureateship fell to him in the autumn, and it would never have done to open in less cheery strain than he did, rejoicing in the gift and exulting in the return he was able to make for it.

"In happy hour doth he receive
The Laurel, meed of famous bards of yore,
Which Dryden and diviner Spenser wore—
In happy hour; and well may he rejoice,
Whose earliest task must be
To raise the exultant hymn for Victory!"

* In the same letter, I may mention, he tells him of the failure and collapse of the scheme of the *Edinburgh Register*, from which he had expected so much. See ante, pp. 241, 351-2.

The letter in which Southey told his friend all about his appointment—how Croker had applied on his behalf to the prince, who promised it to him; how lords Liverpool and Hertford had meanwhile offered it to Scott, who waived it handsomely in his favour; and how, in taking it, he had neither fear of the newspaper jokesmiths nor distrust of his own power to make the office respectable—was written immediately upon his return to Keswick, after a five-and-forty hours' mail-coach journey from London in the middle of November 1813; and was acknowledged by Landor in the same month from Swansea, with hearty congratulations on finding at the least so much honesty and discernment displayed by the men in power. "I never thought that a place gave honour "to any one, or that any one gave honour to a place; "but there is something equally agreeable both to the "reasonable and the romantic mind in reflecting that "in war and in poetry, the elements of ardent souls, the "first men of our country fill the first station."

The interest in the great war-tragedy was meanwhile thickening fast, and the catastrophe was rapidly approaching. The battle of Leipsic had been fought in October, and before the end of the year Germany was free. Then, at the opening of the next momentous year, came out Southey's first laureate effort, the *Carmen Triumphale;* and Landor, whom business had taken to London at the time, was hoping also to sustain the feeling against France by a series of letters in the *Courier* with the signature of Calvus. "You have seen," Southey writes to his brother,* "Calvus's last letter in the "*Courier*. Landor is the writer. I entirely agree with "him that this is the time for undoing the mischief "done by the peace of Utrecht. France was then

* *Letters*, ii. 351.

"made too strong for the repose of Europe, and she "ought now to be stript of Alsace, Lorraine, and "Franche-Comté."

Of these letters Landor had told Southey immediately on his return from London in the first days of February 1814:

"The *Carmen Triumphale* was sounding in my ears all the way as I returned. I wish from my soul that this most admirable ode could (but too surely it cannot) be translated into every language, and chanted in every church, of Christendom, and that the notes were affixed to the door of every townhall. I too had been employing some midnight hours to prove that

'Justice must go before,
And Retribution must make plain the way;'*

but the evil genius to whom I committed the manuscript has printed what he chose and omitted all the best. I hope he has however executed one order of mine, in sending to your bookseller the *Letters of Calvus*. The best he declines to print. I have written a most complete refutation of Sir James Mackintosh's speech. Scorn forbids me to ask the fellow whether he has received it. Let it perish. What think you of Lord Castlereagh visiting the scoundrel Caulincourt? The *Courier* pub-

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* These lines are from the last stanza of the Ode: a spirit-stirring one undoubtedly, and such as might justify still the uses of a poet-laureateship, if anything, even Tennyson's genius, could do it.

"When shall the dove go forth? O, when
Shall peace return among the sons of men?
Hasten, benignant Heaven, the blessed day!
Justice must go before,
And Retribution must make plain the way;
Force must be crushed by Force,
The power of evil by the power of good,
Ere order bless the suffering world once more,
Or peace return again.
Hold then right on in your auspicious course,
Ye princes and ye people, hold right on!
Your task not yet is done:
Pursue the blow—ye know your foe—
Complete the happy work so well begun."

lished one out of three parts of my reply to the impudent paper of Bonaparte."

But already Southey had heard of the *Calvus* through Coleridge, then also writing in the *Courier;* and in his next letter, everyway a characteristic one, asks if Landor had seen what he had himself been writing in the same paper, *Who calls for peace at this momentous hour?* an ode that had grown out of the castrations of the *Carmen Triumphale,* whose official character had precluded entire freedom of speech. For five years, Southey continued, he had been preaching the necessity of declaring Bonaparte under the ban of human nature; and if this had been done in 1805, even the emperor of Austria, "wretch as he is," could never have given him his daughter in marriage. Now his hope was that the other "wretch" might require terms of peace that the allies would not consent to. Not that he wanted the Bourbons restored. Except when expulsions had been effected by foreign force, restorations were bad things. The Bourbons had been a detestable race, and adversity had failed to restore in them the virtues royalty had stifled. It was an old notion of his that the Revolution would not have done its work till the houses both of Austria and Bourbon were destroyed; and he proceeds to tell Landor a story of Hofer, which he had himself heard from Adair to whom the facts were known, to the effect that when that gallant man had actually succeeded in getting himself into an Austrian prison for safety, he was deliberately turned out of his asylum by the Austrian government. If any member of that government, therefore, escaped the sword or the halter, there would be a lack of justice in this world, "which will require "some expense of brimstone in the next to balance the

"account. The fact is one of the most damnable in "human history."

Eager and prompt was Landor's reply:

"I have indeed seen, or rather heard, that trumpet-tongued ode, beginning

'Who calls for peace at this momentous hour;'

and I smile at this moment when I find you calling it 'from 'the castrations' of the *Carmen Triumphale*. Those of old Saturn, falling on the sea, produced a Venus. These, falling on an island, will I hope produce a Minerva. I, and my friends the dogs, can never forget the honours you have bestowed on Whitefoot;* but I am afraid they will be followed up by some irreverence from our critics. They like to pick a bone with their betters.

"I often wonder at myself, and it is the only occasion on which self-complacency falls in with my wonder, to find your sentiments and mine so very similar both in poetry and politics. On Spenser alone we differ totally. You will find in the letters of Calvus as deep a hatred of the Austrian court as could be expressed in them; and your anecdote of its conduct to the excellent Hofer makes me yearn from my soul for its destruction. No family that ever existed in the world was ever so ungrateful, not even the Stuarts. A scoundrel of an emperor held a long debate in what manner he should receive John Sobieski, who had just saved him from being an assistant to the black eunuch, after the proper initiation. It was determined that he could not, according to etiquette, shake hands with him, much less embrace him. Instead of returning any thanks for the salvation of the capital, he enlarged on the benefits his ancestors had conferred on Poland. Sobieski said he felt happy that Poland had been able in some measure to return them. How scandalously was the Duke of Marlborough stripped of his petty principality of Mendelheim! and what an ungrateful —— was Maria Theresa! Bonaparte now sees that his vanity alone has been his ruin. As a politician he should have left no king or emperor of the old race, except in Russia. If he had only destroyed the house of Austria, he might have soon, but not immediately, restored the kingdom of Poland in his own

* See ante, p. 267.

family, with all Prussia Proper. He might then have played off the Russians against the Turks, or the Turks against the Russians, and in either case would have had the Persians for his allies or his dependants. By this train of policy, which however was broken at the first link, he would have ruined us in the East Indies."

There is something in that view of the case undoubtedly; but on the whole it is singular and not satisfying to observe how little of what we now should think the true moral of the momentous events then passing was extracted from them by two such near lookers-on as these famous correspondents. What the mere politicians of the time might be forgiven for dropping out of account can hardly be excused to Landor or to Southey. Men of such activity of intellect, familiar with ancient and with modern history, and who had so clear an understanding of what the French Revolution involved, might surely also have been expected more clearly to see that so decisive an outbreak of democracy would have to run its natural course; that the principles embodied and represented by Bonaparte would survive his repression and abuse of them; and that the curtain about to fall on him would have to be uplifted again for them.

Two more passages from Southey's letters immediately following the last from Landor, and too curious to be lost altogether, are all that can here be given. The date of the first is after the news of the fatal affair of Bergen-op-Zoom.

"As for the Dutch, their torpor at this time is such that they deserve, according to the old punster's curse, to be undammed in this world, and damned in the next. Yet I was struck the other day in reading George Gascoigne's poems to come to a passage which added one to the many striking points of comparison between their war of deliverance and that of the

Spaniards. He speaks of them just in the same contemptuous manner as the Spaniards are spoken of by almost all who have served with them:

> 'they be but hollow gear,
> As weak as wind which with one puff up goeth;
> And yet they brag, and think they have no fear,
> Because Harlem hath hitherto held out,
> Altho' indeed (as they have suffered Spain)
> The end thereof even now doth rest in doubt.'"

Then, in May 1814, when Bonaparte had left for Elba, when Wellington had been created a duke, and when Louis the eighteenth had taken possession of the Tuileries, Southey thus wrote:

"So the curtain has fallen after a tragedy of five-and-twenty years! In two respects the catastrophe is as it should be. Bonaparte's degradation is complete. Even his military reputation is lost, and he is suffered to live more because he may safely be despised than because of his Austrian marriage. And the French in baseness and impudence have contrived to outdo their former masterpieces in this kind. Amiable people! they have been rather the victims of the tyrant than his agents! Then the patriotism of the rascals! The municipality can no longer reconcile it to their consciences to keep silence! Wretches! If Bonaparte's last order concerning his good city of Paris had been executed, I could with little difficulty have brought myself to believe that the powder could not have been more fitly expended."

But before that letter reached its destination Landor had quitted England; and the causes that led to his departure will appear in my resumption of the narrative of his residence at Llanthony.

XI. Private Disputes.

In the early months of 1813 Landor reminded Southey that the year had come which, according to his promise, was to be that of his second visit to Llanthony. Since his and Mrs. Southey's first visit there had been

many improvements as to comfort; a truth of which he would not find much difficulty in persuading her. Could he also persuade her to make the trial? His house, which had been built for a bachelor, and would be enlarged next year by an addition of four good bedrooms, had two large ones already, and several smaller; and the best had the advantage which Italian architects laid great stress upon,—they were "*al mezzo giorno.*" He could insure them well-aired beds, and his horses should meet them anywhere and at any time.

Southey hesitated, doubted if he could make the time suitable, desired it too much to drop it altogether, and was still entertaining it as not impossible, when, within three weeks of the former, a second letter reached him. It opened ominously, for already Southey had sufficient experience of his friend to know that any new literary enterprise was not unlikely to foreshadow some fresh personal vexation; the one being commonly used as a safety-valve or escape from the other. "I have," this letter began, "written a comedy, and shall send it " within a few days to your booksellers for you. This, " in my opinion, may be acted. There is a prefatory " discourse by the editor, much in the style of our " great editors on the other side of the Tweed." But the personal vexation, of which here was the sure forerunner, carried with it in this case a special annoyance to Southey himself; for the letter opening thus lightly passed into tragical utterance in the very next line, as it conveyed the terrible announcement that with the tenant he had himself introduced—the "agriculturist" of whom so many letters had been written, the supposed man of capital to whom the best farm of Llanthony had been let on terms extravagantly liberal, the real man of destiny pre-selected to be a plague and torment to both

friends—Landor was now plunged over head and ears in disputes of an irreconcilable bitterness, and to which the only possible issue must be hopeless and irretrievable loss.

"I am under no small tribulation from that Betham of whose family you know something. Hearing a good account of his father from you, and that he was desirous of settling here, I offered the old gentleman my two livings here, worth about 270*l.* a year, on the decease of the present incumbents who are each above seventy. That the son might have a comfortable house and a large farm, I consented to accept the resignation of a lease from an excellent tenant, and to allow him 50*l.* a year for it, which 50*l.* however Mr. Betham was to pay me—the old tenant thinking my security better than his. Mr. B. neglected to gather in his corn, of which the crop was excellent, and lost at least 200*l.* by this; he did not thatch his hay, by which he lost 200*l.* more; and by a series of such conduct as might be expected from a sailor turned farmer, and by living at the rate of 1000*l.* a year, he has succeeded in spending his wife's fortune—about 3000*l.* In fifteen months I have received no rent from him, though his rent amounts to above 1100*l.* I did not demand it the *first* half-year, however much I wanted it; and that he might not pay it the *second* he lopped my trees, and ploughed all the meadow-ground on one farm. In the midst of this last transaction I wrote civilly to him, telling him that I presumed it was by mistake, and requesting that it might be discontinued. He replied that he should not be hampered in what he considered for the good of the farm, and 'besides, that I had promised him every indulgence.' In fact, I had never refused him any request, however unreasonable. To prevent my other meadows from being ruined, which would render the estate quite undesirable to any future tenant, I have (as he foresaw and wished) brought an action against him, but expressed at the same time a readiness to settle it by arbitration. This he refused; and refuses also to pay any rent, under pretext that the matters in dispute will be settled in a court of law.

"Although for several months he came uninvited and passed his evenings in my house; although his sheep have consumed the produce of my garden and fields and woods; he has had

the baseness to threaten to shoot my *chickens* if they come into his fields. I mention this to show the extreme baseness to which he descends. I offered to put his hedges in repair, if he would keep them so—he declined it; finding it more convenient to pasture his sheep in my meadows, and turning them into bare fallows that they may be forced upon my land by hunger.

"I have mentioned only a few instances of this fellow's roguery and ingratitude; but enough for you to judge of him. All his brothers—three certainly—have abandoned every visible means of procuring an honest livelihood, and are with him; although his poor labourers are starving, and he has actually borrowed money from them. In fact, he thinks it more reputable to be convicted of roguery than suspected of poverty. He has embezzled the money I allowed for the repairs of the house, because I insisted on no written agreement and relied on his honour. He has discharged me and my gamekeeper from shooting on his farm!"

Making allowance for hardly avoidable partiality in stating one's own case, there will appear to have been evidence to support every count in this indictment, as well as others to be preferred hereafter. Southey's ominous remark upon Betham's ignorance of agriculture will be recollected; his previous employments having in fact been those of usher in his father's school, and afterwards of petty officer in an India Company's ship. But it was not the character of the man only, but, as appears from this letter, all the surroundings of the man, that marked him out for the part he had to play. It was one of his sisters, as before we have seen, who induced Southey to recommend him. The old gentleman his father, as we here observe, was the origin of Landor's first troubles with him. Nor could a non-paying tenant present himself to a luckless landlord under conditions more aggravating than those of giving bed and board to a quarter of a dozen idle brothers who had "abandoned "every other visible means of procuring an honest live-"lihood." Does it not all confirm what has been said

of destiny in the matter, and connect with it, after the manner of the Greeks, the offender's whole helpless family? "I forgot to tell you," wrote Charles Lamb to Landor nearly twenty years later in an unpublished letter now lying before me, "I knew all your Welsh "annoyancers, the measureless Bethams. I knew a "quarter of a mile of them. Seventeen brothers and "sixteen sisters, as they appear to me in memory. "There was one of them that used to fix his long legs "on my fender, and tell a story of a shark, every night, "endless, immortal. How have I grudged the salt-"sea ravener not having had his gorge of him! The "shortest of the daughters measured five-foot-eleven "without her shoes. Well, some day we may confer "about them. But they were tall. Surely I have "discovered the longitude—" Of course the hero of the shark was Landor's chief tormentor. He had been in the East and in the West Indies; and, for the sake of the whole family of sharks he was to bring up to have their gorge of Landor, the salt-sea ravener had spared him.

Southey's answer was written in the midst of family distress. His wife's brother had come to them on a visit, had been suddenly attacked by illness which proved fatal a few days before the date of his letter, and had left everything dismal and comfortless around them. But bitter beyond all was his grief and surprise at Betham's conduct. Personally he knew little of him, and never meant to recommend him; but the man certainly had come of a good stock, and if he had not himself implicitly believed in his honour and honesty he would never in an evil hour have directed him to the Vale of Ewyas. It was very strange, but misgivings about him, though not affecting his honesty, had occurred a few

months ago. He had sent over to Keswick last summer from Abergavenny a very vulgar fellow with letters of introduction; and this had given Southey a bad opinion of his taste in companions.

Southey then talks of the *Charitable Dowager*. He supposes the heroine to have been drawn from the life, and thinks that as a drama there was a want of incident, and, in that on which the catastrophe depends, of probability; but he had found the dialogue abounding with those felicities that flashed from Landor in prose and verse more than from any other writer. He remembered nothing but Jeremy Taylor that at all resembled them. Jeremy had things as perfect and touching in their kind —but a different kind: the same beauty, the same exquisite fitness: but not the point and poignancy displayed in the Comedy and the Commentary, or the condensation and strength that characterised *Gebir* and *Count Julian*. He goes on then to notice certain neighbourly compliments bestowed in the comedy on the town and townsfolk of Abergavenny; and, in proof that some good nevertheless might come out of Wales besides flannel and lambswool stockings, instances a book he has been lately reading on eastern history by a Major Price. He adds that in three weeks he is going to London, and that he has given up the *Edinburgh Register* with the fourth volume, having got into bad hands with it, and being in a fair way of being defrauded; but he does not regret the transaction on the whole. Scott owed him a good turn for that indifferent one, and the laureateship now hung within his reach.

From Lanthony Landor answered in August: upon the personal points first, and after on the comedy. Nothing can be wittier than his attack on the old method of comedy-writing, nothing more ingenious than the

simpler mode he prefers; but it may be feared that his chances were not greater in the *Dowager* than they formerly were in *Count Julian* of carrying a theatreful of patient listeners along with him.

"There are two things in your letter which grieve me; yet perhaps there are hardly any two things that have wider openings for consolation. Mrs. Southey will be unhappy at losing her brother, from the great gentleness and pure affections of her nature. You will enter into all these, and come to your own at last. My habits have been more dissipated, and my heart more hardened, than yours could have been by any accidents or occurrences of life; yet nothing can happen to the five or six people I love, whether it be by death or loss of any kind, but I must devise some reasons for them why they must not be unhappy. If you continue the History, I hope and believe there will be little to regret, ultimately, in your abandonment of the *Edinburgh Register*. You have been defrauded: it cannot be of anything which you may not recover by the same means as you acquired it. I have also been defrauded, and have no means whatever of replacing what I have lost.

"Betham told Addis, my tenant and a very honest man, that he should pay me no rent at all events for four years. Here is between four and five thousand pounds gone by trusting to his honour. I suffered by the same infatuation before. I cannot bring myself to be comforted by Ovid, whose sentences are full of poetry and wisdom, and are his greatest excellence.

'Leniter ex merito quicquid patiare ferendum est:
Quæ venit indigno pœna, dolenda venit.'

"I wish to improve my comedy, and to have it acted. The acting I never thought of; but Juan Santos de Murieta, a poor man of Castro who received me hospitably when I found Bilbao in occupation of the French, is perhaps ruined by those barbarians. I see no speedier way, little speed as there is in this, of sending him some money. If some dashing and adventurous bookseller would give me 100*l.* or 50*l.* or 30*l.* for all I can ever get by the comedy and the preface—which is, I think, a humorous specimen of modern editorship—he might recover as much by the mere acting. But not unless you will suggest some improvement in the plan. I never could keep to any plan of my own. I *am* romantic, and I am in eternal dread of being ab-

surd. This has often thrown a chill over me, and closed the petals of my fairest flowers. I will add a portion of the Preface, in which I defend, in the character of Hardcastle, my own manner. The editor says:

"It is far from a hasty or a slight production; yet the plot, one would imagine, is too simple for the times. Hardcastle has preferred truth to surprise, and character to everything; for, although the follies and vices he satirises are general enough, still the persons in whom they are represented are choice individuals of their kind. Intricacy of plot was always considered necessary, and the more so when delicacy was not: it was however so difficult to make the audience keep watch and ward for it, and to command an uninterrupted attention for five whole acts, that many of the best writers, from Terence to the present times, have combined two entire plots, hoping, as our author expresses it, 'that what is twisted together 'will untwist together, and leaving a great deal to the goodness of 'providence and to the faith and charity of their fellow-creatures. 'Your intricate plotters bring many great changes into many whole 'families, and sometimes into several and distant countries, within 'the day; and what is more difficult and incredible, send off all parties 'well satisfied. For my own share,' he proceeds, 'I am contented with 'seeing any one fault wittily rebuked and checked effectually; and 'think *that* surprising enough, considering the time, without the for-'mation of attachments, the begetting or finding of children, bicker-'ings, buffets, deaths, marriages, distresses; wealth, poverty; wealth 'again, love again, whims and suspicions, shaking heads and shaking 'hands. All these things are natural; but one would rather breathe 'between them, and perhaps would think it no bad husbandry to 'put some of them off to another time. The combination of them, 'after all, marvellous as it appears, is less difficult to contrive than to 'credit. I have been an idle man, and have read or attended the 'greater part of the plays that are extant, and will venture to affirm 'that there are barely a dozen plots amongst them, comic or tragic; 'so that it is evidently an easier matter to run over the usual varia-'tions than to keep entirely in another tune and raise no recollections. 'Both in tragedies and comedies the changes are pretty similar, and 'nearly in the same places. You perceive the turns and windings of 'the road a mile before you, and know exactly the precipice down 'which the hero or heroine must fall: you can discover with your 'naked eye who does the mischief and who affords the help; where 'the assassin bursts out with the dagger, and where the old gentleman 'shakes the crab-stick over the shoulder of his dissolute nephew. I 'do not admire these direction-posts to perplexities and intrigues: I 'oppose this agrarian law, this general-enclosure act: I would not

'attempt to square the circle of poetry, and am avowedly a nonjuror 'to the doctrine of grace and predestination in the drama.' Of the *Charitable Dowager* he says: 'One action leads to and brings about 'one event, naturally but not necessarily: the action is vicious, the 'event is desirable, and is accompanied by the chastisement of the 'evil-doer, whose machinations are the sole means of accomplishing 'what their motions seemed calculated to thwart and overthrow. 'No character is introduced that does not tend towards the develop-'ment of the plot, or does not manifest the bent and inclination of 'the principals: no one is merely a prompter to a witticism, or gen-'tleman-usher to a repartee. Characters in general are made sub-'servient to the plot: here the plot is made subservient to the cha-'racters; all these are real. I have only invited them to meet, and 'bestowed on them those abilities for conversation without which a 'comedy might be very *natural*, but would not possess the *nature* of 'a comedy. I wanted to expose the very peculiarities I have exposed. 'I could not bring them together in another way. Any one may com-'pose a more artificial piece; but whoever could make the present one 'more complex, preserving its regularity, its consistency, its truth of 'character, can do more than I can. I should lose myself in attempt-'ing it; I should lose also whatever I might carry about with me to 'prove that I am I. Perhaps I should be more like others; but I 'should be more visibly their inferior.'"

"What is your opinion of my giving acts the name of scenes, and scenes of acts; and my reasonings on that head in the letter of Hardcastle to his cousin Leonard Dusset—which I forgot to date,

'From my lodgings at the Bath, this 14th of January 1687.'"

To which may be added a further fragment, found among his papers, from this much-cherished "editorial" or Hardcastle preface; pursuing his laugh against the bookmaking of which the principal scene then was Edinburgh and the chief promoter Scott, in whose life may still be read the melancholy page of it disclosing the story of his commercial partnership with Constable and the Ballantynes. That ill-fated partnership began some three or four years before this date; since then had followed in rapid succession a series of printing and bookselling ventures of which every one is now known to have been a disastrous failure; and in the

present year there had appeared those letters of Miss Seward which even Scott was ashamed to have helped in putting forth. Landor, on the other hand, was never very tolerant of the publishing "craft;" protested all his life (in my judgment properly) against such offices of editing as consisted simply in collecting indiscriminately the worst as well as the best productions of a famous writer, and swelling out even these by needless annotation; and his present humorous attack represented something more than his personal resentment of the mention of himself in the Seward book.* All the jest has perished now; but these two fragments may tell us with what avidity it was followed at the time, and how little, while the humour of it lasted, Landor is likely to have cared for, or given any proper consideration to, the troubles and losses now darkly closing in upon him.

"MOTTO FOR THE COMEDY.

Nunc adeo, si ob eam rem vobis mea vita invisa, Æschine, est,
Quia non justa, injusta, prorsus omnia omnino obsequor;
Missa facio: effundite, emite, facite quod vobis lubet.
TERENT. *Adelph.* circ. finem.

PREFATORY DISCOURSE.

Διὰ τοῦτ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ καὶ κάλ' ἦν τὰ δράματα·
Ὅμοια μὲν ποιεῖν ἀνάγκη τῇ φύσει. Ἀριστοφ. Θεσμοφοριάζουσαι.
Non lo conobbe il mondo mentre l' ebbe. PETRARCH.

"The editor of the *Charitable Dowager* has waited a considerable time in the hope of obtaining two able coadjutors in the departments of annotator and antiquary: for the public is not to be informed, 'at this time of day,' that the office of editing a work is far more difficult and delicate than the mere labour of writing one. Under which conviction men of the most lively genius have toiled through glossaries and archives, with great punctuality and good faith. A few words indeed have slipped inadvertently into their commonplace books—such words however as the most morose of the original writers

* See ante, pp. 110-12.

would willingly resign. With this exception, they have taken nothing; satisfied with the more honourable reward that the booksellers have promptly and prodigally bestowed. Every author who can be clearly proved to have failed in business by no imprudence in his ventures of wit and no launching out in his expenditure of learning, hath all his books and papers given back, which, although to him perhaps the memories of little but misfortune, may excite the industry or curiosity of others: those works also of the more prosperous, which their modesty or their indifference threw away, have been presented to them again, in the same letter and binding, as their most cherished offspring. Our maxim hath been, *If you take Isaac, you shall take Esau: let each have his blessing.* . . . Letters of state, of love, of enmity, are edited in many instances by the same ingenious and celebrated hand, assisted by those literary friends who are most conversant on the different topics. And he hath taken care, for the consistency and character of the writer, that no asperity shall be softened, no rash assertion recalled, no error of any kind corrected; resolved that the features of the dead shall not be relaxed by death, and that the passions of the living shall not be irritated by any whom their resentments can reach.* . . . Returning to the comedy before us, the reader for the present must regret the volume of notes which at a time perhaps not distant will be appended. Such only can be afforded to this first volume as are requisite to elucidate the editor. Nor has it been thought necessary in a preliminary discourse to discuss whether the author were a privy councillor or a puisne judge. One of the name, a Humphrey Hardcastle, was certainly a puisne judge; but there is reason to suppose it was either the father or son of our comic writer. On a more minute inquiry made by my learned friend Archibald Stokes, Esq. of the King's Mews, in the journals of the Privy Council, for which distinguished body I take this opportunity of expressing my esteem and veneration, it hath been discovered that our author was not actually a privy councillor, but was only brought before, and interrogated by, that illustrious assembly: not, as it would appear, for any actual misdemeanour, but because those unsettled times required"—[*Cetera desunt.*]

* "See the Letters of Miss Anna Seward, in which her consistency is put upon as firm a foundation as her judgment, her genius, or her chastity."

To the Llanthony letter Southey did not immediately reply, being now in London on the laureate business; from this date (October 1813) to the May following the Llanthony disputes assumed their most serious form, and involved the most disastrous consequences; yet this is exactly the interval when, judging from Landor's letters to his friend, not his own but the public affairs and not his law-pleas but his Latin poems, we might suppose to be receiving his exclusive attention. Assuming that the letter above named had not reached Southey, or that he had not leisure to answer so many things at once, he selects the thing as to which his needs are most pressing. "I really do wish "that my comedy should be both printed and acted. "You alone are capable of giving me any advice that "I am likely to follow in altering the plot. A comedy "must have some bustle; a tragedy should have none. "The passions will permit no movements but their "own—they should be painted naked, like heroes and "gods. If I can make my comedy worth ten pounds, I "will send the money to an honest and generous man "named Juan Santos de Mureta, whose property was "destroyed by the French at Castro. He received me "there most hospitably when, on my return from the "frigate which poor Atkins* commanded, I found that "the enemy had entered Bilbao." His friend would observe that he had lowered his hopes from a hundred pounds to ten; but seriously he did not at present believe he could, by any exertion, write anything for which a bookseller might safely exceed the amount he here mentioned.

Nor had that letter been dispatched many days before he wrote again to say that he had been finishing

* See ante, p. 228.

an old scrap of Latin poetry as usual. "Finishing! as "usual!—no, continuing and altering; then either "losing it or lighting a taper with it to seal a letter. "Here are a few lines that will give you some idea of "the present work. I have written about two hun- "dred." And the letter closes with forty-three closely transcribed lines of the poem of *Corythus*.*

Southey meanwhile had been writing with some misgivings about the comedy. He began his letter by saying that when in London he had been asked whether he was the author of *Count Julian:* a question implying a great compliment to him and small discernment in the questioner. To his own thinking Landor's notion of tragedy was perhaps too severe; yet he believed that his friend could write one, that even in representation might succeed, more easily than he could a comedy; and very certainly he would find it easier to write a new comedy altogether than to introduce action and bustle into a plan constructed without them. That was his verdict, expressed with all delicacy, on the *Dowager*. Yet had he found in the dialogue of it a peculiar character easier to feel than to analyse. Landor's prose was like his verse; everywhere terse, condensed, and full of thought; and with flashes of which the thought and the expression were so apt, so happy, and so original, that he knew not where they were to be parallelled, or where anything approaching them was to be found. *Corythus* he had also read with immense satisfaction: and he reminds Landor of a scheme formerly mentioned by him† of publishing a selection of modern Latin poems with criticisms; urging him now to carry it out, showing how suitable it would be to public

* It is the fifth of the Idyllia Heroica in *Poemata et Inscriptiones*, pp. 19-32. And see *Hellenics* (pp. 174-186). † Ante, p. 220.

schools and universities, and expressing himself sanguine of its success.

To all this however there is not even allusion in the next of Landor's letters, nor does the *Dowager* herself appear again! Occupation upon his Latin verse absorbs him once more, and everything else is as though it had not been. In the pleasure of any new composition past disappointments were always as quickly forgotten as even present pains and disquietudes. "Valpy the "printer," he now wrote to tell Southey, "the greatest "of all coxcombs, very much wished to print my Latin "poems; but I have an intention to print them at "Oxford, under the title of *Idyllia Heroum atque He-* "*roidum*, in a size like the sixpenny books of children. "It will cost me 35*l*; and I intend to give whatever "they sell for, which may amount to about half the "money, to the poor of Leipzig. If I had finished or "preserved my *Polyxena*, it would be perhaps the best. "At present they consist of, 1. *Corythus, sive Mors* "*Paridis atque Œnones.* 2. *Dryope.* 3. *Pan et Pitys.* "4. *Coresus et Calliroë.* 5. *Helena, ad Pudoris Aram.* "I have published nothing that will bear a moment's "comparison with *Corythus.* My head rises to the "shoulder of Robert Smith, and every other of the "modern Latin poets is below my knee. Such are my "dreams. What poet would tell his as frankly? or to "whom else could I tell mine?" And he winds up with forty-six more lines of *Corythus.*

Yet at this very time the most critical hour of his fortune had come. Out of his great dispute with Betham had sprung sundry minor differences, not merely with people who took Betham's part, but with others having small interest in the tenant but some dislike of the landlord. A state of things had arrived when

any one ill-disposed to the master of Llanthony had means of annoyance at hand which not a few were ready to use. Among them were magistrates, clerical and lay, with the old grand-jury grudge against him; small farmers with rents overdue, who fancied they saw advantage to themselves in his disadvantage; labourers to whom honest work was hateful, but eager for any amount of labour that was vicious or mischievous; and (not least though last) attorneys sharp enough to turn to bitterness every hasty act or ill-considered word. Landor's chief pride, his plantations, supplied generally the ground of attack. His trees were uprooted, and his timber stolen; and upon the rare occasions when offenders were caught, sympathising magistrates admitted them to bail. Against one desperate fellow he had to swear that he was in personal danger; but though the magistrate who first heard the case directed the man's committal, ten pounds were subsequently thought bail sufficient to justify his release.*

* To the magistrate who accepted the bail, Mr. Richard Lewis of Llandilo, Landor wrote: "The threats were not such as any one who "cared for me could hear without alarm. It was the conversation "of the parish that he had resolved to murder me. My wife, who "heard this repeatedly from the servants, the tenants, and the "workmen, was afraid to leave the house even for exercise. To "quiet her alarms I at last swore the peace against him. That my "own are not liable to be quite so easily excited, I am ready to "prove before any man who has at once the baseness to traduce me, "the impudence to affront me, and the spirit to meet me. I really "do think however that the hazard of my life is worth more than the "hazard of ten pounds." The closing sentences of the letter are too good to be lost: "Let me entreat of you, sir, to reconsider your con-"duct. I do not look for any acknowledgment of error; such is made "only by ingenuous and well-regulated minds, and requires a degree "of magnanimity to which self-importance and self-delusion are "strangers. But I do hope, if not for your credit and reputation, at "least for your comfort and repose, that you will never in future "court a transient popularity with the ignorant and the wicked at

This fellow soon after drank himself to death at Abergavenny; and by the Mr. P. whose acquaintance has before been made by the reader,* Landor was accused of having caused his death: but the accuser was acquitted when Landor prosecuted him for slander. On the other hand, when one of Betham's brothers had been overheard to threaten that certain trees alleged to have been planted disadvantageously to his brother's farm should be removed, and Landor posted the fact in a handbill charging him by name as meditating felony and offering reward for his apprehension, the threatener recovered damages against Landor for libel. Another of the brothers with sporting tastes had taken up with congenial associates of whom the most prominent was a notorious poacher, son of the keeper of the village alehouse; and this party, according to Landor, "with dogs of all descriptions and as many guns as "they could procure, sported over several of my farms, "destroyed my game, and dined upon it at the alehouse "afterwards." Out of this arose a third lawsuit, which ended in an apology; and when, for the fourth time, Landor went into the court-house at Abergavenny to give evidence against a man upon trial for stealing property belonging to him, he protested that if he had been the thief in the dock he could not have been treated worse than he was in the witness-box by the cross-examining counsel.

Of some of these and other kindred matters, apart from the graver suit in progress against the elder Betham, Southey appears to have inquired with great

"the expense of that lasting peace of mind which a conscientious "discharge of your duties will impart—at a period of life, too, when "such feelings are most requisite, and such rewards most welcome."

* In the letter to Baron Thompson, ante, p. 336.

concern upon reading a paragraph in one of the Bristol papers. "I burst into a loud fit of laughter," was Landor's reply, "at hearing that I was likely to be "made an outlaw. One Moseley, who had broken all "the principal restrictions of his lease, and had even "taken up and sold to one Fredericks of Crickhowel "the new quick fences of his farm, moved me to pity "by the number and greatness of his family; and in- "stead of recovering two or three hundred pounds "damages, I gave that sum for his resignation. Des- "cury had bought oats, &c. and even all his stock, at "double the value. Near four years afterwards, dur- "ing all which time his family wanted bread, he is "persuaded by some of his friends to bring in a bill "against me of 18*l*, although every bill was always "paid instantly, and although a settlement was made "for all demands on his quitting the estate. I received "an impertinent note from Hugh Jones, his attorney "at Abergavenny, in reply to which I stated the cir- "cumstances as above, and the utter improbability "that I could be in his debt, or that so poor a man "could permit it for such a length of time. The same "Jones had incited a poacher to take a false oath "against me, as the poacher declared to my servants in "the presence of two respectable tenants. I reminded "him of all this, and treated him as he deserved. He "brought a criminal action against me. The grand "jury of course brought in a true bill. Yet the fellow "was ashamed, and proposed to accommodate the mat- "ter by the intervention of two arbiters. They decided "that I should write an apology for what was unlawful, "and prescribed the form. He afterwards refused to "comply with their decision, which was contained in "the form, and which stated that, the offence being of a

" private nature, the apology should not be made public.
" I shall be cited to take my trial at Monmouth; and
" as I certainly shall not appear, I shall be outlawed.
" That is the meaning of the paragraph. Again, a
" fellow of most notoriously bad character who has been
" tried for more than one crime, a fellow who collects
" the window-tax, was the friend of one Toombes who
" took a farm of me of *300l.* a year and never paid one
" farthing, but ran away and lived at Abergavenny
" where he killed himself by drinking brandy; and
" that tax-collecting fellow, merely to insult me, took
" occasion to come up to me and inquire aloud of a
" person with whom he was walking whether I was
" the person who murdered poor Toombes. He then
" followed me into the office of my attorney Mr. Gabb,
" and on my demanding of him whether he asked that
" question of *me*, he said 'Yes,' and that his friend
" had answered in the affirmative. Well, I brought my
" action, as the magistrate, Mr. Powell, recommended.
" The jury were unanimously of opinion that he asked
" only for the sake of information, and found him not
" guilty. You perceive what chance I have of justice,
" and how subject I am both to robbery and insult.
" When the materials of my house were stolen, and
" when the thief ran away from the constable and hid
" (in a ditch) the wood which the constable was making
" him carry as evidence of his theft, I was treated by
" Mr. Taunton, his counsel, with much more violence
" than any criminal. Our laws protect none but the
" guilty. I would not encounter the rudeness I ex-
" perienced from this Taunton to save all the property
" I possess. I have however chastised him in my Latin
" poetry now in the press. I heard accidentally, from
" Mr. Hawkins of Pembroke-college, a little anecdote

"which shall not be very soon forgotten of this fellow "Taunton."

That was his comfort, and not an inconsiderable one. He chastised Taunton (afterwards the judge) in Latin poetry, and, what was more to the purpose, in such English as Swift might have written.* Many are the passages in the "Epistle to a Barrister" worthy still of preservation, and now to be read, by such as have read the foregoing, with a proper understanding of their sarcasm and wit.

"Two badger eyes has Themis; one
Is always leering toward the throne;
The other wanders this way, that way,
But sees the gap and leaves the gateway.

. . . .

My sheep are flayed; the flayer bears
The best of names, our vicar swears.
And why reproach the mild divine?
He loves his flock, his flock loves mine.
My timber stolen, could I know
The mark I made a month ago?
My barns cleared out; my house burnt down;
Could the whole loss exceed a crown?
Shame! are such trifles worth my cares?
I'm freed from rats and from repairs!

. . . .

A year is past; I beg my rent:
I must mistake—that was not meant.
I tarry on: two years elapse:
The balance may be theirs perhaps.
For insolent requests like these,
Their gentle hands uproot my trees;
While those, they told me hurt their grain,
I fell, their gentle hands detain. . .
Of late a sort of suitor there is
Who courts a horsewhip like an heiress.

* For a specimen of the Latin verse the reader may be referred to some Iambics "Ad Causidicum" in the *Poemata et Inscriptiones*, p. 160.

Kick him . . not Midas would enrich
With surer stroke the flaccid breech;
The blow above reiterate . .
A broken head's a good estate;
Add *Swindler* . . and behold, next minute
He's out of jail, and you are in it!"

Nor less terse and whimsical are the lines descriptive of Welsh witnesses and magistrates; the "Dick Loose" being the Mr. Richard Lewis of Llandilo who liberated on bail the man whom another magistrate had committed for threats of personal violence.

"The land that rears sure-footed ponies
Rears surer-footed testimonies,
And every neighbour, staunch and true,
Swears, and *Got pless her!* what will do.
Exclaim '*A perjury!*' and *you* libel . .
Each his own way may use his Bible,
Else how is ours a freeborn nation
Or wherefor was the Reformation?
If you demand your debts, beware,
But, robb'd, cry '*Robbers!*' if you dare:
You only lost a farm of late,
Stir, and you pay your whole estate:
Expose their villanies, Dick Loose
Will shudder at the gross abuse,
Free them from prison on their bail,
And pledge them in his mellowest ale.
. . . .
Here all but Innocence may trust,
And all find Justice but the Just."

Landor had left Llanthony and was in his house in Bath when the action of libel which Mr. Frederick Betham had brought for the handbill was decided against him: and thereupon, in graver mood than that which had suggested the poetical attack on Mr. Taunton, he addressed a letter to the plaintiff's counsel Mr. Jervis (afterwards the chief-justice), by whose unscrupulous attack upon himself the case had mainly been decided; and from whom he hoped by this means to

elicit an expression of regret for the language he had used, failing which he told him he should consider him as a calumniator in whatever spot upon the earth they might meet, except in the courts miscalled of justice "where calumny is sanctioned by custom, and insolence "has the protection of the laws." From this letter, which he printed, a few brief passages will tell whatever else may need to be told of these painful matters; and it is only just to my old friend that I should preface them with the manuscript note appended to the copy of the printed letter transmitted to Southey, who made himself in consequence some inquiry into the case, and, friendly as he still continued with several of the family of the Bethams, declared himself satisfied that these averments were true.

In the course of the letter to Mr. Jervis it is stated that no landlord had ever acted with greater kindness than he had done to the family which had so wronged him; and it was to that remark the note following was made for Southey.

"I thought it better to omit the numerous instances I had brought to my recollection, as the statement of grievances was long enough without any statement of ingratitude.

"1. I had given 200*l.* for ornamenting the house *beyond* what I engaged for.

"2. I allowed timber for ploughs, carts, waggons, sheepfolds, &c. also beyond my engagement.

"3. I gave a cottage and nearly an acre of land, to be added to the farm without rent, which cottage he offered for sale as his freehold.

"4. I offered *another* and a *greater* quantity of land to facilitate the exchange of part of a field with a tenant of the manor, that some draining might be done at less expense.

"5. He had so little sense of delicacy as to apply repeatedly to my gardener to have my garden of between two and three acres. To accommodate him, I consented to exchange it, together with a nursery which he also wanted, for a less quantity

of ground, above 200 feet higher and much more exposed; and as it was impossible to remove the trees from the nursery at that season of the year, and he expressed a strong desire to have the garden, I gave it up to him, and accepted no compensation whatsoever. I did not accept, nor did he ask me, any of the small quantity of land which was to be exchanged for it, until I could also give up the nursery. Yet he has the inconceivable baseness to state to the Court of Exchequer that I did not fulfil my agreement with him in this particular!

"6. On hearing that the father was likely to occupy one of the farms, I offered him the next presentation to two livings. He never thanked me! On my asking whether he was likely to reside in the parish, he coolly replied, 'he believed he was 'as well where he was.' I had afterwards reason to be of the same opinion. He admired a small picture at my house of trifling value, and I gave it to him. He promised to send me a book he had written on the Baronetage of England, but forgot it. No differences at that time existed between his son and me, nor until several months afterwards. Mr. Lisle Bowles tells me of a letter which he wrote to the late Marquis of Lansdowne, in which he strongly urges his subscription to the Baronetage book with some cogent reasons for it from the character of the minister his father."

From the letter itself few extracts will suffice. Making all allowance for vivacity of statement, they give so startling a picture of what the life in these latter days at Llanthony must have been that but for what formerly has been said of the practical withdrawal of justice from the district, and of the condition of the lower orders of Welsh at that time, it might seem wholly incredible. Landor describes the annoyances practised against him on system by the Bethams.

"It was customary for this person, whom it appears I have so traduced and disparaged, to stand upon a gate-post, with his brother, for the purpose of looking into my dining-room, and when I walked out, to thrust some *notice* into my hands or face: this he did in the presence of Mrs. Landor, after following us through our pleasure-grounds. He and some other of the most disorderly people in the parish surrounded the house after ten

o'clock at night on such pretences, and some one attempted to force open the door. On another occasion he aimed a bayonet at the wife of my gamekeeper. In consequence of these proceedings, which were varied every day, neither I nor my family could reside any longer in the country. On the purchase and improvement of Llanthony I had laid out between sixty and seventy thousand pounds, and I employed for many years from twenty to thirty labourers in building and planting. I have planted and fenced half a million of trees: a million more are lost to the country by driving me from it. I may speak of *their* utility, if I must not mention my own."

A subsequent passage supplies further illustration.

"I had planted a great number of stocks for orchard; they were of large size, and brought from Hereford at considerable expense: he promised to preserve them—they are all ruined! I had planted many ornamental trees near the Abbey; the fences were broken down at night, and my keeper forbidden to replace them! I collected together some of the hewn and ornamental stones belonging to the Abbey; the Bethams came into my court-yard, and threw them into the road they were making. They took down a saw-pit on the waste ground opposite their house, which had been used in common by the tenants of the estate from beyond the memory of man; they threw my timber into the road, and placed the posts of the saw-pit in direct view of my drawing-room and library windows, for the purpose, as they expressed themselves, of annoying me; and they passed no inconsiderable portion of their time in looking through my windows from this place, which was within eighty yards."

Southey had professed little hope of Betham's farming from the first, but he declared himself not less dismayed than his friend at the picture here presented of it.

"The one who rents under me told me on his first coming that he intended to lay out a capital of from 4 to 5000*l.* on the farm; but he told Francis Robbins a few weeks afterwards that if he had 4000*l.* he never would be a farmer. He promised to introduce the Suffolk husbandry, with an intelligent bailiff: and for the sake of this example, I consented to let him a farm within a few pounds of 1000*l.* per ann. He broke his promises

to his bailiff, whom he induced to come into Monmouthshire with his wife and child, and who threatened soon afterwards, as many others have done for want of their wages being paid to them month after month, to come upon the parish. An old miller, a very industrious and honest man, was obliged to compromise or starve, and he had to consent to take a part only of the money for which he was engaged: others, when they applied for money, were referred to the devil with their wives and families, while these brothers had their two bottles of wine upon the table. As for the Suffolk system of agriculture, wheat was sown upon the last of May, and cabbages for winter food were planted in August or September."

To these may be added the passage in which Landor stated his excuses for the act which the law had pronounced to be a libel.

"I considered the rooting up of my trees as a felony. I did not know that threatening to root them up lessened the crime, when a threat to injure any one, in general, is thought to aggravate it. It was the opinion of Mr. Phillimore that this Betham should be prosecuted for a felony under the Black Act, and the Rev. Mr. Davies, of Court-y-gollen, a most intelligent and upright magistrate, declared that he would commit him whenever I could bring forth witnesses of the fact. If I erred in my opinion as to the extent of the crime, I erred in common both with a most discreet and excellent magistrate, and with a most dispassionate and learned counsellor. Yet you have had the insolence to declare in a court of justice that I acted unlike a man of honour and a gentleman. Was it not natural that a man who had planted more than half a million of trees, and who had double that number ready to plant, should take the most prompt and efficacious measures to detect and expose so wanton and criminal a destroyer? When you assert that I condescended to become a bill-sticker, you again assert an untruth. The crime committed by Frederick Betham was distinguished from a felony by a very slight shade of difference: the error on my part was an error in law only, or rather in the nomenclature of law. No court could even have taken cognisance of it, if the word *felony* had not been prefixed to the offer of reward."

But the most impressive point made in the letter

was at its close, when Landor, to illustrate the veracity of a statement of his adversaries that so far from having any claim upon them, he was actually in their debt, described drily and without comment the result of the action for rent which he had brought against his defaulting tenant. "The Court of Exchequer has overruled " the whole of their exceptions, dissolved the injunction, " and awarded to me every farthing of my demand, to " the amount of one thousand nine hundred and sixty-" eight pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence."

Such indeed was the decision of the Exchequer upon the leading matter in dispute. All the lesser differences sprang out of it, the life at Llanthony had been embittered and broken up by it, and now one of the highest courts of the realm declared Landor's claim to be just. But the help this might have given opportunely came now too late. As he bitterly said on receiving it, 'The ' laws that permit a man to be deprived of his property ' for two years may restore it to him when it is worth-' less—but better order him at once to be starved in an ' iron cage.' The delays which his adversary had been permitted to interpose, and the facilities afforded him even after this verdict to intercept its immediate operation, were fatal to Landor. He had already quitted Llanthony, and was now making preparation to depart from England.

XII. Departure from England.

In the middle of May 1814 Landor had taken the resolution to quit England, and on the 16th he communicated his intention to Southey. Writing from Swansea he told him that two conditions would regulate the exact time of his going. When Mr. Jervis had made

up his mind whether or not to notice his letter; and when the Oxford printers should have finished his Latin poems, of which the profits (if there should happen to be any) were to go to the sufferers of Leipzig; he would remove from his country for ever.

His intention and its motive will be best described by himself. "I must borrow at 15 per cent by annuity, "as I have no other means, my estate being settled; "and my property is worth 200*l.* a year less, even if I "get these fellows out. I expect to lose at least 2000*l.* "besides the 200*l.* a year and law expenses; for they "have squandered away whatever they had by mar- "riage or otherwise. The sister has told innumerable "falsehoods to Lady Beddingfield and others, but I "trust the decree of the Court of Exchequer will suf- "ficiently expose the principal one. I pray to God I "may see you before I go abroad. I remain here ten "days. I spend three weeks with my mother, part at "Warwick, part at Ipsley-court near Redditch; or, if "the weather continues so cold as it is, all the time at "Warwick. After that, I go to France. I am trying "to sell my life-interest in the Llanthony estate. If I "get 30,000*l.* I shall be contented. The purchaser, for "about 3000*l.* more, might buy up the lifeholds, and "make a clear income of 3000*l.* per annum."

Southey had not replied to these painful tidings when the Weymouth post of the 27th May took him Landor's last letter from England, and with it more startling announcements. "Every hope of meeting you again in "England has vanished. Pardon me if this is only the "second of my wishes. My first is, that I may become "by degrees indifferent to this country. The Court of "Exchequer has decided in my favour; but Betham "has been able to promise bail and a replevy, so that the

" ends of justice are defeated. Nearly three years' rent " will be due before I can receive one farthing from " him; and all my timber is spoiled. I shall be utterly " ruined. Not being able to pay the interest of 10,000*l.* " debt on the Llanthony estate, the mortgagee will im- " mediately seize on it until he has paid himself the " whole of the principal. The laws of England are " made entirely for the protection of guilt. A creditor " could imprison me for twenty pounds, while a man " who owes me two thousand, and keeps me from the " possession of two thousand more, can convert wealth " and affluence into poverty and distress—can, in short, " drive me for ever from my native country, and riot " with impunity on the ruins of my estate. I had pro- " mised my mother to visit her. I never can hope to " see her again. She is 72, and her sorrow at my " overwhelming and most unmerited misfortunes will too " surely shorten her days. My wife, when she married " me, little thought she should leave all her friends to " live in obscurity and perhaps in want. For my sake " she refused one of the largest fortunes that any pri- " vate gentleman possesses, and another person of dis- " tinguished rank. Whoever comes near me is either " unhappy or ungrateful. There is no act of forbearance " or of kindness which Betham did not receive from " me. His father saw, and knew perfectly, that his " farming must ruin him. Yet, instead of persuading " him to resign it, he sent the remainder of his family " to live with him, and to countenance him in all his " violence and roguery. I go to-morrow to St. Malo. " In what part of France I shall end my days, I know " not, but there I shall end them; and God grant that " I may end them speedily, and so as to leave as little " sorrow as possible to my friends. No time will alter

" my regard and veneration for you: nor shall anything
" lessen the kind sentiments you entertain for me. It
" is a great privilege to hold the hearts of the virtuous.
" If men in general knew how great it is, could they
" ever consent to abandon it? I am alone here. My
" wife follows me, when I have found a place fit for her
" reception. Adieu."

To the first of these letters Southey, sending at the same time the close of the MS. of *Roderick*, had replied before the second reached him; earnestly dissuading from the project of selling Llanthony, and advising that his friend should go abroad for a time only: not as an emigrant, but as a guest or stranger. " A few years might
" be pleasantly passed on the Continent, while your pro-
" perty is vested in England; but not if you went with
" a purpose of not returning. My own intention is to
" take my family abroad at the expiration of the first
" term of my lease, if I can compass the means. The
" difference of living will probably balance the expense
" of the journey, and my young ones will pick up lan-
" guages while I enjoy a genial climate. But a few
" years, a very few, would suffice: for the older we
" grow the dearer those old ties become which time
" has spared. I grant there is vexation enough in our
" laws; but take it for all in all, there is no country in
" which a man lives with so little annoyance from the
" government." The rest of the letter was about *Roderick* and the death of Danvers: "one of my oldest
" and dearest friends, at whose lodgings I first saw you.
" I loved him with my whole heart, and scarcely any
" loss could have wounded me so deeply."

But though Southey wrote only one day later than his friend had last written to him, Landor was already gone. Two brief notes will tell their own story.

ROBERT LANDOR TO SOUTHEY.

"SIR, It is proper to inform you that two letters intended for my brother, with the Keswick postmark, are lying at Warwick. We are not aware that he has any other correspondent in that neighbourhood besides yourself. You will pardon me if it should be otherwise. My brother was indeed expected at Warwick. He is in France. I feel no hesitation in communicating what we are anxious to conceal from every other person, that he left this country under circumstances the most perplexing to his family, and with feelings the most unhappy for himself. We cannot forward the letters in question because we are ignorant of every other particular relating to him excepting his arrival. Hitherto we have waited in the expectation that we might hear from him and learn his address. We do not return the letters because we are by no means certain that they are from you, and because we still hope that they may be sent to France shortly. It is right however that you should learn why they have not been answered, and that you should have the power to determine in what manner we shall dispose of them. I am, sir, with the greatest sincerity and respect, your obedient servant, ROBERT E. LANDOR.

"Warwick, Monday, June 27th, 1814."

SOUTHEY TO ROBERT LANDOR.

"Keswick, 4 July 1814.

"SIR, The letters concerning which you have done me the favour to write are from me. They contain parts of a long poem which I used to take pleasure in transcribing for your brother's perusal, and some attempts at dissuading him from a resolution which he had communicated to me of quitting England for ever. A few days after they were despatched I received a letter from him from Weymouth, explaining the causes of his departure in a manner which I sincerely hope the natural warmth of his mind has made him overcharge. The whole affair has given me great uneasiness, and the more because I cannot but feel that I have been, very innocently, instrumental in it, having been the means of introducing Betham to him. May I request you to inform me of his address as soon as you are acquainted with it. I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient humble servant, ROBERT SOUTHEY."

What happened in the interval of nearly three months

before Southey again knew anything of his friend, it is not strictly incumbent on me here to tell; but no pain can be caused by the brief description I shall give of it, and there are points of character involved that it may not be right to omit. Yet even so much reference to it will not be easy. Disagreements between husband and wife are very delicate to the touch; and I have the example to encourage or deter me of the biographer of one of Landor's brother poets, who laid it down as an established truth that a man of the highest order of genius must in the unavoidable nature of things quarrel with his wife.* That however is hardly my view, and the facts will not carry off my hero so handsomely. It is rather to show that genius has no immunity from the conditions on which all kinds of happiness rest, that domestic differences springing solely from faults of temper are the subject of passing mention here.

Landor had gone first to Jersey; and while staying at this place, where he was joined immediately by Mrs. Landor and one of her sisters, the expressed intention of taking up permanent abode in France led to frequent disagreement. The one, having made up his mind, could not bear that the matter should be talked of; the other, having equally made up her mind, could talk of nothing else; and "a pleasant sort of thing truly, that "you are never to be contradicted!" was the usual and only reply to entreaties, repeated again and again, that she would not drive him to distraction. The usual charges and retorts succeeded; the harsher followed the lighter word; what, even while it provoked, had been attractive, became provoking without the attractiveness; and at last, in the presence of the sister, such allusion was made to the difference of years between them as Lan-

* Moore's *Life of Byron*, passim.

dor interpreted into deliberate insult, and resolved thereupon to leave her. He was up at four o'clock the next morning, and before midday, having walked to the other part of the island, was sailing on board an oyster-boat for France. From Tours, on the 2d of October, he wrote and told Southey what had happened. He was ignorant then that his wife's elder sister had already written to acquaint him with his wife's extreme grief and very serious illness; but this is the subject of his next letter to his friend, written at the opening of 1815, in which he says that it had at once banished from his mind all traces of resentment, and that he had written instantly to comfort and console her. As soon as her health and the weather admitted of her joining him, he added, he was to meet her in England, where he should stay only two days; and his closing assurance that Southey would receive his Latin poems in a fortnight has amusing confirmation in what one of his brothers soon afterwards wrote to his mother about this unhappy domestic dispute: "When we supposed him to "be so miserable at Tours after parting with his wife, "he was busy about a long Latin poem on the Death "of Ulysses!"

The reader will now understand the allusions to the incident in the extracts that follow from letters to Southey.

TOURS: OCT. 2, 1814: A DOMESTIC QUARREL.

"How many sad events have crowded into a life already full and overflowing with them, between the writing and the arrival of your letter! My brain seems to be heaving on an ocean of fire when I attempt to recollect what I would say. Julia had long shown a disinclination to quit this country, and hardly a day elapsed without some expression, more or less energetic, of her sentiments. I subdued my temper—the worst beyond comparison that ever man was cursed with—remembering the rank and fortune she had refused for my sake, and the content and

moderation she had always preserved in the midst of privacy and seclusion. We had passed above a month at Jersey, and in another day were about to sail for France. Her little sister was with us." [The circumstances of the quarrel are then described: arising from an ordinary dispute, but embittered by the language which Mrs. Landor is alleged to have permitted herself to employ.] "All these things, with a thousand variations, both of anger and mockery, and all of them turning upon what she declared to have been her own fault in marrying such an old man, made her little sister burst into tears. Julia told her not to be such a fool as to cry; that if *she* cried, it certainly should not be about me. I endured all this a full hour and a half without a syllable of reply; but every kind and tender sentiment was rooted up from my heart for ever. . . . No woman could or ought to live with a man by whom such language was merited: nor could any man support life with a woman from whom it fell undeserved. I remained broad awake, as I firmly believe, and yet I had a succession of dreams, rapid, incoherent, and involuntary. I rose at four. I walked to the other part of the island, and embarked alone, on board of an oyster-boat, for France. It was this very day month. I am resolved to see her no more. I wish to have only 160*l.* a year for myself. It is enough. I have neither wife nor family, nor house nor home, nor pursuit nor occupation. Every man alive will blame me; many will calumniate me; and all will cherish and rejoice in the calumny. This is natural on all occasions, but more so here; for who will believe that, where there are such smiles and spirits, there can be such an itch for tormenting, such rudeness, such contradiction and obstinacy? All that were not unjust to me before will be made unjust to me by her. A thousand times have I implored her not to drive me to distraction; to be contented if I acknowledged myself in the wrong; to permit me to be at once of her opinion, and not to think a conversation incomplete without a quarrel. The usual reply was, 'A pleasant sort of thing truly, that you are never to be contradicted!' As if it were extraordinary and strange that one should wish to avoid it. She never was aware that more can be said in one minute than can be forgotten in a lifetime. For the sake of exercising her ingenuity and of improving my temper, she will cause me to die among strangers and probably in a madhouse. She gave me my first headache, which every irritation renews. It is an affection of the brain only, and it an-

nounces to me that my end will be the most miserable and the most humiliating. I wish I could acquire all the heartless profligacy of this people—that I could be anything, good or bad, dead or alive, but what I am."

CLOSE OF SAME LETTER.

"Never shall I spend so delightful an evening as when we met at the house of poor Mr. Danvers. I called on him twice, but never saw him afterwards. I shall think of his death many hours this night, and envy it many in future. There is in the first of your letters—for both have reached me together and but this morning—something that raises my hopes and gives me a glimpse of comfort: the idea that you will one day come into France. Do not forget to tell me in your next when is the expiration of the lease. The climate here is delicious. I cannot say much for either the town or country, which many travellers have admired. There is not one great or shady tree within view, even from the towers of the cathedral, and the river is full of sand-banks. These, and the poplars, give a sad paleness to the scene, which is covered too with square white walls and ragged vineyards. Vines are sometimes pretty enough; but a vineyard is always ugly I think, unless when it hides the nakedness of a hill destitute of form and grandeur. I live in a tower, with a large and shady garden, where I intend to be buried, if I die here. Adieu. May you enjoy all happiness—as much as I have lost! or rather as much as I fancied I had found!"

GRATEFUL FOR THE SYMPATHY OF SOUTHEY: TOURS, NOV. 4, 1814.

"There is more kindness in one sentence of your letter than I have received from all quarters of the world from my birth to the present hour. I have often thought of your happiness, and enjoyed a portion of it in the thought itself; but the tempest that drove me into France prohibits my return, and the halcyons will never make their nests on the seas that I must traverse."

THREATENED WITH OUTLAWRY: SAME PLACE AND DATE.

"I can lose nothing by outlawry. Whoever chooses to take any part of my property can only do what he could do before with the same impunity. I am told that all my woods and plantations are laid waste; three hundred thousand trees are

lost—but not to me; nor have I room for any more vexations. It is not improbable that in the spring I shall go into the north of Italy, for this place begins to be infested with English: they reckon near two hundred. But if ever you come on the Continent, I will come near you; it will make me wiser, better, and happier. I do not believe that any lake in the universe is equal to yours. I wait some attainable image of it. I shall see the lake di Como; but I shall never say on its banks, as Catullus did,

'O quid solutis est beatius curis
Cum mens onus reponit.'"

RECONCILIATION: TOURS, JAN. 23, 1815.

"Not long after I received your last letter, I received one from the sister of my wife, dated so early as the middle of September. It acquainted me with her extreme grief, and of an illness which threatened to be fatal. This banished from my mind all traces of resentment, and I wrote instantly to comfort and console her. My own fear is, that I shall never be able to keep my promise in its full extent, to forgive humiliating and insulting language. Certainly I shall never be so happy as I was before; that is beyond all question. If there is a pleasure in pardoning, there is a proportionate pain in doubting whether we possess the power. Julia has not yet recovered her health entirely, but expresses a wish to join me. Whenever the weather is a little milder, I shall meet her in England, where I shall not remain longer than two days."

THE LATIN POEMS: SAME PLACE AND DATE.

"You will receive my Latin poems in about a fortnight. I took extreme care, as I fancied, to correct the press; yet I discover, in a copy just now sent me, some odious and most stupid misprints. I cannot help thinking that the fellow has employed a blockhead to correct the press after me for the sake of greater security. Happily they are of such a nature that the most malevolent cannot attribute them to me. There are not less than six or eight.

"I have addressed one of my Latin poems to you:

Quo vetus asseruit laurea vate decus
Nempe chorus primam tibi, Suthei, detulit omnis,
Invidiæque angues pectore vulsit amor.

I have hazarded, or rather more than hazarded, a lie in the last

line; but it is the province of eloquence, in all kinds, to say *non quod sit, sed quod deceat esse.* The concluding verses of this short piece contain a thought which I afterwards paraphrased:

> Mild is the parting year, and sweet
> The odour of the falling spray;
> Life passes on more rudely fleet,
> And balmless is its closing day."

DEDICATION OF THE LATIN POEMS TO PARR: SAME PLACE AND DATE.

"I have dedicated the volume to Parr, in a very short dedication: that is, about four pages of 14 or 16 lines each. I mention his hospitality and kindness of heart as my reason. There is also another. People attempted to persuade him—for he is credulous—that I wrote a satirical poem on him and his acquaintance.* The appearance of this satire gave me great uneasiness .... and I could only assure Parr that I never lost my respect or my regard for him; that I owed to him a great deal of what I knew; and that I had spent some of my most joyous hours at Hatton. If you had not mentioned to me that the poem was attributed to ——, I should perhaps have closed my lips on the subject, even to you; though there is a difference between communicating a fact and divulging a secret. Parr believed me instantly. Strange inconsistency! to fancy that I could be guilty of exposing a friend to ridicule, yet to reject all suspicion that I could utter a falsehood. As if the latter were the greater baseness! Of all the others that came under the lash, Greathead is the only one I would have exempted. He is fantastical, conceited, and pompous; but he is good-humoured and beneficent. In my opinion the foibles of such a character should not be dwelt upon. It will not do to pretend that the attack is made purely against bad taste. The worst taste of all resides in that busybody rashness which knocks off the noses of the charities in its alacrity to sweep the cobweb. The weather here is so bitterly cold that the archbishop can no longer amuse

* This is noticed ante, pp. 320, 321. I subjoin an allusion to Parr from another of Landor's letters of this date. "He treated me with "all the kindness I could have wished in a father, and invited me to "live in his house. Yet we never quite agreed on politics. I was "the only person who could, without bringing down a tempest on "his head, attack his friend Fox."

himself among the little girls of Paris, and the weathercock of the cathedral is too slippery for the jackdaws. Adieu."

To that letter Southey replied on the 5th of February, loud in pleasure at the reconciliation, and encouraging his friend not to doubt but that he would be able to keep his promise, and be the happier for keeping it. He bids him also not forget that Tours holds the grave of Ronsard, who would have been a great poet if he had not been a Frenchman. "But poetry of the higher "order is as impossible in that curst language as it is "in Chinese." For himself he is climbing trees in the Hesperides still; and though not without the graver feelings uttered in Landor's quatrain,* he is convinced they will both be the better for believing that the decline of life has also delights of its own, autumnal odours and sunset hues. The letter closes with the hope that they may meet somewhere on the continent before another autumn is gone: but not many weeks were gone before the hope began to look desperate, and Napoleon was again in the Tuileries when Landor replied. Nevertheless this had found him prepared. War or no war, he would not return to the country that had cast him out, by refusing to his property the protection of its laws. He thought Bonaparte's government not unlikely now to last, and he had obtained leave from it to continue resident in France. That it was not his intention to return to England, and that he had every disposition to prefer the empire to the government it had so suddenly displaced, he told his friend in this letter.

* Which appeared in his collected poems with this addition:

"I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But mourn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
The tear that would have sooth'd it all."

RETURN OF NAPOLEON: TOURS, 8 MAY 1815.

"An Englishman is returning, who will convey a letter from me, an opportunity which perhaps may not occur again for some years. I have applied to Fouché for permission to remain in France, and he has granted it. Whether our countrymen in general will be molested or not depends, I presume, in great measure, on the future conduct of our government. I should rather have said, of *your* government; for with me they have nothing more to do than to despoil me of my property to support their stupendous folly. What has happened was quite certain to happen from the beginning. Can anything be more clear than the prediction of Calvus?* The alienation, or rather the perfect indifference of the people, arose from a paper in the *Journal des Débats* on the possibility of renewing the tithes. The *Journal des Débats* was perhaps the best-written paper that ever appeared in Europe, and was devoted to the old monarchy. It was read in every coffee-house. Now certainly a government which could permit, without disavowing it formally and by proclamation, so horrible a report to spread and propagate, deserves annihilation. All the oppressions France ever suffered are light in comparison with tithes. Where they already exist, purchasers and proprietors of land endure them as known contingencies, as bad air, as the dry-rot, &c. But who, when he had repaired his house, would permit any man to infect it again with either the one or the other? The French laws, if they are observed, are incomparably better than ours, which are calculated only for the rich and the crafty. A man in France cannot be ruined by pursuing his rights. In England he unquestionably may. This reduces the debatable ground to an inch in extent, and proves my assertion at once."

Two more months however again unsettled everything, and greatly weakened in Landor the desire to continue a French citizen.

* See ante, pp. 377-8.

BOOK FOURTH.

1815–1821. ÆT. 40–46.

FIRST SIX YEARS IN ITALY: AT COMO, PISA, AND PISTOIA.

I. *From Tours to Milan.* II. *At Como.* III. *At Pisa.* IV. *At Pistoia.* V. *Again at Pisa.* VI. *On the way to Florence.* VII. *Retrospect and Prospect: a new Literary Undertaking.*

I. From Tours to Milan.

The intention of remaining in France survived Waterloo but a little while, and with the second Bourbon restoration Landor resolved upon quitting Tours. But any return to England being for the present impossible, he now thought of Italy for his home.

What had been his homes in Llanthony and Bath were now no longer his. His personal property had been sold in both places, and the management of his real estate had been taken out of his hands. It was a sad time. The Llanthony vision was over. No more possibility now of what once had been his dream, to rebuild the abbey as a princely mansion; no more chance of seeing in its plantations the two or three million trees which with a desperate fidelity his fancy and his hopes had made almost real; and though his new roads were to survive him as they do even yet, too surely had the doom already been pronounced against whatever else

he would have associated with his name at Llanthony. Before his house had well been inhabited his new trustees had ordered it to be taken down; but a few months earlier a flood had carried away the bridge he built; and whatever beside he valued had as ruthlessly since been swept away by a public sale. "I have here in my "rectory," writes Mr. Robert Landor, "a Titian valued "at twelve hundred guineas which my brother Henry "purchased at the auction for ten pounds." It needs not to dwell further on these things.

As to his real estate he was happily more fortunate. By the annuity reserved under the act of parliament to his mother she became the first of his creditors; and being enabled to demand the management of Llanthony, she set apart from it for his use five hundred a year on condition that the money so advanced should be repaid to her younger children whenever by her death the estate at Ipsley should fall into his hands. Her life was prolonged for fourteen years, during which she had thus paid to him seven thousand pounds; and what was held to be a sufficient provision having accrued in the same interval to the younger children partly by her economy and partly by the bequests of other relatives, shortly before her death, with the entire concurrence of those other children, the above-named condition was abandoned and Llanthony released from that incumbrance. To this it will be only necessary to add that irrespective of all these arrangements there were simple contract debts unsettled which rendered for the present unadvisable not only any return to England, but even a continued residence at Tours; and Mr. Robert Landor, having at the time a project to visit Italy, at his brother's earnest request joined him at Tours that they might make the journey together.

Landor's stay in the hospitable old French town, not then so overrun with English as in later days, had been not without many enjoyments; for the ease with which at will he put off from his thoughts whatever troubled or harassed him, the old characteristic well known to his family, surprised even his brother when they met so soon after the tragedy of Llanthony. I have heard the latter, in relating their first visit together to the quaint old market-place with its splendid fountain where Walter had been in the habit of doing his own marketing daily during his exile, describe the joyous greeting that broke forth from all the market-women successively as he came in view, and his laughing word of jest or compliment for each that had given him universal popularity. The prefet of the town, next to the market-women, he seems to have regarded with most favour; it was the same who (I believe erroneously) was reported to have given brief refuge to Napoleon in his recent flight to the English coast; and it was always Landor's belief that he had seen the fugitive emperor dismount in the courtyard of the prefet's house in one of the suburbs, to which he had himself gone, finding the door unexpectedly closed to him, upon the very day when Napoleon was supposed to have passed through Tours.

In September the brothers started for Italy, and by means of a letter addressed in the following month to their mother by the younger of them I learn some of the incidents of their journey. Here are its opening sentences: "Walter wished very much to leave Tours
" on many accounts; amongst others, on account of its
" unhealthiness, the probability of fresh revolutions,
" and some personal apprehensions about his English
" creditors. I wished to see Italy; and as he pressed it
" most earnestly, and indeed could not travel without

"me, I agreed to accompany him. After contests with "his landlady of a most tremendous description, we set "off. Walter had kept his own carriage in all his "distresses, and as posting was the cheapest thing in "France, we posted: Walter and myself on the dicky, "his wife and her maid within. Our road lay on the "eastern side of the river Loire for more than two hun- "dred miles. This side was occupied by the German "troops, and the other by the French. Thus we passed, "between Tours and Lyons, a distance of four hundred "miles, through 200,000 men; Austrians, Prussians, "Bavarians, Wirtembergers, Hessians. At Moulins "the prince of Hesse with all his staff was at the same "hotel; and amused himself, whilst we were at supper, "by standing with another officer at the door of our "room and looking at Walter's wife. I ordered the "door to be shut in his face. As this was done by an "Englishman he only laughed. If it had been done "by a Frenchman or a German there would have been "no laughing on either side."

The acres of vineyards seen by them on the banks of the Loire, Landor himself would often refer to with enthusiasm as not numbering less than hundreds of thousands; and as they passed, he told me, he could not but remember Goldsmith and his flute; though the scene otherwise was unlike the poet's pastoral picture, for along the rocky parts of the shore they observed, miles together, the people making their homes in the rock. The towns on the route were dirty and ill-built as Lyons itself; but for the last half of the distance, the two hundred miles nearest that second city of France, they found the scenery liker their own than anywhere else, saw enclosures of quick with timber in the fences, rich and well-cultivated land, and young wheat much

forwarder than in England. "It was from the bridge "of Lyons we first saw the Alps, extending imme- "diately in our front to a great distance. They were "covered with snow half way from the summits. It "was about twenty miles from Lyons that one of our "wheels broke for the third time, and we were detained "more than a day. At last however we proceeded to- "wards Chambery the capital of Savoy, and passed "through a most enchanting and romantic country; "rocks, woods, vineyards, and the finest passes." What the letter proceeds to tell of their first impression of Italy, destined to be the home of one of them for more than twenty years and after another thirty years his final resting-place, is told with much reality and vividness. At first, it will be seen, Landor meant to have fixed his quarters at Chambery; but he made wiser ultimate choice of the Lake of Como.

"Walter had hitherto intended to stop at Chambery and live there; but he was too restless. Nothing can be more delightful or romantic than the country about Chambery; and there are a great many pleasant houses situated at some distance from the town. The town itself is bad, and the eternal passage of Austrian troops made it disagreeable. Here we agreed with a voiturier; a man who undertakes to conduct you with his horses and carriages to any given distance for a certain sum, and to pay for your eating, drinking, and lodging. Walter gave him his carriage on condition that he would carry him free of expense first to Milan and afterwards to Como, twenty-five miles farther, where the princess of Wales resides. I do not think that the bargain was a bad one for Walter, as his carriage was no longer serviceable in its present state. I gave eighteen louis-d'or, or guineas, a little more than the common price, to be carried as far as Rome. From Chambery we travelled along level roads between the most magnificent mountains. Many were covered with snow. These are the lowest Alps. We rested four nights at miserable inns, and then passed Mount Cenis, one of the highest Alps, where a road was cut by Bonaparte

which is considered the most wonderful in the world. It is not very steep in any part, but runs backwards and forwards up the side of the mountain. We had been rising very greatly for four days before we reached the foot of Mount Cenis, and it took as many hours to get up the side. But the other side, when we descended, was infinitely more grand and beautiful. It was indeed sublime. We looked down into Italy from above the clouds; and when we had travelled more than two hours we passed among vast woods of the grandest chestnuts for two more to the bottom. The waggons of the Austrian army were descending at the same time. It is the Italian side of these Alps that is far the finest. We reached Turin, the capital of Piedmont, two days after: a fine town, with many large palaces. On one side there is a range of beautiful hills, which would be called mountains in England, covered with woods, palaces, country-houses, churches, and convents: on the other the Alps, which do not appear to be ten miles off though they are thirty or forty, covered with ice and snow, and formed more beautifully than any painter in the world could imagine. The streets of Turin are all straight; and from some of them you see the hills which I have described when looking one way, and the Alps when looking the other. Three days more brought us to Milan, a great, ill-built, ugly town with a wonderful cathedral, the capital of Lombardy. Walter and his wife set off almost immediately for Como, and would arrive the same night. I wait till the carriage returns which took them, and in two days more shall set off again for Florence and Rome."

Of the small and great discomforts, and their trials of temper, incident to such a twenty days' journey over the seven hundred miles separating Milan from Tours, the son's letter told also something that the mother might be glad to hear, and so far as there are touches of character, my readers too; but it must be read with allowances. If Mr. Robert Landor did not spare himself, of his brother he was quite as unsparing; and, with a very humane and proper chivalry which need not now be construed with excessive strictness, all his sympathy and all his pity were reserved for the pretty little wife. To an observer so generous as well as just

her advantages of sex as well as of youth and beauty were indeed very great; but though prepared for Walter's "ten thousand" fits of temper, it is a little startling, after the incident at Jersey, to find Walter's wife never giving way to even one. "He is seldom out "of a passion or a sulky fit excepting at dinner, when "he is more boisterous and good-humoured than ever. "Then his wife is a darling, a beauty, an angel, and "a bird. But for just as little reason the next morning "she is a fool. She is certainly gentle, patient, and "submissive. She takes all the trouble, is indeed too "officious, and would walk on foot most willingly if he "wished it and she were able. If he loses his keys, his "purse, or his pocket-handkerchief, which he does ten "times in an hour, she is to be blamed; and she takes "it all very quietly." Perhaps one might have said too quietly. There is such a thing as an ostentatious meekness, or, as the poor bad-tempered husband in the play puts it, a "malign excess of undemanded patience." Nor is it difficult to discover that the fits of passion, on the other side, were rather of the lambent and phosphorescent than of a scorching or consuming kind. "If he is ever really unhappy, it is because the cook "has put oil or garlic into the soup. Give him a good "dinner well cooked, and he is happier than an em- "peror. He writes and reads all the day besides. As "for his creditors, he cares no more about them or "his own concerns than about Bonaparte's. He has "plenty of money for this country; lives as well as ever "he did in his life; and at Tours had even saved five- "and-thirty pounds. He has one entire quarter in his "banker's hands at present, after travelling so far."

Again, on the 10th of December in the same year, being then at Rome, Mr. Robert Landor wrote to his

mother that he had heard from Walter at Como; that he found it expensive, was dissatisfied with it, and talked of going farther east; but that he had himself written to dissuade this, at least for the present. "He "has seen nothing of Italy, and yet he swears that it "contains nothing worth seeing. Every place is the "worst." From Rome the writer had moved to Naples in April 1816; and in a letter of the 26th of that month to their sister Elizabeth he tells her that Walter had written in the last week from Como, and seemed just then very tranquil and comfortable, but that for himself he would as soon trust to Vesuvius. Finally, having meanwhile paid a visit himself to Como, he writes thus again to that sister from Venice on the 24th of June: "At Como I found Walter and his "wife in comfortable apartments, or rather in a com- "fortable house. But they had lost their English "maid, whose misconduct in leaving, and depravity "after having left, were not the least part of the griev- "ance. Julia looks thin, but not pale; talks much "of dying, and of returning to Bath, preferring the "latter a little; and amuses herself in learning the "very worst Italian from the old cook, who is quite "unintelligible to Walter and everybody else. Walter "is much as usual; that is, in very unequal spirits; "fretful, gloomy, absent, and very gay by turns. Un- "fortunately the latter is not frequent, and I believe "that I saw him to the greatest advantage. The Lake "is charming. The M——s joined me at Como, and "liked Walter and his wife very well."

At Como Landor lived three years; and three more wandering years he passed, between Pisa and Pistoia, before he pitched his tent in Florence in 1821. Between the home he had lost in England and that which he

thus found in Italy, this interval, measured even by the general driftless character of his life and ways, was so entirely unsettled, that it is not my intention to dwell upon it at any length. It will suffice if I indicate, by passages from his correspondence in these various places of abode, the subjects that from time to time occupied or interested him, and the manner in which his life was passed. My own comments will be very sparing.

II. At Como.

The first letter written to Southey from Italy miscarried; and when again, in the June of 1816, Landor wrote to him, he had heard nothing from Keswick since leaving Tours.

Letter-Smugglers.

"About three months ago a sort of pedlar was going from Como to England, and I fancied I had an opportunity of sending you a letter by him. But I discovered that they are narrowly searched by the custom-house officers, and letters taken away from them and destroyed. I was disappointed, and he was more so; for I told him my letter was for the poet laureate of England, and to remove all incredulity wrote the address in that manner. I sent it however by the post."

What his Brother Robert thought of Rome.

"My youngest brother, who has been at Rome and Naples, and indeed in all the other celebrated places of Italy, is now on his return, and will put this into some English post-office. He appeared to admire the character of the present Romans, though he carried with him many and strong prejudices against them. He represents them as sedate and silent, delicate and disinterested, brave and adorers of liberty. He was disappointed in all their ancient buildings, and thinks nearly all the modern extremely destitute of good taste. He prefers a picture of Theseus on one of the walls of Pompeii to even the best of Raffael, and indeed to any work of art he has ever seen except the Apollo Belvidere, and is convinced that the ancient painters

were as much superior to the modern as the ancient statuaries."

REGRETS AND WISHES OF AN EXILE.

"We often talk of you. I wish to God I could exchange the Lake of Como for the Lake of Keswick, just one evening. I know nothing of what passes either in the political or literary world. To be deprived of reading your works, and of seeing you for so many years, is infinitely the greatest loss I sustain in losing my country. I have engaged my house for a year and a half. I wish there was any hope of your coming into Italy. We have two spare rooms and one spare bed, the cleanest on this side of the Channel, and at Milan they make butter."

AMUSEMENTS ON THE LAKE: JUNE 1816.

"At Como we have been exempt from the —— of the princess of Wales for a considerable time. I think I told you that her scudiere was postillion to Pino, a deserter from the Austrian service. He has now purchased an estate for 200,000 fl. and his wife keeps her carriage and is allowed 15,000 fl. a year. His brother is maggiordomo to the princess, and rides out covered with gold lace and accompanied by her servants. These rascals have kept her so poor that she has not yet been able to furnish her rooms. Is it not scandalous that the money of England should be squandered away on the most worthless wretches in Italy, when the most industrious men in England want bread? If we had one honest man in parliament, would not *some* sort of notice be taken of it? Above all it surprises me that the prince does not divorce her. . . . . Lady Cumming, daughter of Lady Charlotte Campbell, went over to visit the princess. She saw her in the midst of the lake with her scudiere, whose arm was round her waist. Instead of returning, they proceeded to the house, where they found the prefet of Como, and soon afterwards the princess entered. In a few minutes the scudiere came swaggering in, made a slight bow to them, took no notice of the princess, but said to the prefet, 'Shall *we* see you at dinner?' The princess then invited him, and he stayed. As Lady C. had remembered him a footman under the princess, and now recognised him to be the person whose arm was round her waist, she took her leave. These rascals make a point of insulting all the English."

He had himself suffered from such insults, as he

fancied, taking to himself what had probably no reference to him; and his present information was to be accepted with much more caution than in the circumstances was likely to be given to it. It will appear hereafter that it was turned to immediate use. That any use would be made of it at all he does not seem to have imagined, and some sentences in this portion of the letter I am obliged to suppress.

It will be best so to deal also with its burst of anger against Mr. Munday of Oxford, for misprints in the *Idyllia* and for not sending the volume to his friends; nor will the reader regret to lose its three-and-thirty scathing Latin lines against Ferdinand of Spain, just written for the cenotaph of Porlier, which he implored Southey to make public in the *Courier* with the name of the writer, as he wished to circulate them on the continent as widely as he could.

Still Southey did not reply, and for many more months there was a silence incomprehensible to his friend. It had been a year of great trouble at Keswick. The heaviest affliction of Southey's life, the loss of his (then only) son, had fallen upon him in the spring of 1816; and in the following spring occurred the greatest vexation of his life, the publication from a stolen manuscript of his youthful drama of *Wat Tyler*, and the chancellor's (not very logical) refusal to restrain its sale, because of the injury it was calculated to do to society. To this troubled interval of silence on Southey's part belongs a letter characteristic of Landor in his best mood: sensitive and self-distrustful, but loyal to his friend; in the manliest vein of sympathy; and, though full of sorrow, nay, by reason of it, nobly consolatory.

"I have written many letters to you since I received one from you. Can anything occur that ought to interrupt our

friendship? Believe me, SOUTHEY—and of all men living I will be the very last to deceive or to flatter you—I have never one moment ceased to love and revere you, as the most amiable and best of mortals, and your fame has always been as precious to me as it could ever be to yourself. If you believe me capable, as you must, of doing anything to displease you, tell it me frankly and fully. Should my reply be unsatisfactory, it will not be too late nor too soon to shake me off from all pretensions to your friendship. Tell it me rather while your resentment is warm than afterwards, for in the midst of resentment the heart is open to generous and tender sentiments; it closes afterwards. I heard with inexpressible grief of your most severe and irreparable loss, long indeed ago; but even if I had been with you at the time, I should have been silent. If your feelings are like mine, of all cruelties those are the most intolerable that come under the name of condolence and consolation. Surely to be told that we ought not to grieve is among the worst bitternesses of grief. The best of fathers and of husbands is not always to derive perfect happiness from being so; and genius and wisdom, instead of exempting a man from all human sufferings, leave him exposed to all of them, and add many of their own. Whatever creature told me that his reason had subdued his feelings, to him I should only reply that mine had subdued my regard for him. But occupations and duties fill up the tempestuous vacancy of the soul; affliction is converted to sorrow, and sorrow to tenderness; at last the revolution is completed, and love returns in its pristine but incorruptible form. More blessings are still remaining to you than to any man living. In that which is the most delightful of all literary occupations, at how immense a distance are you from every rival or competitor! In history, what information are you capable of giving to those even who are esteemed the most learned! And those who consult your criticisms do not consult them to find, as in others, with what feathers the most barbarous ignorance tricks out its nakedness, or with what gypsy shuffling and arrant slang detected impostures are defended. On this sad occasion I have no reluctance to remind you of your eminent gifts. In return I ask from you a more perfect knowledge of myself than I yet possess. Conscious that I have done nothing very wrong, I almost hope that I have done something not quite right, that I may never think you have been unjust towards me. W. L."

With more than the old affection Southey at once replied; explained now his recent silence by uncertainty as to a visit into Italy he had resolved himself to make; and hoped they would shortly meet. At Como they met accordingly at the end of June 1817; and Southey stayed with his friend three days. In the poem already quoted* for its mention of the visit to Llanthony, there is record of this visit also:

"War had paused: the Loire
Invited me. Again burst forth fierce War.
I minded not his fury: there I stayed,
Sole of my countrymen, and foes abstain'd
(Tho' sore and bleeding) from my house alone.

* See ante, p. 328. I will add some lines from a later poem, A Dream of the Elysian Fields, in which his friend appears to him, "the genial voice and radiant eye" unaltered, and they speak of their past days together:

" 'I do not ask,'
Said I, 'about your happiness; I see
The same serenity as when we walkt
Along the downs of Clifton. Fifty years
Have roll'd behind us since that summer-tide,
Nor thirty fewer since along the lake
Of Lario, to Bellaggio villa-crown'd,
Thro' the crisp waves I urged my sideling bark,
Amid sweet salutation off the shore
From lordly Milan's proudly courteous dames.'
'Landor! I well remember it,' said he;
'I had just lost my first-born only boy,
And then the heart is tender; lightest things
Sink into it, and dwell there evermore.'
The words were not yet spoken when the air
Blew balmier; and around the parent's neck
An angel threw his arms: it was that son.
'Father, I felt you wisht me,' said the boy;
'Behold me here!'
Gentle the sire's embrace,
Gentle his tone. 'See here your father's friend!'
He gazed into my face, then meekly said,
'He whom my father loves hath his reward
On earth; a richer one awaits him here.' "

But female fear impell'd me past the Alps,
Where, loveliest of all lakes, the Lario sleeps
Under the walls of Como.
There he came
Again to see me; there again our walks
We recommenced . . . less pleasant than before.
Grief had swept over him; days darken'd round:
Bellaggio, Valintelvi, smiled in vain,
And Monte Rosa from Helvetia far
Advanced to meet us, wild in majesty;
Above the glittering crests of giant sons
Station'd around . . . in vain too! all in vain!"

Nay, not wholly so; for it appears from what Southey wrote of his journey home, immediately on his return, that these and other shapes of beauty had made so far successful appeal to him as even to shake for a time his allegiance to his native lakes and mountains.

SOUTHEY TO LANDOR: SEPT. 1816.

"Our journey home was as prosperous as we could desire. The Lake of Lugano seemed to exceed the Lario in variety and in beauty; and the Maggiore, where we crost it, to exceed both: but probably in such scenery that which is present must always obtain the preference. The Isola Bella is at once the most costly and the most absurd effort of bad taste that ever has been produced by wealth and extravagance. What you had been told of the hissing of serpents in the vaults proved to be the noise of the bats, who have taken possession of the groundtier in this ridiculous place. We saw them in great numbers flying in and out. Taking all things into consideration I should prefer the neighbourhood of Lausanne to any place on the continent which I have seen for a residence. The loveliest places which we saw were the little tract between the Lakes of Thun and Brientz, and the Lake and Valley of Lingern, than which the heart of man could desire nothing lovelier. On my return Skiddaw did not appear to have lost anything in magnitude—the mountains around the lake had; and I perceived a poverty and coldness in the valley: this however wore off in a few days, and Keswick is now as beautiful as ever."

When the friends met at Como their talk had been

much of poetry; of what they were fain to think the very doubtful chances of duration to the then raging popularity of Byron; and of the advance made by Wordsworth in his last great poem. To these matters Southey refers in that letter of September, telling Landor that he had already dispatched to him, along with his own *History of Brazil* and other books, not only Wordsworth's collected edition, but both his great poems published separately during the two last years, the *Excursion* and the *White Doe*. At the close of the same letter also, with much less than his usual discrimination of passing events in those regions, he had spoken of the "ill-judged attempt at revolution" in Brazil, which he believed to have failed, and had expressed an opinion not only against the revolutionary governments in South America, but in favour of the probability of Russia joining Spain to put them down: "both powers equally "regarding the Yankee Americans (we must not call "them Anglo-Americans) as interlopers on that coast." In England he had found at his return little to relieve the generally black and dreary outlook, the Watson and Thistlewood trials having just ended in verdicts of acquittal: but there had been a good harvest, and "though "the seditious press is as active as ever, the poison "which it administers does not operate with the same "effect upon a full stomach as upon an empty one." Upon all which subjects Landor will be found himself to have something to say.

One letter, bearing date the last day of August, he had already written since his friend's visit; and the verses which close it, and which have not been preserved elsewhere, show something of the effect upon the writer of what he had doubtless heard from Southey of his Wat Tyler and other feuds. The bitterest of the Byron

quarrels had not yet broken out; but of all the *Quarterly* reviewers he who had been the most resolute and unsparing in striking at reform and reformers, remembering past days and his own fierce passion for reform, could hardly wonder at having now become a mark for many eager and envenomed assailants.*

"I know not any better way of celebrating the anniversary of St. Abondio, the patron of Como, in whose church we enjoyed a cool hour in the hottest day of June, than by showing him as well as the police, who both have the privilege of reading my letters, that I have not forgotten the benefit I received from him. Whether you are yet at Keswick I can but conjecture. I hope shortly to hear that you are there, for you can feel and communicate all the pleasures of an Englishman's home. My plans are never fixed and never will be. I have taken my house at Como for another year, because my wife is unable to travel, and expects to be confined in the beginning of March. The climate does not agree with her, nor indeed can she bear any great degree of heat. You perceive that I creep onward in my pilgrimage to Rome like the good brother who had peas in his shoes, and not the boiled ones. There is one object which I have constantly wished to see above all others, and which I would rather see than all the cities in Italy, with Rome at their head: I mean the tomb of Cicero. And there is one duty which, if ever I am rich enough, I will perform.' I will inscribe a simple tablet (for I hear there is none existing) to Ludlow. I am reminded by this resolution that I wrote some verses on your laureateship. They are these:

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* It may not be out of place to show what Byron's real opinion of Southey was before bad temper embittered and distorted everything. They met at Holland-house at the close of 1813, when Byron, greatly struck by Southey's appearance, protested that he would have written his Sapphics to have had his head and shoulders. Somewhat later, in a diary he was writing, he entered a more deliberate opinion: "Southey's appearance is *epic;* and he is the only existing "entire man of letters. . . . His talents are of the first order. His "prose is perfect. Of his poetry there are various opinions. There "is perhaps too much of it for the present generation; posterity will "probably select; but he has passages equal to anything."

Breath of what god hath blown the mists away,
That thou whose influence filled the solitude,
Whose music was for souls that shun the world,
At length from thronging cities art beheld
And hail'd from pinnacles of palaces
Far under thee, O Southey! late-beheld,
As were the greater of the first-born stars
The nearest to their mighty Maker's throne.
Sit light of heart in the clear cool serene,
Where other voice than that which call'd thee none
Is heard around, nor other harp than thine.
What serpents slid athwart thy noontide path!
What birds of evil omen flapped their wings
Heavily, lower and lower! their darksome eye
Saw not that radiant visage burst the clouds,
That right hand beckon upward, and that left
Point toward Python with the golden bow.
If this be earth, so lofty and so pure,
Thou hast not left it utterly, divine
Astrea! She who led the son of Jove,
And fixed his choice, perform'd her office here;
But Thou upon the summit hast received
Him whom she brought, and from thy righteous hand
(Nine white-robed virgins hymning slow before)
Upon his brow I saw the crown descend."

Hardly had that letter been dispatched however when Southey's of the 17th September reached its destination; and on the various subjects named in it comment was made in a reply by Landor on the 20th November 1817.

NON-ARRIVAL OF BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS' ROGUERIES.

"I have been expecting not a little impatiently the library you have sent me from England. Two months have expired since the date of your letter; the ship ought to have reached Genoa in twenty days. It is unfortunate that Longman did not inform you of its name and captain. I am not much surprised at the roguery of Munday. He was paid in advance for printing my Latin poems, and has not sent a single copy to any of my friends or to myself; in contempt of my repeated orders. I begin to think that the English are become more rascally than any other nation. Few men have had concerns with fewer men

than I have; yet I have been defrauded to the amount at least of seventeen thousand pounds by about half-a-dozen rogues."

SOUTH-AMERICAN REPUBLICS AND DANGERS FROM RUSSIA.

"I never trouble my head with European politics; but I must confess that, for many reasons, I am deeply interested in the success of the South Americans. First, because I wish every nation under heaven to be independent; and secondly, because it is highly advantageous to England that some near and close counterpoise should exist against North America, now becoming a formidable and most mischievous power. Is it possible that the English can be insensible to the efforts of Russia in favour of Spain? Are our ministers ignorant that the empire of Russia in five-and-twenty years will extend from the Adriatic to the plains of Mexico, from Lapland to the fountains of the Ganges and the wall of China? I will stake my head against a brass sixpence—or, what is of less value, against any one of theirs—on the fact. We ought to have insisted on the *independence* of Poland, governed by a Russian prince, but never united to Russia; we should have insisted on its integrity, and have given Denmark and Saxony (both fairly forfeited) in lieu of Polish Prussia. I am certain that we never shall be what we have been, and I am equally certain that we might have been more great than ever."

EVIL OF TOO MANY MINISTERS: A WORD FOR CHATHAM.

"We are the only people in the universe, except the Spaniards, whose national debt is a grievous burden; and that of Spain is intrinsically so inconsiderable, that a firm hand could reduce it to nothing in ten years. The proper means are apparent, and, what is better, are adopted; but can they be carried into execution by a government that has many ministers? Cabinets, as they are called, are the ruin of politics. Never was this fact so clearly proved as in the time of Chatham. A minister ought to be sole and absolute, but responsible. Had I been in the place of Chatham, I would have committed all the opposition of the cabinet to the Tower on a charge of high treason, and have brought them to trial when I had carried my plans into execution. The success of them, which was certain, would have satisfied the public mind, and have left me without impediment in future."

The letter closed with a long Latin poem. He had

at last had courage, he told his friend, to recommence his *Sponsalia Polyxenæ*, and he would transcribe just what his paper will hold: whereupon he makes the paper hold all of it, no less than 127 hexameters! He did not imagine, he adds, that he could have written in such small characters as to include the whole poem. "You will rank me as a sort of undertaker among the "fraternity. I could not refuse a bunch of white "plumes and a sprig of rosemary to poor Polyxena; "but I have much curtailed my original plan, of which "I retain only the two first verses."*

Of course his alarm about the books was premature. I say of course, because the characteristic that attended him though his life, and which I never knew once to fail him in all his later years, was his inability to wait with proper patience for anything. He wrote again, in the middle of December 1817, to say that the packet had come.

THE CENSORSHIP IN ITALY.

"If I had waited five days longer, I should not have sounded an alarm about the books. They have arrived safe, and, what is extraordinary, sound. Before I was permitted the use of them they were examined by a person who understands not a word of English, lest they should contain anything against the church or the government. When he had satisfied his mind on the subject, he sent them to my house. Surely against a government so liberal and enlightened as it ought to be from its vicinity to Turkey the most ingenious and the most malevolent could utter not a syllable; but the church is at least equal in liberality, and has its own authority (an inflexible one according to its own decrees) that it never can be shaken. Its liberality is carried to such a point that any man may be an atheist and must only not be a heretic, and may follow Christ where he

* See *Poemata et Inscriptiones*, pp. 11-16. Translated by him in *Hellenics*, pp. 193-200. In its final form the *Sponsalia* had become enlarged to 184 lines.

chooses if he is not ordered to the contrary by St. Augustin. I perceive by the Lugano Gazette that an accession has lately been made to literature by the discovery of two hundred sermons written by this saint. They were found in the library of Monte Cassino. I very much fear that, even in our own times, some classical works have been destroyed or consigned to darkness by the persons whom the Pope appoints to superintend this ancient repository."

A Visit from an Editor of Plato.

"Two months ago I received a visit from M. Becker, who has made discoveries in Greek works and has added a little to those of Plato, of whom he has given, as I understand, a very correct and admirable edition. I never saw a more modest man. He informed me, on my inquiry, that after repeated applications to several persons in power, he could not obtain permission to see anything more of the Ambrosian Library than any other traveller. Before he had time to begin writing any remarks, the doors were closed, and they are opened only on stated days. He could not help comparing this conduct with the frankness and anxiety shown in every German library that books should be read and examined. Dr. Angelo Mai, who published a few pages of Cicero and Fronto and Symmachus, promised much and performed nothing. He seemed to consider the library as a property, in which his friends support him. The Ambrosian Library has not even a catalogue."

Wordsworth.

"The first of your magnificent books that I took out of the box was Wordsworth. I would have given eighty pounds out of a hundred that he had not written that verse,

'Of *high respect* and gratitude sincere.'

It is like the verses of the Italians, Spanish, &c. quite colloquial; and '*high* respect,' an expression borrowed from the French, is without intrinsic sense. Wordsworth has the merit, the rarest of all merits and the most difficult to be certain of, to avoid street-and-house language and to be richly endowed with whatever is most simple, pure, and natural. In his Lyrical Ballads he has sometimes disappointed me, just as an Æolian harp has done when I expected a note more. These books have wakened me up. I shall feed upon them till I fall asleep again, but that will not be until I have devoured all."

The line objected to is in the dedication to the *Excursion*, and is one of those unaccountable descents into dead flat prose which dismay, not seldom, the readers of this noble poet.

Before the year closed Southey wrote to him again; thanking him for a box of books he had sent from Milan; describing to him a correspondence with his brother Robert about the Latin poems, of which the result had been that the impression printed at Oxford would be transferred from Slatter and Munday to the Longmans, so that he might strike the Oxford printers out of his black list; and, upon a subject of which they had talked much when together, the serpents in the neighbourhood of Milan, sending him not merely a learned disquisition but some prescriptions against their venom, which he prays that St. Abondio may bless, since he owes that saint indeed a good turn for the delicious shelter he had afforded them on that hottest of days of which his friend had reminded him. Then there is a curious passage. Landor is told that what he had communicated about the lady of the lake might not improbably be important (it wanted yet three years to the too famous "trial"); that the amusements of Como were not unlikely before long to become the amusements of England; and that if it should be so, from the lady's sympathisers throughout the kingdom the "knight" would doubtless have plenary absolution for all those offences which in old time were punished with brimstone, the "assassin" would be as popular among the London liberals "as Bonaparte (why not?)," and the other worthy would be a red-letter saint in the *Morning Chronicle*. Similar and not less significant passages were in the letters that he and Landor's brother had exchanged upon the transfer of the Latin poems.

SOUTHEY TO ROBERT LANDOR: KESWICK, 27 DEC. 1817.

"I had a letter from your brother three days ago. He is more out of humour with the Ambrosian Library, or rather with the librarian, than I was. Perhaps this may be because Becker, who complained to him of his treatment there, was a German, and therefore less likely to be treated with attention at Milan than an Englishman would be.

"It would not surprise me if the amusements of Como were to be brought forward ere long for public discussion, and the Scudiere, the Knight, and the Assassin were to enjoy their deserved celebrity in this enlightened country, and become as popular as Bonaparte and Mr. Hone."

ROBERT LANDOR TO SOUTHEY: HITCHENDEN, 7 JAN. 1818.

"I am induced by some inquiries which have been made relative to Como since the receipt of your letter to believe that your suppositions are well founded. For my part I had nothing to communicate, and I am sorry that the subject should be discussed. Since it is now so clear in the opinion of all enlightened men that blasphemy is not injurious to religion, we may shortly learn that adultery is not offensive to morals. As for treason, there is no such thing: it is as ridiculous as witchcraft. There is no way by which a man can gain either fame or riches half so easy and expeditious as by doing something for which he would have been hanged fifty years ago. We shall have large subscriptions for the scudiere and assassin, and this 'persecution' will end in making the most infamous woman in Europe the most popular."

A family event of some importance was announced in the next letter to Southey from Como.

BIRTH OF LANDOR'S FIRST CHILD IN MARCH 1818.

"When we met at Como last year, I do not think you had any suspicion that I was in process of time about to become a father. Such however is the case. I have at last a little boy, to whom I have given the names of Arnold Savage. I would rather that he had been born in England, and wish I could look forward to his education there. However, if I can do nothing more for him, I will take care that his first words and his first thoughts shall arise within sight of Florence. We certainly leave Como in September, and shall probably spend the winter at Genoa; if not, it will either be at Florence or Pistoia."

That was in May 1818. Already, on the 5th of the preceding month, he had informed his mother of the event as having occurred "exactly a month ago."

ARNOLD SAVAGE LANDOR.

"I intend to call the boy Arnold Savage, from a Sir Arnold Savage, who was second speaker of the House of Commons, and who, as Mr. Bevan assured me, was of our family, and proprietor of Baginton. I looked for him in a book which I bought on purpose, and procured with extreme difficulty, written by a person named Hakewell, on the manner of holding parliaments, and found that Sir Arnold Savage was the first who declared that grievances should be redressed before money should be granted. I have so much respect for a person of this stamp that I should be likely to name a son after him even if I had no connection with his family or name. The ceremony of baptism is the same here as in England, and the godfather does not promise that the child shall be educated in any kind of Romish idolatry or superstition. For which reason I shall comply with the custom of the country in about five or six days. He will be christened again in England, if he should return within the next twelve or fourteen years; but on this subject I am doubtful, or rather I am indifferent. I have learned that it is possible to live out of England, and that a person who hates all society can do without it here full as well as there."

The other contents of the May letter to Southey may be left to explain themselves.

A STRANGE REPORT.

"A most extraordinary piece of intelligence reached us yesterday, that the Princess of Wales and five of her rascals had been poisoned. Such is the profound ignorance of the English character among this most degraded and infamous people, that it is considered as a thing beyond all doubt that the English have committed this atrocity. I could not refrain from making the following remark: 'There is only one nation in Europe accused of such villany, and that nation is far removed in all its institutions and feelings from the English.' Although the report is circulated among the best-informed, I am inclined to

disbelieve it. Surely it is more probable that the sudden and violent heats have inflamed the blood of creatures who are always half-drunk, or that disease or the remedies of disease are preying on their constitutions. It is not indeed quite impossible that those who are implicated in the forgery of the two letters of exchange have despatched a wretch capable both of employing and betraying them; nor that jealousy, not arising from the enjoyment of personal charms but from the disposal of pecuniary favours, has precipitated some of the scoundrels in her service to commit this atrocious deed. She has a known and convicted assassin in her household, and who knows but some such untoward accident may have befallen her as befel Cesar Borgia, and played a sorry trick upon the infallibility of his father? We shall certainly know more of the matter soon. The Pope's government is excellent in all respects, and Consalvi is at once the most honest and prudent statesman in Europe. He will unravel the mystery; for whoever may be the contriver of this mischief, the perpetrator must be in the house."

The Attempt to assassinate Wellington.

"The attempt that was made a little while ago on the Duke of Wellington is blamed by a French poet—for failing! His verses are:

'La maladresse est un défaut;
Mais tout s'explique, et voici comme:
L'imbécile a visé trop haut,
Il l'aura pris pour un grand-homme.'

Surely the maladresse of the assassin was not greater than that of the poet, that *all* the French generals, with the emperor at their head, should be conquered by a person who was not a great man at all. I wrote an answer:

A nos trois premiers chefs qui vainquirent la France
Il coûtoit maint effort et de glaive et de lance.
Qui nous expliquera, poète ou guerrier, '*comme*'
On le fait aujourd'hui sans s'appeler '*grand homme*'?"

As to Serpents.

"The only well-informed and rational man I ever converse with here informs me as a certain fact that other serpents than are commonly met with are seen occasionally on the mountains near Val Intelvi, where he formerly lived. In the family of the

Borromei is the skeleton of one—of that species which gave rise to the fable of dragons with something like wings. There is no appearance, he says, of fallacy in this phenomenon. He himself has seen the aspide, which he represents as having a head broader and larger than any other snake. That some islands should be exempt from these reptiles and others abound in them proves clearer than anything that some are split off from continents and others emerged from the sea. Britain was certainly part of a continent; and one would fancy that Ireland was, from its proximity. But this simple fact, in my mind, destroys the hypothesis. Cyprus always abounded in poisonous reptiles. Crete was always exempt from them; so was Delos and the Cyclades. The situation of all the latter leads one to believe in their marine origin, different from Cyprus. I must go to see the Borromean serpent. I cannot but suspect that a bat's wings have been appended by some learned Tagliacotius. If a serpent had wings, he would have no occasion to be a serpent."

This was Landor's last letter from Como, which he quitted for Genoa in the following September. He had already so resolved, as we see; but when the time came it was no longer a matter of choice, for he had meanwhile, as he said himself in a note to one of his sisters, made the place too hot to hold him.

III. At Pisa.

Last Incidents at Como.

"A scoundrel, one Monti, wrote a most violent invective in the form of a sonnet against England, in which he prays that heaven may refuse her light for her wars and *treachery* against St. Napoleon. I answered it in Latin, and attempted to print my poem, with an epigram on Voltaire and four others, in which no name whatever was employed. The censor declared that they were six libels. I expostulated with him. I informed him, for I had consulted a sensible jurist, that censors never refused their license to Latin compositions unless sovereigns or their alliances, or religion or morals, were attacked. I attributed his proceeding to ignorance of these customs, and not to injustice;

and I directed a copy of my letter to Count Strasoldo, principal of the council. Instead of correcting a gross abuse of power, this gentleman wrote a long letter to the regio delegato of the province. The regio delegato sent me information that my Latin poems were detained *only* because it was customary to send two copies, one of which continued in the archives of the censor, but that if I was desirous of it I might apply to his office. Not caring about the copy, I never went. About a week afterwards he sent a second letter, to inform me that he requested my attendance on affairs very interesting to me. I went immediately. He then discovered his first fallacy, and began to read a letter from Count Strasoldo, in which this fellow expressed his surprise that I should use *injurious* expressions towards the royal censor, a person immediately acting under government. He then closed the letter and thought it requisite to make a comment upon it. He was astonished that I should write an *insolent* letter. I stopped him quietly, and said, 'Sir, the word '*insolent* is never applied to a gentleman. If you had known 'the laws of honour or propriety you would not have used it; 'and if you had dared to utter it in any other place you would 'have received a bella bastonata.' At this he sprang from his chair and rang the bell. He called the guards and all the officers of the police, who live under the same roof during the daytime. With these reinforcements he pursued: 'Prepare instantly to 'conduct this gentleman to Milan. Sir, unless you immediately 'retract your words you answer to government.' I replied, 'I 'never retract any word of mine; but I tell you in presence of 'all these persons that before I leave this room you shall retract 'yours.' He then pretended that he said *rather* insolent, that insolent meant disrespectful or violent, that if I had understood the language I should not have animadverted on the expression, that he expressed the sentiments of Count Strasoldo. I replied, 'I care not a quattrino what are the sentiments of Count Stra-'soldo; but he would not dare, and you may tell him that he 'would not dare, from me, to use any such expression towards 'his equal. There is not one among the guards you have called 'in who would endure it. As for your sending me to Milan 'under arrest, do it, if you are not afraid of exposing yourself 'still more than you have done.' He then began talking of his honour, that he had been in the service, that the threat of a caning was not to be borne, and that if it was not for his high office he would settle the business with his sword in the square.

I laughed in his face; and the rascal had the baseness to offer his hand in token of reconciliation, and to tell me what a friend he had always been of the English. The story was carried all over the town the same evening, although it rained heavily; and what surprises me is that it was told correctly. I remained in Como a week longer, rather wishing to be sent for to Milan. My time expired on the 19th of September. I protracted my stay till the 28th, and no attempt was made to assassinate me."

After brief stay at Genoa, Landor now determined to settle at Pisa for a time. He would fain have pushed on to Florence, but the reported cheapness of living at Pisa induced him to make trial of it.

FROM COMO TO PISA.

"I reached Genoa in three days, the most magnificent city in the world, and the most reasonably discontented. I found the people civil, and, contrary to their usual character, honest. They flattered themselves that 20,000 English were coming to take them under our dominion. I came to Pisa because I had heard formerly that it was a cheap place. On the contrary, it is the very dearest I ever lived in, and the tradesmen sell nothing but refuse. Tea is double the price it is at Genoa, and, considering the quality, ten times dearer. The wine I cannot swallow. Several English gave fifty and forty-five zechins a month for indifferent lodgings. What blockheads must those be who imagine the hanging tower to have been built designedly so! Almost every tower and every great building either leans or is cracked in the neighbourhood. In fact the foundations are of sand, formerly covered by the sea. Here is a cloister round an old cemetery called the Campo Santo, by much the best building I have seen in Italy. It is a light but not too florid Gothic, and by miracle no architect has been permitted to corrupt it. The Italian architects, with the single exception of Palladio, are the most fantastic merry-andrews. Even Bramante and M. Angelo would not permit antiquity to be antiquity; they wanted girlish airs and graces where they found matronly decorum. I remain here rather more than two months longer. Pray let me hear how you and Mrs. S. do, and whether you have bought your house as you intended. If it were in a

milder climate it would be better. When we stand between forty and fifty we want the sun and zephyrs for other purposes than poetry."

READING WORDSWORTH.

"It is very very long indeed since I have heard from you. I forget whether in my last letter or the preceding I mentioned that I had received the books. I am reading over and over again the stupendous poetry of Wordsworth. In thoughts, feelings, and images not one amongst the ancients equals him, and his language (a rare thing) is English. Nations are never proud of living genius. Surely no country under heaven has produced in twenty years so much excellent poetry and such a rich lattermath of what approaches to good as our own in the last twenty. Our breakfast-table poets alone are fairly worth all the long-winded beaux of Louis XIV. I have however a great fondness for La Fontaine; for I never see an animal, unless it be a parrot or a monkey or a pug-dog or a serpent, that I do not converse with either openly or secretly. Besides, La Fontaine is the only French writer in verse who knows when he has said enough."

Southey lost no time in replying; but another letter crossed his on its way, conveying to him, early in February 1819, a Latin ode to Bernadotte, *Carmen ad Regem Suedorum.*

"Hearing that all the poets in France and Germany are contending for the prize decreed by the Academy of Stockholm to be given for the best ode on the accession of Bernadotte, I resolved to set myself against the continent. If you have any means of forwarding my ode to the Royal Academy of Stockholm, pray do. Bernadotte has this merit: he has kept his word, and given an excellent and most liberal constitution to Sweden, or rather restored one. For which reason I place him next to the duke of Saxe-Weimar among the sovereigns of Europe, and sincerely wish him a long and happy reign. The few lines at bottom, announcing my intentions, should be enclosed, and sealed or wafered separately. I never felt greater anxiety than now to hear from you. For God's sake write soon. Direct Mr. W. S. Landor, *gentiluomo* Inglese, Firenze, Italy, because the English letters are always put apart in the office. I

remember your mentioning that Mr. Frere had made out some old Greek ballads from the *Odyssea*. It is curious that Cicero should have entertained the same idea; surely not from his knowledge of poetry. He however must have given Mr. Frere his idea of the fact. Adieu. Many many happy years!"

The "few lines at the bottom" were in characteristic vein. If the lines got the prize, it was to be given away in charity. "Si forte hoc, Academici, carmen præmio "dignetur, id velim pauperibus detis, aut, quemad- "modum visum erit, adversâ valetudine laborantibus. "SAVAGIUS LANDOR."

Meanwhile from Keswick, on the 3d of January, Southey has acknowledged ("it came in eighteen days") the December letter from Pisa; has excused his recent silence by prolonged anxiety for the health of his wife; has recommended Landor, when he had seen enough of Italy, to try a short stay in Switzerland; and has told him that before that time they may perhaps meet again. "I dream of seeing Rome before I die."

LANDOR'S REPLY. (April 1819.)

"The idea that I shall see you before I leave Italy makes my residence here much delightfuller. When my spirits wax faint I say to myself, 'I have yet to see Rome and Southey.'"

AGAIN THE LATIN ODE TO BERNADOTTE.

"If I remember right, your last letter of the 3d of January came a few days after I wrote from Pisa. Mine contained an ode to the king of Sweden. I wrote it, both because I consider him as the most patriotic king that ever lived, and because I hear the Germans and French are contending for a prize to be given for the best poem on the subject by the Royal Academy of Sweden. In a separate piece of paper I said something of this kind: 'Si carmen hoc nostrum præmio dignum judicabi- 'tur, habeant pauperes,' with my name. If my letter reached you, perhaps you have had some opportunity of sending it to the president. Lest it should not, I will transcribe the verses again, not caring greatly whether they ever reach their further

destination or not. Remember what a library you sent me last year, and pray do not think of adding anything to the two volumes I am anxiously expecting, the last of the *History of Brazil* and *Life of Wesley*. I shall read both with great interest, but less the first time than *Roderick* the fourth. *Roderick*, I think, contains a greater variety of powers put into action than *Kehama*. It did not delight me nor agitate me so much, yet there is no poem in existence that I shall read so often."

Very sore was Southey's need of his friend's praise just now, for upon him and upon Wordsworth dark days had set in. The still continuing and increasing rage for Byron and his imitators had all but extinguished what scant popularity the others once enjoyed, and for selling power their books were at zero. Southey had hoped to see the bubble burst in a year or two; but double the time had come and gone, and never did it soar so high as now, or flare out with what doubtless seemed to him such frothy but highly-coloured pretences. Replying to that letter of his friend in May 1819, he cannot control his temper. He describes the fashionable compound as made up of morbid feelings, atrocious principles, exaggerated characters, and incidents of monstrous and disgusting horror; adding that the more un-English, un-Christian, and immoral it was, the surer it was of being better liked, provided only it were slavered over with a froth of philosophy. Was it wonderful that, such being the fashion, Wordsworth was despised and abused? The getting abused in such company was his own solitary bit of comfort, for nobody paid him the compliment of imitating what *he* did. His friend's ode had gone to Sweden through the ambassador; and he was going shortly to send him, by Wordsworth's express desire, a little poem with a prologue he would be much pleased

with.* At the close of the letter, which announces also the birth of a son, he tells Landor that somebody had mentioned him that week in the *Westmoreland Gazette* as the English poet who most resembles Goethe. "I "do not know enough of Goethe to judge how far this "assertion may be right; but a writer who estimated "you so justly must have been capable of estimating "him. O that you had been as incapable of writing "Latin verse as I am! God bless you."

To this letter Landor replied from Pistoia; whither he had gone, moving still nearer to Florence, at the approach of the summer of 1819.

IV. At Pistoia.

Birth of a Son to Southey: June 1819.

"Thank God! Tears of joy came into my eyes on seeing that you are blessed with a son. The same kind Providence that has given the child will watch over the mother. Present my most cordial congratulations to her, and tell her that of all the women that exist on earth, she has occupied my thoughts the most for many many months. A long series of happy days lies before you—of happy days well earned. I am glad on every account that your brother is come to reside near you.† Exercise in itself is good; but the cessation of study, at more frequent intervals than you are disposed to allow, is far more important. I never studied so much as you have always done, yet, after four years of a rather close attention to books, my eyes were weakened. Sea-bathing restored them, but they are sometimes dim. I used to play the river-god in a very humble manner, placing the palms of my hands upon the hard gravel of the Arrow, and making my legs plash about like weeds.

* "Peter Bell."

† Southey's letter had told of his brother the sea-captain's farm within four miles of Keswick, and of his own pleasure in visiting him there, and bathing in the "beck" at the bottom of his fields, "where "there are natural baths of all depths, and seats where you may "act the river-god."

Idleness is as dear to me as to any gypsy, but above all, idleness in the water or upon it."

Brazil and the American Republics.

"In respect to Brazil, you have many means of forming a correct judgment which I have not, but I differ from you totally. *Mali pecoris contagia lædent.* The Portuguese will not be seduced by the republic of Venezuela; the inhabitants of Monte Video, whether subject to Brazil or not, will harmonise little with the Brazilians, but the sailors and merchants of North America will instil the slower poison of disaffection. The military system of Brazil is both oppressive and inefficient. Chili seems to me the most likely to be happy and powerful: happy because virtuous, powerful because unassailable. The climate, the people, the remote situation, are equally favourable to the growth of freedom. I wish they were governed by a Bernadotte or a Consalvi. But how seldom in a thousand years is a nation blessed with such prudent statesmen! Would to God that either one or the other had governed England at the commencement of the French Revolution! France had been divided by her factions at this hour, and England the arbitress of Europe without the pressure of debt.

"Yankee-land* will crack and split asunder, either in the combustion of party or under the driving sirocco of avarice, but will corrupt many thousands of our seamen first, and injure the character of our merchants by her connection with them."

Byron, Himself, and Goethe.

"It is just as easy to write a breakfast-table poem as to make the drawing of a giant on a wall: who cares about the features, or looks for anything but the giant? I have read the *Bride of Abydos.* Lord B. may well ask,

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* Southey had talked freely in his last letter of Yankee-land in connection with a visit to him of some young Bostonians, George Ticknor and others, whom he had found accomplished in fine literature far beyond the run of their countrymen, but who had failed to cure him of his grudge against America. "Our French neighbours "are fond of comparing us to the Carthaginians, but the parallel "would suit the Americans better, for their commercial, military, "and naval skill, their boundless ambition, their dishonesty, and "their lack of literature."

'Know ye the land
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute?'

Who the devil does? But why should the young rascal, the hero of the piece, take such infinite pains to show his mistress his insincerity at the moment he would seduce her from home?

'Bound where thou wilt, my barb, or glide my prow,
But be the star that guides the wanderer, *thou*.'

The star then is either a barb or a boat, explain it as he may afterwards. There are several other such incoherences, not worth looking for. I would never publish a poem that contained any character of a human being until I had lived with that character two or three years. I left off *Count Julian* and his daughter twice, because each had said things which other personages might say: the other characters are no characters at all—mere shadows, passing before me often, but never entering into my heart, or questioned by me why they did this or thought that. As to *Gebir*, I am certain that I rejected what *almost* every man would call the best part. I am afraid that I have boiled away too much, and that something of a native flavour has been lost in procuring a stronger and more austere one. My sole felicity as a poet is this, that when I wrote *Gebir* I had read no modern continental poetry whatever, except the *Henriade* of Voltaire, one tragedy (I forget which) of Corneille, and La Fontaine's fables. Fresh from reading the Greek tragedians and Pindar, Voltaire and Corneille were intolerable to me. La Fontaine gave me, and gives me still, great pleasure, because I love to enter into the thoughts of animals and contract a friendship with them whenever they come in my way. I could wish I understood a little German, to see the resemblance between me and so celebrated a poet as Goethe. I do not admire his *Sorrows of Werter*."

Poets and their Imitators.

"I am glad you have finished the *History of Brazil*, not because our literature wanted history, as it did most grievously, but because the New-England poem will give you in writing and me in reading ten thousand times greater delight. You have no imitators, not because you are not fashionable only, but because you have no trick. Have you never observed how fond low people are (and poetry has its low people) of imitating

any legerdemain? God in his mercy preserve you and Wordsworth first from translators, and next from imitators. The present of a book from W. will be one of the three or four eras in my life; and those who come after me, if they remember and love me, will show it to their friends. Give your little boy a kiss for me. In one of my letters that miscarried from Como I mentioned that I also had a son. He begins to walk. I am anxious for the time when he will talk as much nonsense to me as I have to him. Among my few blessings I have always reckoned this, that every child in the world loves me. Amongst grown men, I question whether there are five upon earth that do."

The same subjects are resumed and pursued in another letter, written also from Pistoia in the following month, which continues the reply to his friend.

SOUTHEY'S SON: JULY 1819.

"On the receipt of your letter, which gave me more joy than anything that has occurred for many years, I immediately wrote an answer, and requested Dr. Randolph to leave it, with a little poem, at Longman's. A few hours afterwards I recollected that he did not think of reaching England before October. What a large and varied scene of delights and enjoyments is opening before you! Nor are they lost upon me. I enjoy them in all my walks, and in all the better moments of my solitude."

DRAWBACKS OF BATHING IN THE OMBRONE.

"I too used formerly to act the river-god and sea-god on every fair occasion; but our Ombrone is a river only a few months in the year, and if I assumed the dignity of representing him in any little hollow of his channel, there would be a danger of being obliged to sustain the same character in the streets of Pistoia. The first passenger would steal my clothes. Have you never observed in the Roman writers how perpetually they talk of thieves? All the authors on husbandry, and all the poets, are full of them. The windows of every house, both in town and country, are barred below. The Italians have always been the most thievish of nations, and I think the French (to their honour be it spoken) the least."

Wordsworth and his Assailants.

"I am impatient to see Wordsworth's new poem: partly, I am afraid, from an avidity of honour. This passion preys upon me as little as upon most men, but I am rather feverish at the thought that Wordsworth is about to give me one of his writings. Exhort him, if he wants exhorting, to continue his great work; and, if it can be done without offending him, press him never to notice in future those contemptible writers and bad men to whom his notice even in resentment is an important acquisition. Hostility, not only between states, but between individuals, is apt to present some idea of parity. God forbid that these rascals, drunk or dreaming, should ever experience or excite it."

Again the American Republics.

"Your *History of Brazil* contains facts which would have been eternally lost to the world if you had not collected them. In my opinion another half-volume would close it entirely. I cannot see how so vile a government can endure seven years. What an amazing general is Artigas! Europe has seen nothing like him since Sertorius. Happy would it have been for Buenos Ayres if its armies had been intrusted to this marvellous creature instead of opposed to him. I hope our government will discern that South America may become our best ally against North America, and that we may, next year or the following, assist it in recovering Florida or Louisiana.

"Our first business is to intercept the rotten expedition at the moment when the crew is dying of thirst. I dread the future naval power of North America, because she will fight us with the best of our own sailors, and will employ none but experienced ones. Why could not we have given every sailor a badge, and have paid his arrears weekly, with rather more than a proportional increase? In that case they must have remained with England: they would have received somewhat above their due, and, before it could be exhausted, would have found new employment from our own merchants, who should have been obliged to take those who bore the badge in preference to others.

"It appears to me perfectly just to strip Spain of Mexico and the island of Chiloe. A declaration of war against us could never have done us a tenth of the injury we suffer from the

cession of Florida. The South Sea presents a new world to our commerce, which territory alone can establish and secure."

CLOSE OF THE LETTER.

"I hope Mrs. Southey has quite recovered from her confinement, and that your little boy will be your comfort and blessing.

"I just now remember some verses I wrote last year at Nervi near Genoa:

> Æstate dulce est, sub latebris rupium,
> Auræ marinæ mitibusque fluctibus
> Mentem atque corpus otiosum tradere;
> Sed gaudium isto majus unum est gaudio
> Quascunque terras alluat mare, innatans
> Te, patria, tango, et potior amplexu tuo."

At the approach of winter Landor turned back to Pisa; disappointed of a house he hoped to have engaged in Florence, but still bent upon finally settling there. His principal occupation since he left Como had been the preparation of a Latin dissertation, to accompany another more complete collection of his Latin Poems, On the use and cultivation of the language by modern Latinists, the reasons why they were not read more widely, and the advantages that would result from employing Latin universally in works of taste and imagination. Upon this latter amazing paradox he wasted wonderful pains and ingenuity; and for its extraordinary mastery over the language, its free and daring criticism of classics both ancient and modern, and its varied reading not alone in Greek and Latin but in Italian and English literature, it would justify a mention in greater detail than can be given to it here.* I use it here only as an illustration of character. It was written under a persuasion, absolute while it lasted, that he

* With some changes and many additions it will be found at the close of his *Poemata et Inscriptiones* (1847).

might thus obtain an audience for what he had to say not only greatly wider but far more enduring than if he continued to write in his native tongue; and though he soon repented of this purpose to put forth nothing more in English that was either critical or imaginative, he had a lurking belief to the very last that he should live to be recognised as a poet by reason of his Latin writings, when not only his, but all the English poems contemporary with his, should with the language itself have drifted hopelessly away. Nor were the eccentric turns of his temper on this point without some advantage in the end. Never till he was making that preposterous engagement to use the brave old speech no longer, had he made himself so thoroughly acquainted with its masterpieces even in tracks quite apart from his ordinary reading. What the character of his studies had been in past days of leisure he has already related in his letter to the Chancellor Eldon,* and his silent companions at Llanthony were his later heroes in many an imaginary conversation: but besides this large acquaintance with other than English writers, the latter also had recently become more variously familiar to him. Until he lived abroad, he used to say, he did not know what a library was; and very generally he had now enlarged the circle of the authors with whom he was in the habit of passing great portions of his time. "You surprised "me," wrote Walter Birch† to him just before he quitted Pistoia, "by the familiarity you displayed with the lite- "rature of our old divines in the letter I had from you

* Ante, p. 345.

† In the same letter Birch announces to Landor his marriage, and tells him he has become "rusticated and country-parson-fied" upon a living in Wiltshire which Lord Pembroke had given him. This he changed three years later for a better living in Essex given him by his college, and which he held to his death.

"almost a year ago." Another remark from the same letter may be added. Landor had been writing to his old schoolfellow of the Latin Essay he had in hand, and of the eulogy it would contain of Wordsworth; and "would you believe it," Birch replies, "I inquired for "the *Excursion* at Upham's last year, and found that "they did not even know that such a book had been "published." The poem had been out nearly five years when this letter was written.

V. Again at Pisa.

A Birthday Letter to Southey: 30 Jan. 1820.

"It appears to me an age since I heard from you, nor have I yet received the new poem of Wordsworth. A poem given by him, as I have just been telling my friend Walter Birch, is like a kingdom given by Alexander or Cyrus. As I myself have been confined by a bilious and nervous fever, I fancied that something of the kind must have happened to you. God forbid. Neither my time nor my life are worth anything; but yours are very precious, and, like the mines of Mexico, have many proprietors. I think my last letter contained a long extract from a poem I have written called 'Catillus and Salia;' but I have not begun the necessary custom of taking any note of what I write about, so that some favourite thought may occur two or three times, and another, more necessary, drop altogether. I suppose the intelligence has reached England that Cicero's book *De Republicâ* has been discovered at Rome by Angelo Mai. I read Cicero with indescribable delight; but I would rather either read or have written almost any one of Wordsworth's later poems than the most celebrated work of Cicero. I have often turned both to his and to yours, sometimes to make my heart, sometimes my spirits, and sometimes my body better; for good poetry and perfect solitude I have always found the best nurses. My brother Robert informs me that he has sent, addressed to you at Longman's, my poem *Sponsalia Polyxenæ*;*

* Ante, p. 437. It is the same "little poem" to which he refers in his last-quoted letter, and which he had now privately printed.

and, what is of more importance, that he has heard from Mr. Senhouse that you are well. But his letter is dated above three months ago. I sent the poem in June, and wrote either in May or April. You told me in your last that Mrs. Southey had just recovered from a very severe and dangerous illness. I am extremely anxious to hear how she does; and pray give your little boy a kiss for me. This is my birthday; and as I never, as far as I can recollect, slept soundly on its anniversary, I do not flatter myself that I shall to-night. Gray talks of

'Slumbers light that fly the approach of morn.'

Mine are and always were light enough, but instead of 'flying' the approach of morn,' they wait for it. I sometimes amuse myself with writing Latin poetry or correcting what I have written, but I read little. Some time or other I propose to finish Dante, which I began about eleven years ago, but wanted perseverance. A twentieth or thirtieth part of what I read was excellent. You cannot say the same of Ariosto. He is a Carnival poet; but he is never very bad. When shall we see your Quaker? Do not let the times make any impression on your writings, and as little as possible on your mind. I think of England as if I were in another world and had lost all personal interest in it. I foresaw and predicted the whole of these calamities when that madman Pitt united the French of all parties by hostility. Men reduced to poverty must be discontented. We wither the tree and complain that it becomes touchwood and catches fire. I shall remain here all the winter, all the spring, and perhaps the summer. So that I cherish the hope of hearing from you more than once before my departure. *Pisa*, Jan. 30."

Southey replies with renewed lamentation over the misfortune of his friend's predilection for Latin verse, of which he never thinks but as of a great loss to English literature; speaks of Byron's imitations of Frere in *Beppo* and *Don Juan*, the last of which he denounces as "a foul blot in the literature of his country, an act "of high treason in English poetry, for which the au- "thor deserves damnation;" and gives news of Wordsworth's doings and his own.

"Wordsworth's 'Peter Bell' has not been sent to you yet, because I have been waiting for other things to accompany it; by itself it would neither be worth carriage nor have any chance of reaching you, unless an opportunity had offered of sending it by a private hand. It will have in company now as many other of his smaller pieces as suffice, with it, to form a third volume of his poems. The last of these portions is now in the press, and my 'Life of Wesley' will be forthcoming nearly at the same time—in the course of three or four weeks. He desires me to send the whole, having as just a sense of your powers as a poet as you have of his. Wesley and the third volume of Brazil will give form and weight to the parcel; I do not however mean to undervalue them. You will find some very interesting matter in both. I hope also that I shall be able to send some verses of my own upon the king's death. My taste for *ex-officio* verses is not very unlike your own. But you will not be apprehensive that I shall debase myself by the matter; and the manner will interest you as an experiment in versification."

In the same letter, dated March 1820, there is a sharp protest against Landor's recent praise of one of the South-American leaders. "You must have seen some "exaggerated accounts of Artigas. He is merely one "of the ruffians whom circumstances have brought for- "ward in that miserable part of the world: those of "Buenos Ayres being only not so bad as those of "Venezuela because they have not had an opportunity "as yet of committing as many crimes. A deluge that "should sweep those countries clean would be a merci- "ful visitation: such is the character of their present "inhabitants, and such the atrocity with which they "carry on an internecine warfare."

To this Landor rejoined in May.

"In a few days I shall have dispatched for England a volume of Latin poems, which will be printed at the close of the ensuing week. Longman will send you a couple of copies, together with one for Wordsworth. I beg that one of the copies may be presented with my compliments to your uncle Mr. Hill, of whom I have often thought since I had the pleasure of meet-

ing him at Bristol, and to whom the literary world is so much indebted for the strength with which he has supplied you for the History of Brazil. Yet I wish that cursed country had never been discovered, since it withdraws your attention from poetry. The English consider the Portuguese and the negroes in nearly the same point of interest, and all the genius in the world will never make your History a popular work. Now about Artigas. I never read anything about him except in the newspapers; but I conversed one day with an ignorant but acute Swiss who had resided four months at Monte Video and a year at Buenos Ayres. He assured me that A. was more dreaded by the latter city than all the Spaniards and Portuguese united; that while he was at Monte Video A. had destroyed nearly a whole regiment lately arrived from Portugal, and obliged four thousand Portuguese to retreat. Yet he had no money except what arose from the confiscation of Portuguese property and the sale of licenses to capture their vessels, the whole amount of which in a year could not amount to 20,000 dollars. The greatest force he ever collected was 2800. Surely then whatever may be the moral character, whatever the political views, of this man, in war no age has produced his superior except J. Cæsar and Sertorius. He appears to possess a surprising influence over the near tribes in all directions, particularly about Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. The troops he has beaten and destroyed fought under Lord Wellington and are equal to our own. He has killed of Spanish Americans and Portuguese from seven to ten thousand at different times, with the loss of about 2000, and was never beaten. The Portuguese are unwilling to attack him when he commands in person, but he is often forced to be absent to collect troops and encourage the provinces in his favour. This man (the Swiss) was intercepted and plundered by his soldiers, but supplied with provisions, a horse, a guide, and allowed to go to Buenos Ayres. I hope the government of Buenos Ayres will conciliate an enemy so formidable; if not, that he will overturn it and exterminate the Portuguese government, than which nothing ever was more iniquitous in its whole system. Foller (the Swiss) corroborates all that Koster says of the mode of levying troops, and the taxes have since been much increased. Floreat quercus Guernica. Adieu. I have a few books which I want to send you. Did not you say that if directed to the Austrian ambassador books came to you free? Give me the direction."

Southey's next letter (19th of August) announced that the books so long promised by himself had been dispatched; Wordsworth's Peter Bell and Sonnets on the River Duddon, with his own last volume of the History of Brazil and his Life of Wesley. It told also of his other labours in history and poetry, the Peninsular War and the Tale of Paraguay; the last retarded by the Spenser stanza, but now resumed once more. It related some of the incidents of the new reign; Scott's baronetcy; his own doctorate at Oxford, where nobody even at his own college remembered him except the old porter and his wife; the proceedings begun a month before against "the modern Messalina," with the support given her by the devilish newspapers, the moral pestilence of the age; and the beautification of London, which his friend will scarcely know when he returns to it, if the Catilines should not first have burnt it down. Finally it told of a Series of Dialogues which he proposed to write upon a plan suggested by Boethius; and this announcement, as it turned out, was a very memorable one for Landor, whose reply was written in September, and begins with allusion to the books he in the foregoing letter had promised his friend.

A Batch of old Books for Southey.

"My anxiety to receive your last volume of the Brazilian History, the Life of Wesley, and Wordsworth's poems, is sharpened if possible by the letter I receive to-day. . . . Two of the books I proposed sending to you are folios and heavy. One is Vincentii Speculum Historiæ, praised highly by Scaliger, and in which he says things are found which are found nowhere else. I have read a great deal of the book with surprise and satisfaction. Tell me if you have it; and if not, whether you think it worth the duty. The other folio is Paul Hoste's Treatise on Naval Tactics, which perhaps may amuse your brother. The French pretend that it has taught us everything we know of such matters. It certainly is a scientific work, and contains

some pretty vignettes: commendations which the French would naturally place together. The other books are small, and valueless in all other respects than that I have found few of them in the public libraries. They are chiefly modern Latinists, of which some persons, I hear, begin to make collections, among others Mr. Heber."

BRAZIL AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION.

"I am reading a second time your History of Brazil—a totally new world to all the literary men in Europe, whatever may be their pretensions. If you had not undertaken the work, it never could have been performed. If my opinion is correct, that barbarism is constituted of three principal things, filth, cruelty, and superstition, the difference is hardly anything between the discoverers and the discovered. But the spirit of discovery, you will argue, proves the superiority. I do not see that. The spirit that induced the American to search for wild animals to eat, is more natural, more laudable, and more sagacious, than that which propelled the Spaniard and Portuguese to hazard his life and lose his comforts in search of what was more difficult to find and more unsatisfactory when found. The Roman Catholic superstition appears to me infinitely worse than any other species of idolatry, because it has every evil inherent in it which any one of those has, and in addition is more propense to intolerance and idleness. Everything can be done by proxy. Men in Catholic countries pray to God and get children by proxy, and by proxy are damned or saved. The priest even eats and drinks for you at supper, and helps you to a slice of meat by putting into his mouth a piece of bread. A cannibal eats you because he is hungry or because he hates you; a Catholic kills you upon a full stomach for your own good and to please God. How very few men are not barbarous! how very few are free from cruel actions, even towards those whom they would be the happier for loving!"

Next he speaks—with no more thought of *Childe Harold*, and of the mastery of the Spenser stanza exhibited by its writer, than if there had been no such poem or poet in that century—

OF THE SPENSER STANZA AND OF WORDSWORTH.

"You delight me by saying that you must take up the poems

which have been so long on hand. The stanza of Spenser is less difficult to you than to anyone. It has made poets, and ought not to deter one. How infinitely more pure is Thomson in his admirable Castle of Indolence than elsewhere and Shenstone in his Schoolmistress! How greatly has Wordsworth surpassed the noblest passages of Spenser himself in his Laodamia! The stanza is not new to you, and you possess a copiousness and richness of language such as few poets have possessed. I hope Wordsworth will write no more short poems until he has finished his Recluse. If our country must fall, let her expire in the arms of genius. France, in all her troubles, has produced no writers fit to compose the title-page of an almanac, and the period has been thirty years. Athens had her Demosthenes and her Aristoteles, Rome her Cicero. Modern ages indeed have produced no great prose-writers, but in poets we far surpass the ancients: a position which half a century ago was untenable is now unassailable. Let those who have rendered it so, add to its outworks."

A Recollection of Bath.

"I shall never see London again. I never saw it willingly. But surely nothing can make a cold brick-kiln a fine city. The Circus in Bath is the most perfect thing I have seen, or shall see; but the inhabitants have injured it by cutting down the windows to the floor. The Parades have been deprived of their balusters, and iron palisades substituted. Still, the rest of Europe has nothing equal to them. The northern part of Queen's-square was never surmounted by balusters on the roof-wall, and we see a broken-backed roof called a Bath roof: yet London and Paris have nothing so fine. The Crescent, if streets joined the two extremities, without roads between, would be perfect; it is matchless in other places. The architecture of Pulteney-street does not quite please me, and perhaps is little better than Portland-place. I know not what they have been doing in your capital; but unless they open a street from St. Paul's across the Thames, the whole width of the church's length, they may as well do nothing."

Southey's Doctorate at Oxford.

"The University of Oxford ought to purchase an estate for you in the country, as a reward for becoming one of its doctors. How extremely few are the occasions when honorary and pro-

stituted are not one and the same! Learned bodies, and above all those in which divinity and morals are professed, should guard against this. The very division into commoners and gentleman-commoners in this age is most scandalous and offensive. In Cambridge the name is less detestable, but the thing not less invidious. Learning and virtue should alone distinguish young men, or indeed old ones. . . . Your letter has made me think again not of Christ-church walk, but of my favourite Magdalen and the half-hidden Cherwell."

At the close of October Southey wrote again, and the whole of his letter should be given. It is interesting still, much of it too curious to be lost; and beside what it tells of Landor's story, or illustrates of the character of both the friends, it is necessary to explain what will follow.

SOUTHEY TO LANDOR: 29 OCTOBER 1820.

"I hope you have received the books long ago; they were 'shipped by the grace of God in good order and well-condi-'tioned in and upon the good ship called the Cosmopolite, 'George Holland master, June 27th,' according to the invoice, which has been sent to me since I wrote to you last.

"Have you heard of Sir Charles Wolseley's letter to Lord Castlereagh? I fell upon it to-day in the *Times*, and copy for your astonishment this paragraph: 'I beg leave to in-'form your lordship that, if his majesty's government will 'allow me a month's leave of absence from my present place 'of confinement, I will undertake to be of the utmost service 'to her majesty in the pending prosecution against her, by 'going from hence to Como, where during the year 1817 I 'lived several months with my family; and from that circum-'stance, and being acquainted with several people who were 'employed by the queen, I have an opportunity of getting 'at evidence that would be of the greatest consequence, that 'no Englishman but myself and a Mr. Walter Landor, who 'is now in Italy, can have had the same opportunity of know-'ing.' You probably know that one of Brougham's brothers has been on the continent beating up for witnesses. If this letter had appeared in time, no doubt he would have gone in search of you, and I should like to have been present at the

interview. Sir Ch. W. must be half crazy. We may judge how capable he is of forming a sane opinion upon any subject, when he has so topsy-turvy a recollection of your knowledge upon this. His letter of course has not obtained the slightest notice, and therefore none can be needful on your part. Had the mention of your name been such as in any way to compromise you, I should without hesitation have written to the newspapers.

"Most persons seem to apprehend that this trial will not terminate without some violent explosion. Certain it is that every possible art is used for making the mob rise in open rebellion. But though it is very possible to foresee the consequence of public opinions, public madness must baffle all foresight; and this is an absolute insanity. It was well observed by an acquaintance of mine the other day, upon hearing that Bedlam was to be enlarged, 'Enlarge Bedlam indeed! better build a 'wall round London.'

"The course of events in Spain and Portugal may perhaps lead to an union of the two kingdoms, but not I think as *kingdoms*. I have long thought that the tendency of revolution in the Peninsula was to break it up into its old subdivisions, give to each province its own cortes and its own *fueros*, and unite them in a federal compact, like the Americans. And if there were no rubs in the way, and if the example could do no one harm in other countries, this might be desired. Alas, neither the Bourbons nor the Braganzas are worth a wish. As yet it is not known what course the king of Portugal will take: probably he must yield to what he cannot oppose, and what in fact is both reasonable and right, considering the monstrous misgovernment which has so long prevailed. But concessions made under such circumstances are only likely to retard the catastrophe, not to alter it. In the present state of Europe the abuse of monarchy tends to produce democracy; and democracy, which is more certain to produce immediate and more intolerable abuse, brings on military despotism. The first book which I shall have to send you will contain my speculations upon the progress of society, in the form of dialogue. This is evidently one of the climacteric periods of the world. I am not afraid of the issue of the crisis in England, where we have so much at stake, that is, where we have most to lose and least to gain. In Italy, whatever may happen, you will be 'only a lodger.' It is well however that we are not as young as we were at the commencement of the French Revolution. For my part I look

on with a wholesome but not impatient interest; knowing perfectly what end to wish for, but so doubtful respecting the means that I am well content to trust Providence: and in that confidence I rest.

"I have none of the books which you mention, and I shall prize them when they arrive. Direct them to Longman's care. Every day I expect the first proof of my Peninsular War. The leaves are falling fast. We have now long evenings, and I have a long season of uninterrupted work before me; with, thank God, good health and fair spirits for the prospect. God bless you. Yours affectionately, R. S."

Sir Charles Wolseley was sufficiently notorious in those days, but now nobody remembers him. Few of us have even read about the meeting of fifteen thousand non-electors in the summer of 1819 who elected him their "legislatorial attorney and representative for Birmingham;" and the arrest for sedition that followed, or the sentence of imprisonment he was still undergoing while Southey wrote, interests no one now. But we know all of us still too well what generally had characterised that infamous year of Six-acts and Peterloo-riots to be very tolerant of the eagerness of one of its radical heroes thus to make terms with Castlereagh for a trip out of gaol into Italy as a spy and informer in even the interest of the unfortunate queen. Landor saw the thing apparently in that light, and cared no longer to remember what once he had been so ready to relate of her alleged amusements on the lake of Como. Whether strictly she were guilty or innocent had in truth ceased to be the question by this time. The great body of the people had declared upon her side; and whatever Landor's former statements or the use made of them might have been, in what he now sent to one of her hottest partisans in society, to be published by her most powerful advocate in the press, he was guilty of nothing for which he had call to be ashamed.

His next letter to Southey, written in the month (November 1820) when the bill of pains and penalties had to be abandoned, tells what he did; and as it was done at the moment of receiving Wolseley's letter, by the time Southey knew it all the readers of the *Times* knew it too, and what he would fain even then have prevented was past recall.

"I had hardly given myself time to read your letter when I wrote the following to the editor of the *Times*, and enclosed a copy of it to Doctor Parr. As there is a possibility that the editor of the *Times* may not insert my letter, I send you a copy of it.

"SIR, In perfect reliance on your justice and integrity I entertain no doubt that you will insert in an early number of your paper the following paragraph. I have received this day an extract from a letter addressed by Sir Ch. Wolseley to Lord Castlereagh, and inserted in the *Times*, containing these words: 'I have an opportunity 'of getting at evidence that would be of the greatest consequence, 'that no Englishman but myself and a Mr. Walter Landor, who is 'now in Italy, can have had the same opportunity of knowing.' Sir, whatever I may have heard relating to the queen, I know nothing positive, and never made a single inquiry that could either inculpate or acquit her in the cause now pending. Were she engaged, to my knowledge, in correspondence with the enemies of the country, it would be my duty to inform the king's ministers; but the secrets of the bedchamber and the escritoire have never been the subject of my investigation. An extreme anxiety to deliver my name from all contact with such persons as either formed or directed the committee at Milan urges me to publish this avowal, no less than the letter of Sir Ch. Wolseley. During my residence on the lake of Como my time was totally occupied in literary pursuits; and I believe no man of that character was ever thought worthy of employment by the present administration. Added to which, I was insulted by an Italian domestic of the queen, and I demanded from her in vain the punishment of the aggressor. This alone, which might excite and keep alive the most active resentment in many others, would impose eternal silence on me. Whether such is or ought to be my character, the queen's servants may learn from Dr. Parr and the king's from Mr. Southey, two friends of whom I should find it difficult to say whether they are more firmly attached to me or more affectionately beloved. I desire that in future the name of *a Mr. Walter Landon* may not be united with *a Sir Ch. Wolseley*. I am, sir, &c., WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

"I lament that Parr should take so active a part in favour of that woman. Never did I entertain a doubt of her guilt and infamy; but those wretches are more guilty and more infamous who employ false keys in bedrooms and escritoires. Such is the intelligence we read here of the Milan committee. God forbid that any Englishman should have employed this Ompteda on so scandalous and abominable an action. Had Brougham's brother entered my house, the interview would have been short, and both standing. I admire the impudence of Wolseley. He attempted to defend the doings of the princess, but never hinted a thought of her innocence when I constantly represented her what all Italy knows her to be, not indeed with legal proofs (such are almost impossible in similar cases), but according to all appearances year after year. Yet if a court of justice called on me to give evidence, I should give my evidence according to the orders and spirit of our laws, and say that, not knowing her guilty, I am not authorised to prejudice her: proofs alone constitute guilt. If you have interest with the editor of the *Courier*, and he admits what is impartial and honest, I should be heartily glad to see inserted in that paper the letter I address to the editor of the *Times*."

In the same letter he describes some of the results of the holy alliance, then in full action on the continent; and says he has been trying his hand against it in an oration written in Italian!

THE MOVEMENT FOR REPRESENTATIVE INSTITUTIONS.

"I am delighted both at the spirit and the wisdom of Spain, Portugal, and Naples. They recur to old and wise institutions, and defeat by this recurrence the madness both of monarchical and democratical ambition. I am printing at Naples a paper to show the present state of representative government. I lay down only two principles: one, that there are no *degrees* of liberty, and that *few* representatives are enough; the other, that whatever nation has really its representatives is free, whatever has not is not. Although I would not, in England, destroy (for I tremble at a void in all things) the house of peers, I would by no means recommend the erection of one where institutions have grown up without it. The senate was the subversion of Rome by its cupidity and injustice; and the

house of lords ruined the English government by its blind acquiescence in the outrages of Charles I. I would wish to see a government where no man or body of men has interests opposite to or beyond the interests of the people. But in politics how many articles of faith ought to be held in secret! I will wait for my sheet of Italian, and send it with the other books. You perhaps will think it intemperate: in England it would be so: but England has a government to defend, Naples is creating one; England is safe and unassailable, Naples is threatened and insecure. Added to which, it is necessary on the continent to warn the representative government and the despotic, and to persuade them, if possible, to form a league for their mutual defence. In your letter you say nothing of your little boy, yet there is no intemperate weather that I do not think of him."

AN OBJECTION TO PETER BELL.

"I received the books about six weeks ago, if my recollection is right, and wrote immediately to Wordsworth a letter of thanks, waiting to hear from you whether I might send the heavy folios. They shall be dispatched by the first English ship from Leghorn. . . . In whatever Wordsworth writes there is admirable poetry; but I wish he had omitted all that precedes 'There was a time' (p. 9) in Peter Bell. The first poet that ever wrote was not a more original poet than he is, and the best is hardly a greater."

One may see a little personal weakness in that objection. A whole half of the famous prologue he would have dropped, and among the lines so condemned are these:

> "Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
> Great Jove is full of stately bowers;
> But these, and all that they contain,
> What are they to that tiny grain,
> That little earth of ours?"

Very much were they still, just now indeed the little earth itself not nearly so much, to a man who lived his life in the remote far more than in the near; whose mind habitually dwelt in those regions of imagination which the homelier poet here designedly had abandoned; who

in his ardour for classic forms was even ready to restrict himself to classic speech; and whose volume of poems and idyls about ancient deities and heroes, composed in one of the languages of antiquity and dispatched to England before that letter was written, reached Keswick almost at the very time when Peter Bell and his adventures with his ass made their entrance into Pisa. Southey was writing at the time the preface to his Vision of Judgment in which he made his onslaught on the satanic school, and a passage from Landor's Latin essay came in with apt enforcement of his bitter charges against Byron.* Yet neither Latin essay nor Latin poems were grateful to him. At both of them, as at his friend's objection to the Wordsworth prologue, he doubtless gravely shook his head, and gave expression once again to his never-ceasing regret that Landor could write so well in a language not comparable to his own.

Some of these matters find allusion in his next letter,

* I will quote the passage. It is interesting in itself; underlying its reference to Byron and his eulogists is an important truth too often disregarded; and it is a good specimen of the style as well as matter of the essay. "Summi poetæ in omni poetarum sæculo viri " fuerunt probi: in nostris id vidimus et videmus; neque alius est " error a veritate longius quàm magna ingenia magnis necessario " corrumpi vitiis. Secundo plerique posthabent primum, hi malignitate, illi ignorantiâ; et quum aliquem inveniunt styli morumque " vitiis notatum, nec inficetum tamen nec in libris edendis parcum, " eum prædicant, stipant, occupant, amplectuntur. Si mores aliquantulum vellet corrigere, si stylum curare paululum, si fervido ingenio " temperare, si moræ tantillum interponere, tum ingens nescio quid " et verè epicum, quadraginta annos natus, procuderet. Ignorant " verò febriculis non indicari vires, impatientiam ab imbecillitate non " differre: ignorant a levi homine et inconstante multa fortasse scribi " posse plusquam mediocria, nihil compositum, arduum, æternum." *Poemata et Inscriptiones* (1847), p. 285–6. The title of the essay Landor changed in the later edition from "De Cultu atque Usu Latini " Sermonis" to "Quæstio quamobrem Poetæ Latini Recentiores minus " legantur."

which bears date the 8th February 1821, and which I shall probably be thanked for not suppressing.

"I have received your Latin volume, and in cutting open the leaves (while the other contents of the parcel are left unexamined) I find my own name mentioned in prose and verse in that manner which brings with it the greatest gratification at present, and will bear with it the greatest weight hereafter.

"I am printing my History of the Peninsular War. And I am endeavouring to find how to send you a poem which will be published in about a fortnight. The title is A Vision of Judgment: the personage brought to judgment is the late king; and the verse is a metre constructed in imitation of the hexameter. The principle of adaptation is, that, as by the Germans, the trochee is used for the spondee; with the farther alteration of employing any foot of one or two or three syllables in the first place in the verse (for the sake of beginning with a short syllable), and occasionally, but with a rarer license, in the second, third, or fourth place. I have satisfied my own ear, and that of every person, learned or unlearned, upon whom the measure has as yet been tried. There is no one of whose opinion I stand so much in doubt as of yours, for you have made yourself 'an an-' tique Roman' in these things: take however the opening of the poem:

' 'Twas at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has adorn'd them
Fade, like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of earth is departed,'
&c.

You have here a sample* of the measure. The poem is long enough for the reader to become accustomed to it, and lose the first sense of its strangeness. It is something more than 600 lines. I expect a hurricane of abuse—hurricane-like, from all quarters; for among the worthies of the late reign I have placed neither Pitt nor Fox. The spirits whom I have confronted with the king are Wilkes, Junius, and Washington. If you can tolerate the measure, the rest will be sufficiently in accord with your feelings. I shall see if I can get a copy sent to you through the Foreign Office.

* Thirty-two lines are thus given; but as they do not differ from the opening of the poem as printed, it was not necessary to repeat them here.

"My family, thank God, are well; but I have recently sustained a great shock in the death of my poor friend Nash, who was with me at Como, and who, at home and abroad, had spent more than one year out of the last four with me. My little boy thrives, and is a fine creature. These are such precarious blessings that I do not inquire concerning yours without some degree of fear.

"Your letter was inserted in the *Times*. Some parts of it you would have altered if you had seen fair statements of the case. The madness is now abating: still, this is the time for the Catholics to attempt the reëstablishment of their religion; for if the people of England choose to have such a queen, they cannot possibly object to the whore of Babylon. Our ministers want decision and firmness, but I believe it is not possible for men to act with better intentions, nor more uprightly. The whigs are acting as basely as they did in the days of Titus Oates. God bless you. R.S."

Landor replied on the 12th of March, and refers to another child, a daughter, recently born to him. This event had been announced to his mother on the 6th of the March preceding (1820) as having taken place at seven o'clock that evening. "It is the custom at Pisa " to carry the children to be baptised the very day of " their birth, but I shall not pay any attention to such " foolery." He delayed it, as we shall see, till after the date of his present letter to Southey.

HIS CHILDREN: MARCH 1821.

"I hear with great delight that your little boy thrives. My two creatures have caught a cough from a servant-maid, but are recovering, dear hearts. I caught it from them."

SOUTHEY'S VISION OF JUDGMENT: GEORGE III, JUNIUS, AND WASHINGTON.

"Your hexameters have sharpened my appetite for the remainder. As I know nothing of German, it is the first time I ever read any, and only remember that you once repeated a single sentence. I am afraid the poetry has made me a convert to the measure. You manage it with wonderful address, and

there is only one verse that I found necessary to read twice: 'For it tells of mortality always,' &c.

"I pitied more sincerely than many of the courtiers the dreadful affliction of the late king, but I never felt much respect or esteem for him: first because he was too prompt in undertaking the American and French war, the one most nefarious, the other most impolitic; and because he pocketed from the duchy of Cornwall the property of his son, and permitted the affair to come before parliament under so shallow a pretext as that of a claim for the expenses of his education. He was also insincere. The marquis of Rockingham told lord Shelburne, lord Shelburne told colonel Barry, and colonel Barry told me, the following anecdote. Lord Rockingham had never been cordially or indeed more than coldly received by him, and was greatly surprised and gratified at a favourable change of manner. A few days afterwards he was deprived of office. He mentioned (I forget to whom) the king's cordiality on such a day, and it was discovered that on *that very morning* it was resolved to deprive him of his place. Parr told me that he had heard the same anecdote, and I think he added from Fox. I believe Junius to be Burke, well knowing the versatility of his style, and observing that neither he nor his friends are mentioned in the letters. The objection that they are too uniformly correct and elegant weighs lightly with me. He had not room for extravagance in the compass of a letter; he was forced into consistency and compactness. It is reported with great confidence that Sir Joshua Reynolds prevailed with him to correct his discourses. Now any one of these is surely worth all the letters of Junius both for materials and workmanship. I tremble at the vicinity of such a rascal as Wilkes to Washington. I believe Washington to excel both in political and military wisdom all men except Gustavus Adolphus. Surely never had human being such difficulties to overcome; and how difficult, how nearly impossible, how utterly so to any but himself, to give ductility to such drossy materials!"

ROMAN CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION AND RADICAL REFORM.

"I entertain no fear whatever that the woman of Cernobbio will introduce her sister of Babylon. That bloated ringdropper, that bastard of milliner and perfumer, has long ago lost her charms for Englishmen. Surely it is absurd to deprive men of a seat in parliament because they believe in transubstantiation.

It is quite enough if they swear that they will obey no person whatever in any act opposing the authority of king and parliament. For my own part I could just as easily believe that I seal this letter with a god, as that I eat and drink one. Now the English Church says that 'the body and blood of Christ are *verily* ' *and indeed* taken in the Lord's supper.' It is childish to draw any line between two absurdities so enormous. I am firmly of opinion that no danger whatever can arise to England from the reception of the Catholics into parliament, nor (however odious the name has become) from a radical reform. In the last years of the war I would have opposed such a measure as strenuously as any of the ministers, knowing the infatuation of some men in favour of Bonaparte, and the indifference of others to any calamity or disgrace that the nation might suffer, provided they could come into the possession of wealth and power. I rejoiced in the battle of Waterloo, but I dreaded from that moment the reaction under which the continent groans. Austria promised to Lombardy a representative government, and Prussia promised it to all the states of that crown. How basely have the people been deceived! Sicily had begun to respire under a liberal government. The king abrogated the whole system. His troops, who saw the good effects of it, no sooner returned into Italy than the whole body of the officers united with those they had lately fought against, and at present there are not ten families in Naples even suspected of any propensity towards despotism."

Orations in Italian against the Holy Alliance.

"I have written three orations exposing the duplicity of the *Alleati Santi* (as the Neapolitans call them), the danger to which all constitutional governments are exposed, and the inexpediency, not to say impossibility, of forming a house of lords. With due praises to the moral character of the English aristocracy, I have remarked that their two most memorable acts are their opposition to the repeal of the slave-trade, and their miserable weakness and indecision in the affair of the queen. I have observed that to form a house of lords materials are required which are not to be found anywhere in Europe out of England, not even in Venice; that they must be of long growth, strong fibre, great girth, and well-seasoned. Much of the two first editions was omitted by a most indiscreet and foolish editor. I have ordered another to be printed, with a third letter. The first edition was distributed gratis; of the second I know no-

thing but its mere existence in the same incomplete form. I was surprised and vexed that the box of books had not left Leghorn, and am now pleased, that I may enclose some copies of this work."

That is one of his works of which there is now no trace, except in passages of his later dialogues; and the letter closes with mention of another of his perished undertakings. Upon the questions of poetry and criticism opened up in Wordsworth's prefaces he had planned a Latin essay supplementary to the treatise prefixed to his Latin poems; and "I have finished," he tells Southey, "my translation of Wordsworth's criticisms, saying in the preface that I had taken whatever I wanted from him, with the same liberty as a son eats and drinks in his father's house . . . I wish," he abruptly adds, "I had some thousand pounds to spare, as I had when the Spaniards rose against Bonaparte, that what I offered to them I might offer to the Neapolitans." The revolt at Naples, it is hardly necessary to add, was but one of the series of demands for representative government that arose in various parts of the continent in that and the preceding year, and to which Landor's sympathy had been eagerly offered in the "orations" composed, printed, and circulated during the last weeks of his residence at Pisa. It was a natural reaction against the repressive system established on the fall of Napoleon, and, though in itself short-lived, was not without permanent results. Very soon thrust down again in Spain, in Portugal, in Naples, in Piedmont, even in Turkey to which the movement had extended, it led directly to the independence of Brazil, to the recognition by England of the South-American republics, and to the Greek revolution. In the excitements caused by these events no man shared more largely than Landor.

VI. On the Way to Florence.

In April 1821, resolved not to pass that summer at Pisa, Landor had come to Florence in search of a house. A letter from his mother had reached him as he started on his journey, and from Florence he answered it. She had told him that there could not now be many more days for her at Ipsley, which would soon have to prepare for its new master. But he says nay to that, and prays that many more summers there may yet be hers.

"The misery of not being able to see you is by far the greatest I have ever suffered. Never shall I forget the thousand acts of kindness and affection I have received from you from my earliest to my latest days. I have deferred the christening of my little daughter because I wished to have one to be named after you, and to whom I might request you to be godmother. As perhaps I may never have another, I shall call my little Julia by the name of Julia Elizabeth Savage Landor, and with your permission will engage some one of Julia's English friends to represent you. This is the first time I was ever a whole day without seeing Arnold. I wonder what his thoughts are upon the occasion. Mine are a great deal more about him than about the house I must look for. He is of all living creatures the most engaging, and already repeats ten of the most beautiful pieces of Italian poetry. The honest priest his master says he is a miracle and a marvel, and exceeds in abilities all he ever saw or heard of. He turns into ridicule every person that speaks bad Italian. What a pity it is that such divine creatures should ever be men and subject to regrets and sorrows! Julia is thin and weak, but is without any particular complaint, and is recommended to change the air for the summer, as Pisa lies low and is abandoned by all the inhabitants in the warm season. There are some Austrians in Florence, but not many. They are a great annoyance wherever they go; in fact, foreign soldiers are nowhere favourites."

Well might he so acknowledge the letter she had written to him, for it told him what the result had been

of her always tender and proud thought of him, as well as of all her prudent savings in the six years that had passed since he quitted England. "Whenever I die "you will find by my will that the arrears which belong "to me from the Llanthony property I have given up "to you, as it may the sooner lessen your embarrass- "ment; and I hope in time you will come and spend "the remainder of your life in this country where you "have many well-wishers, which some time or other "you will be convinced of. By my retired way of "living I have been enabled to provide comfortably for "your sisters; and whenever I leave this world you "will find your property improved by my having kept "all in good repair." She describes the most recent purchases made by her for the various farms, and pleasantly adds: "As I cut no timber for the repairs, I "depend on you, for my sake, not to cut any down, as "the timber is the beauty of Ipsley." This was a point of character with her. Replying afterwards to that Florence letter of his, she hopes the place may suit him better than Pisa; and indeed she thinks it may be a healthy situation enough; but as for beauty, "no "place can be truly beautiful without fine trees, which "I suppose in Italy you seldom see."

Her letters, shrewd in all they observe upon, and homely in most of their applications, are full of character of this kind. Excellent in their descriptions of the country, and models of good sense and cleverness in everything pertaining to the cultivation of her farms, they contain little politics and less literature; yet never anything as to either that her son might not read with a smile. "Doctor Parr," she says in one of them, after describing with a whimsical good-humour the excitement about the queen, "Doctor Parr is made her do-

" mestic chaplain. I think at his time of life he might " have been quiet at home." In another she relates her having met " Mr. Moore the poet, who speaks very " highly of your *Count Julian*, which he had been read- " ing and was quite delighted with." In a third she tells him of the king's death and of the duke of Kent's, reading him a motherly lecture on the fact that the duke's had been caused by " sitting in wet boots and " taking cold." She never names Llanthony as by possibility to be ever his future home, but dwells always upon Ipsley. There is a very pleasing letter where she describes the gardens there and the beauty of them, and in which she hopes, it being so much more retired than Tachbrooke, it will be his residence for a part of every year when he returns. Some of the pictures at Llanthony he had been fondest of, she tells him, had been bought for him by his brother Henry, and they were now placed at Ipsley as heirlooms. " For I do so wish " you, dear Walter," she adds with a touching simplicity, " some time hence to be able to return and find " as much pleasure here as I have done these many " years." That was two years before she announced to him the result of her generous savings; and in the letter of the present year containing it and lately quoted, there is a mention of the last book he had sent over to her which in its homely way might have convinced him, as he was already beginning even to think for himself, that what he gained bore no proportion to what he lost by writing his poetry in the Latin tongue. After telling him that she expects at her age soon to leave the world, that she is now seventy-seven, and had enjoyed health so long she could not expect it much longer, she tells him the book he had sent her had arrived safely, " and is thought by the learned to be

" a very delightful book; but one cannot read it, to " understand it, oneself."

Landor wrote two more letters to Southey before he finally pitched his tent in Florence, and from these the following extracts are given. The "little work" referred to, of which I have found no other existing trace, was a copy in English of his Italian orations against the holy alliance.

MOVEMENT AGAINST THE CONTINENTAL DESPOTISMS: RISING OF THE GREEKS.

" At last the box of books is on its way to England, after a parcel, containing twenty-four volumes, had been robbed from the house at Leghorn to which they were consigned. There were some suspicions as to the thief, and ten of the worst are since discovered. Nistri, who bound them, saw them in a shop at Pisa, too late however to send them with the rest. I have requested Longman to open the box, and to print what I have written on the present state of constitutional governments. The system of Bonaparte seems to be adopted by Russia and Austria; and I am convinced that, unless our government is both more energetic and more liberal, no particle of sound and rational government will remain in Europe. I hope no difference of opinion will prevent Longman from publishing my little work, although a part of its interest may be lost by the sudden change in the affairs of Naples. I distrusted the people in office there; my praises were exhortations. I did not think it proper to omit anything I had written. What is durable may be founded on what is transitory. There are at Pisa nearly two hundred young Greeks studying medicine, or what is called humanity, but mostly medicine. One of these visited me, after reading what I had written on the affairs of Naples, and he alone was intrusted with the secret of the Greek insurrection. I allude to it in a sentence in the second or third part. No other man in Italy knew anything of the design. Few of the Greeks are younger than twenty-five or thirty, and they are remarkably studious. From what I can collect the Greeks were treated by the Turkish government with great humanity and justice, and their impositions were extremely light. Woe betide them if they fall under Austria, Russia, or any other power. I

am told that the people of the Adriatic Islands are extremely discontented under England. I know not how it happens, but England certainly is more hated than any other power, ancient or modern, by her colonies and dependencies. Nothing can exceed the rage of the Italians at what they call the perfidy of England towards Naples. I see no perfidy; I see much cowardice and baseness, and such as will end in war. If Russia is permitted to possess anything either in the Adriatic or Mediterranean, she will be able to turn the balance of power against us in that quarter. And that she would have permitted the aggrandisement of Austria without the certainty of an equivalent is improbable in the last degree. To have permitted this collusion is one among the crimes against humanity which will cause the downfall of England. The people of Tuscany are contented; they live under a mild and most amiable prince. Yet Austria sends 10,000 troops to live at Florence, and the number for all Italy is to be 125,000. Five regiments are enough to keep all Italy in subjection: nothing can exceed the cowardice of this people."

SOUTHEY'S PROPOSED DIALOGUES.

"I have not received your dialogues, which I look for anxiously. We are sailing, I think, in different directions. 'Vela ' dare atque iterare cursus cogor relictos,' by the winds that predominate here. God grant that one or the other of us may be able to do some good. All hope that England can ever be what she was before the administration of Pitt is vain and futile. There never was a time when her inhabitants were more vicious, more unhappy, or more divided. They act with all the folly and desperation of men who have nothing left, neither goods nor credit. Your judgments, formed on the spot, must be more correct than mine. What is going on throughout the continent seems to be intended by Providence for the population of America."

INSECURITY OF LETTERS.

"I am inclined to believe that you have written to me since my last from Pisa, not however without some suspicion that this among others may have miscarried. The Neapolitan war is a sufficient plea for the roguery of certain men here, who indulge their curiosity and malice under the mask of duty. There is not a viler scoundrel than a certain Fossombronio, formerly a

surveyor, now minister of the foreign affairs. I have collected various anecdotes of this fellow, formerly a violent partisan of the French, and among the rest his habit of detaining the letters of those foreigners who, from their acquirements or virtues, may reasonably be suspected of the power and inclination to treat him as he deserves. Remittances from bankers have been detained a month or more at his office."

SUPPRESSION OF HIS ORATIONS AGAINST THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

"Longman has not thought it worth his while to give me any information about the work I sent to be printed. I am very sorry for it, as it contains remarks of great utility and perfect novelty, useful indeed at all times, but most materially so at the present. I am informed that I should have done better if I had sent it to Mawman, who would have executed it gladly."

GEORGE THE FOURTH'S CORONATION.

"I am happy to understand that the coronation has been performed without any popular disturbance. Surely if that woman whom the ministers are pleased to call queen continues to excite disturbances, she will be at last coerced. Were I a magistrate, I should not hesitate to commit her to Bridewell. I hope to hear that you have written an ode on the coronation. In itself a coronation can raise but small enthusiasm in a poet: the circumstances are everything, and never were they so momentous as now."

COURT OF THE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY.

"I cannot sleep for the Greeks. They disturb my rest more than the Sultan's, but with very different sensations. On the news of Bonaparte's death the festivities at court were suspended. His brother-in-law, Borghese, did not however put on mourning. He resides entirely at Florence. The grand duke was persuaded by his ministers to marry the sister of his son's wife, who also was desirous that, if he married anyone, it should be her. She is far from beautiful, and the bridegroom appears melancholy. In fact he loved the duchess of Lucca's daughter, a sweet, amiable, and lovely girl. The ministers must have been fools, or something worse, to persuade him: for neither his son's wife, nor her sister the queen of Spain, has children. Yet they pretended it was to secure the succession in his family, the

hereditary prince being sickly. In fact, it was to secure their own power—the secret of policy in all ministers."

PUBLIC AFFAIRS AND SALARIES IN ENGLAND.

"We have had a few days of intense heat, but, I thank God, it has not affected the children. I wish to hear what you are doing. All the accounts I receive from England are distressing, particularly the report made by the committee of the House of Commons on the state of the landed interest. A reduction is spoken of in the payment of public offices of 15 per cent in the quarter. Now provisions being 15 per cent cheaper than when these places were given, this is no reduction at all. My opinion is that no offices, except the kingly and the judges, should exceed 1500*l.* a year. I would give the chancellor 3000*l.*, the judges 2500*l.* Ambassadors should be chosen from elevated and wealthy men, as elsewhere. That commissaries and consuls should be better paid than admirals and generals would be utterly incredible, if anything like reason were admitted into our expenditure. Farewell, and pray let me hear soon from you. When will Wordsworth publish the remainder of his great poem?"

Before Southey replied on that latter point, Wordsworth had himself answered Landor's question. His letter was dated at the beginning of September 1821, and spoke of both the published and the unpublished portion of his celebrated poem. "The *Excursion* is "proud of your approbation. The *Recluse* has had a "long sleep, save in my thoughts. My manuscripts "are so ill-penned and blurred that they are useless "to all but myself: and at present I cannot face them. "But if my stomach can be preserved in tolerable order, "I hope you will hear of me again, in the character "chosen for the title of that poem." Not simply to tell Landor this, however, but to speak of the Latin poems and dissertation,* and explain why they had not earlier been acknowledged, was the principal intent of Wordsworth's letter. He had been suffering from an

* See ante, pp. 454-5, 468-9.

irritation in his eyes that had disabled him lately from reading and writing, but he had not been unmindful or ungrateful; and, chary as he was of praising even those among contemporary poets who had the strongest claims on his personal regard, we are entitled fairly to accept as of peculiar significance and weight what he now said to Landor of the author of *Gebir* and *Count Julian*.

"It is high time I should thank you for the honour-
" able mention you have made of me. It could not but
" be grateful to me to be praised by a poet *who has*
" *written verses of which I would rather have been the*
" *author than of any produced in our time.* And what
" I now thus write to you I have frequently said to
" many."

Of the Latin poems he afterwards speaks, and, with a simple gravity not unamusing, upholds as a time-honoured custom the habit of writers writing in their native tongue. He had felt himself greatly honoured by the present of Landor's book. "It arrived at a time when
" I had the use of my eyes for reading, and with great
" pleasure did I employ them in the perusal of the dis-
" sertation annexed, which I read several times. The
" poems themselves, however, I have not been able to
" look into, for I was seized with a fit of composition at
" that time, and deferred the pleasure to which they
" invited me till I could give them an undivided atten-
" tion. But alas! the complaint in my eyes, to which
" I have been occasionally subject for several years past,
" suddenly returned; and I have since suffered from it
" as already mentioned." Referring then to the somewhat singular circumstances in which they were living at Rydal Mount, in solitude during nearly nine months of the year, and for the rest in a round of engagements, he says that having nobody near him that reads Latin

he can only speak of the essay from recollection; but Landor will not perhaps feel surprised to be told that he differs in opinion as to the propriety of the Latin language being used by moderns for works of taste and imagination. "Miserable would have been the lot of "Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, if they had preferred "the Latin to their mother tongue (there is, by the by, "a Latin translation of Dante which you do not seem "to know); and what could Milton, who was surely no "mean master of Latin, have made of his *Paradise Lost*, "had that vehicle been employed instead of the lan- "guage of the Thames and Severn! Should we even "admit that all modern dialects are comparatively "changeable, and therefore limited in their efficacy, "may not the sentiment which Milton so pleasingly "expresses when he says he is content to be read in his "native isle only, be extended to durability? and is it "not more desirable to be read with affection and pride "and familiarity for five hundred years by all orders "of minds and all ranks of people, in your native tongue, "than only by a few scattered scholars for the space "of three thousand? My frequent infirmity moreover "gives me an especial right to urge this argument. "Had your Idylliums been in English, I should long "ere this have been as well acquainted with them as "with your *Gebir* and with your other poems; and "now I know not how long they may remain to me a "sealed book."

Particular points in the dissertation then recur to him, as, warned by his failing sight, he proceeds to dictate the remainder of his letter to Mrs. Wordsworth. A hundred things he had met with in it which fell in with his own sentiments and judgments; but there were also many he should like to talk over with Landor. He

thinks the arrangement or "ordonnance" of the essay might be improved; and that several of its separate remarks, though perfectly just, as in particular those upon Virgil, being yet details that obstruct the view of the whole, would perhaps have been better placed in notes or an appendix. "Vincent Bourne surely is not so great "a favourite with you as he ought to be. Though I "acknowledge there is ground for your objection upon "the score of ultra-concinnity (a queer word for a female "pen, Mrs. Wordsworth has boggled at it), yet this ap-"plies only to a certain portion of his longs and shorts. "Are you not also penurious in your praise of Gray? "The fragment at the commencement of his fourth "book in which he laments the death of West, in ca-"dence and sentiment touches me in a manner for which "I am grateful. The first book also of the same poem "appears to me as well executed as anything of that "kind is likely to be. Is not there a speech of Solon "to which the concluding couplet of Gray's sonnet "bears a more pointed resemblance than to any of the "passages you have quoted? He was told not to grieve "for the loss of his son, as tears would be of no avail. "'And for that very reason,' replied he, 'do I weep.'"

Not many days after receiving this letter* Landor had succeeded in settling himself in the Palazzo Medici

* I give its closing sentences. "Were I able to recur to your "book, I should trespass further upon your time, which however "might prove little to your advantage. I saw Mr. Southey yester-"day at his own house. He has not had his usual portion of re-"laxation this summer, and looked, I thought, a little pale in con-"sequence. His little boy is a stout and healthy child, and his other "children have in general good health, though at present a little "relaxed by the few days of extreme heat. With best wishes for "your health and happiness, I remain, my dear sir, most sincerely "yours, WM. WORDSWORTH."

in Florence, and was now to rest awhile from his wanderings. To the cities he has lived in during the six unsettled years, and to incidents not recorded in the letters quoted above, allusions are scattered through his writings that need not here be reproduced. The little children in the cart on the campo santo at Pisa, the dispute about the damp walls in the lodgings at Pistoia, the visit to the palace of the Odeschalchi at Como, will be remembered by readers familiar with the Conversations. Suffice it only to add that Como seems to have been his favourite resting-place before he found his home in Florence, and that with the little turreted city he had associations he was always fond of recalling. There he had received the visits of Southey, of Bekker, and of the brave descendants of the Jovii; there, in talking daily with one of its residents, "the calm philosophical Sironi," he had found what seemed to him no imperfect type of the Roman of antiquity; and there, or as he had made his first journey there, he had seen the most venerable object in the most interesting spot of ancient Italy, the cypress standing on the spot where Hannibal fought his first battle with Scipio. This, he would say, was one of the two things best worth seeing in all the country, the other being the statue at the base of which Cæsar fell.

VII. Retrospect and Prospect: A new Literary Undertaking.

Southey's project of writing a Book of Dialogues, first mentioned not many letters back and since more than once referred to, had confirmed Landor in a project of his own entertained for a longer time. It was not a new thought with him; but the circumstances in

which he now took it up, and the particular form it assumed, had a result very memorable.

The bent of his genius, it is hardly necessary to say, lay in the direction of Dialogue, and the peculiarities of his temperament led him the same way. It was his first design after trial of his strength in *Gebir*. He had projected a series of tragic scenes in his early days of friendship with Mocatta. His *Count Julian* was a succession of dialogues in verse, as was doubtless also the tragedy sacrificed to appease its ill-fortune, *Ferrante and Giulio*.* In his comedy of the *Charitable Dowager* he had given himself the same indulgence in prose. The very form, as of an ancient oration or address in the pnyx or agora, into which he had thrown his recent commentaries on home and foreign politics, whether written in English or Italian, expressed still that direction of his mind. At the bottom of it all was the strong sense of his own individuality which made so large a part of his character, and which he thus with the greatest advantage could bring into play. For the same form of writing most often used to conceal one's personality is also that which may be employed with the greatest success to indulge in peculiarities intensely personal without the ordinary conditions or restraints.

When a man writes a dialogue he has it all to himself, the pro and the con, the argument and the reply. Within the shortest given space of time he may indulge in every possible variety of mood. He may contradict himself every minute. In the same page without any sort of violence the most different shades of sentiment may find expression. Extravagance of statement which in other forms could not be admitted may be freely put forth. Dogmas of every description may

* Ante, pp. 302-3. See also p. 286.

be dealt in, audaciously propounded or passionately opposed, with a result all the livelier in proportion to the mere vehemence expended on them. In no other style of composition is a writer so free from orderly restraints upon opinion, or so absolved from self-control. Better far than any other it adapts itself to eagerness and impatience. Dispensing with preliminaries, the jump *in medias res* may at once be taken safely. That one thing should be unexpectedly laid aside, and another as capriciously taken up, is quite natural to it; the subjects being few that may not permissibly branch off into all the kindred topics connected with them, when the formalities held ordinarily necessary in the higher orders of prose composition have disappeared in the freedom of conversation.

How far such a style or method would be found suitable to the weakness as well as the strength of the character depicted in these pages, the reader has the means of judging. By many it may be thought that I have supplied such means too amply. But if the wish for whose gratification the papers here printed were given me by my old friend was to be complied with at all, I could not consent so to use them as to convey an imperfect or a false impression. Thus far, up to his forty-fifth year, through the full half of a life prolonged far beyond the allotted term, Landor stands before the reader, not perhaps completely yet not partially or unfairly depicted, and in the main by himself. He desired nothing so much as that some record having claim to be remembered of his early intercourse with Southey, and as far as possible of the letters they interchanged, should be made by me; and with the materials afforded I have done my best in such a manner to comply, as, while it satisfied that wish, should do offence as little

to the patience of the living as to the memory of the dead.

Upon the latter point my chief hesitation has been whether it was advisable to revive the Llanthony disputes or to tell again the story of the Bethams. But by omission of the former I should have lost some illustrations of character important in their bearing on the later passages of Landor's career; the other narrative was necessary to explain his sudden exile from England; and in giving effect to his own wish that both should be retained, I have been careful to take no part in the quarrels they involve. Such also would have been to him the course most pleasing; for he was never indifferent to the truth even at the times when he failed with accuracy himself to recollect it, and he thought always he could afford to have it frankly told better than any imperfect or garbled representation of it. I remember his anger at some remarks upon him by Mr. De Quincey in which the "fiery radiations" of his spirit were enlarged upon, and he was described as a man intended by nature to be a leader in storms, a martyr, a national reformer, or an arch-rebel, but whom the accident of possessing too much wealth had turned into a solitary unsympathising exile. Nor was his anger less at reading an anecdote of himself, I think by the same writer, wherein he was said to have sold, out of mere offence at the conduct of some of his tenants, what his ancestors had held as their patrimony for 700 years. In both statements, as in many similar ones made since his death, fact and fiction had become so oddly intermixed as only to be clearly separable by such detail as I have given.

What there is in either that has a bearing on his real character, will be to any who has read these pages

obvious enough; and he would himself have been the last to object to anyone who said of him, that whether better or worse than his fellows it had at least been too much his boast to be other than they. From the days of his boyhood this was his fault. At school, at home, at college, conscious always of powers that doubtless received but scant acknowledgment, he contracted such a habit of looking down upon everybody that he lost altogether the power, which the very wisest may least afford to lose, of occasionally looking down upon himself. Everything was to begin or to be altered anew for him, he was to be more sagacious than his elders, judge better than anybody what was best for himself, indulge unchecked whatever humours pleased him, and, glorying that he was not cast in the mould of other men's opinions, find nothing that it became him to object to in his own provided only they were sufficiently wild, irregular, singular, and extreme. The contradictions in such a character as this, its generous as well as its selfish points, its comic and its tragic incidents, are necessarily marked with more prominence than in the ordinary run of men; and almost everything will depend upon the side you approach it from.*

Those Llanthony disputes it is impossible to review altogether with gravity, though they are a comedy with a very tragical fifth act. But until, by Betham's utter

* "I doubt whether among all your acquaintances," wrote Mr. Robert Landor to me, "you have ever known any two men more "unlike each other than my brother as he appeared when paying "his customary visits to you or Mr. Kenyon, so joyous, so benevolent "then, and as he proved to be in his father's house while young, "or in his own when twenty years older. Where there was no dis- "respect, but only a difference of opinion on some subject of no "consequence whatever, I once heard him tell an old lady (my "father's guest, but in my father's absence) that she was a damned "fool. If you ask why such an anecdote should be related by me,

failure and break-down in his payments, the serious element comes in suddenly, we can only see, in the entire tenor of that life at Llanthony, another phase or development of a career curiously consistent in its inconsistencies. It began with the old difficulty of co-operating in the ordinary way with ordinary human beings. He doubtless had the best designs in the world when he persisted in claiming the right as a grand-juryman to act independently of his fellow jurors in presenting for investigation alleged crimes in no way previously the subject of charge or inquiry; but, in contesting such a claim, his fellow-jurors had common sense as well as custom on their side. Every reason, public and private, supported his demand to be placed in the commission of the peace; but those who had to act with him in such a capacity might not unreasonably object to an impracticable colleague. No one, in short, was half the trouble to him at Llanthony that he began by being to himself. Everything that followed had this for its source. In private and in public affairs his plan of proceeding was on the same eccentric principle of differing as widely as he could from everybody else. He was never beyond the control of the mood that possessed him for the moment; and though it was easy, by humouring this, to continue friendly with him, it was yet easier to quarrel with him by opposing it, in however slight a degree. Of course he began by exhibiting an unwise excess of kindness and concession to

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" I must reply that there may be still living many persons, beyond " his own family, who still remember such, and would contradict " any narrative of yours in which the best qualities were remem- " bered, the worst forgotten." I had not waited for this appeal to resolve, that, if this memoir were written at all, it should contain, as far as might lie within my power, a fair statement of the truth.

Betham. To Southey's friend he could not do less. He never refused him, as he says, any request however unreasonable; he conceded them moreover in that grand style which makes the receiver seem to be conferring the favour; and it was the man's own complaint, when the unreasonableness had arrived at the point of not paying anything he was under obligation to pay, that there was no conceivable indulgence he had not been taught to rely upon at Landor's hands. Then came discovery on both sides; on the one that some rent must be paid or the farms given up, on the other that there was a limit to those wonderful resources of which an impression so boundless had been conveyed; and, in the differences that followed, all the advantage went to the side of him who had the coolness to retain it when it fell to him. It never falls in such cases to the irritable temper and the habit of hasty language, no matter for the consciousness of right that has provoked them, or for the freedom from everything ungenerous that may accompany them.

Nor should this subject be quitted in its connexion with Landor's character without the remark that, when we now look back to the most part of what we find that he intended to do, and measure it by the means that alone he possessed of doing it, absurd as in some respects the impression is, there is yet more in the retrospect to please and to excuse, at times even to excite admiration, than to offend. Few of his infirmities are without something kindly or generous about them; and we are not long in discovering there is nothing so wildly incredible that he will not himself in perfect good faith believe. When he published his first book of poems on quitting Oxford, the profits were to be reserved for a distressed clergyman. When he published his Latin

poems, the poor of Leipsig were to have the sum they realised. When his comedy was ready to be acted, a Spaniard who had sheltered him at Castro was to be made richer by it. When he competed for the prize of the Academy of Stockholm, it was to go to the poor of Sweden. If nobody got anything from any one of these enterprises, the fault at all events was not his. With his extraordinary power of forgetting disappointments, he was as prepared at each successive failure to start afresh as if each had been a triumph. I shall have to delineate this peculiarity as strongly in the last half as in the first half of his life, and it was certainly an amiable one. He was ready at all times to set aside out of his own possessions something for somebody who might please him for the time; and when frailties of temper and tongue are noted, this other eccentricity should not be omitted. He desired eagerly the love as well as the good opinion of those whom for the time he esteemed, and no one was more affectionate while under such influences. It is not a small virtue to feel such genuine pleasure as he always did in giving and receiving pleasure, for one-half cannot be selfish. His generosity, too, was bestowed chiefly on those who could make small acknowledgment in thanks and no return in kind.

The similarity in habits of mind between himself and Southey was pointed out in a previous part of this memoir, and has since had illustration from their correspondence. But it will have been seen that while both have continued to display the same peculiarity of putting in the place of reason their imagination and their passions, and of thinking thus and thus by mere force of their will or pleasure, a wide difference has been declaring itself between the tastes and desires which have thus so largely constituted opinion in each. Lan-

dor's wishes have expanded, while those of Southey have contracted, under the same influences. It was not ill said, by an acute observer who knew them both, that their fault was not that of blindness to the truth so much as that of indifference to give it welcome unless as a discovery or possession of their own; and that, with the possession of what they so desired, satiety ever followed quickly. Napoleon did what they talked, and they hated him. They were themselves ready enough to pull down sovereignties, but for the man who by his own might trampled on the necks of sovereigns they had nothing but contempt and dislike. With some modification this was true, up to Napoleon's fall; but what followed put wide differences between them. Every protest against repression at home, every rising against reaction abroad, had from Landor as hearty a sympathy as it had bitter opposition from Southey. The men had not altered in temperament; but, from altering circumstances, while self-opinion in the one had been opening itself to impressions more permanent and universal, in the other it had narrowed itself more and more to what in his position was merely accidental and personal. The distinction marks what had thus far been Landor's advantage in his exile, in his removal from sordid cares, in his freer observation of the life of the present, and in his less-restricted commerce with the wisdom of the past. It shows also, as to both, that whatever might continue to be their impetuosities of opinion, there was more in Landor than in Southey of a stronger spirit of the understanding to give body and consistency to such better judgments as he might form. He was indeed preparing himself in banishment and adversity for what probably never would have come to him in happier fortune, and the result will soon be seen.

That his opinions were meanwhile separating widely from those of his friend he seems to have been anxious that Southey himself should know. "We are sailing, "I think, in different directions," is his remark in the letter last quoted, making allusion to the dialogues on which both were engaged; and Southey, replying on almost the same day to what he had said in a preceding letter* of the line of argument taken by him against including a house of lords in the constitution he was recommending for the Italians, gave illustration himself of their growing differences. "I have read with "all the attention in my power what you say against a "house of lords. Perhaps the most difficult of all things "is to establish a free government among a people al- "together unused to freedom; and if they are, as in "France and Italy, a corrupt people, the difficulty be- "comes still greater. Where you have a representative "government, two houses have at least the advantage "of interposing delay in times of popular excitement; "they afford something more than an appeal from Phi- "lip drunk to Philip sober. The house of lords, since "its cowardly conduct in the Queen's business, which "indicated the same want of fibre that proved fatal to "it in the days of the Long Parliament, has performed "the service of stopping the question of catholic eman- "cipation after it had passed the commons. This is "the most important act that it has ever performed. "For the sure consequences of that emancipation would "be a religious war in Ireland upon the demand for a "dominant roman-catholic establishment, which is the "next step: and in England, the repeal of the test act; "the intrusion of the dissenters into all corporations, "their predominancy in all town elections, where the

* Ante, p. 473.

"election is not purely popular; the sale of the tithes; "and so, in sure progress through the overthrow of the "church establishment, to general anarchy and spolia-"tion."* To say that upon every allusion here made Landor's views were as extreme in the opposite direction, would express the truth quite moderately.

Nevertheless in essential points of temperament they continued marvellously alike; and pausing thus between the two divisions of Landor's life, in the hope of drawing from what is gone some help to the better understanding of what is to come, there is one subject on which a word may properly be said. Both friends had fallen into a habit of applying heathen doctrines and precedents in a manner alarmingly unsuitable to a christian commonwealth; and we see how often it has gravely recurred that they could hit upon no better remedy than the dagger of Brutus for the treacheries of Ferdinand or the tyrannies of Bonaparte. The same vehement extravagance of speech, for such only it was, both of them indulged to the end; it was a part of the weakness of temperament, of the 'believing without reason and 'hating without provocation,' into which, while as to other subjects time had mollified them, special subjects always betrayed them; yet if Landor's life had been prolonged but a few months, no man, at the murder which then astonished the civilised world and for a time reconciled all opinions, would have been more shocked than he, and no man more indignant to be told that on more than one occasion, without even the poor excuse of the excitement of civil war or of the madness arising

* Southey to Landor: 19 Dec. 1821. This is one of the letters printed in the *Life and Correspondence* (v. 105-107), but the whole of the passage in the text had been suppressed (with many others), and is now printed for the first time.

from political defeat and ruin, he had himself seemed to give his sanction to the same crime. Nor would his indignation have been unreal. A man must be judged, at first, by what he says and does. But with him such extravagance as I have referred to was little more than the habitual indulgence (on such themes) of passionate feelings and language, indecent indeed but utterly purposeless; the mere explosion of wrath provoked by tyranny or cruelty; the irregularities of an overheated steam-engine too weak for its own vapour. It is very certain that no one could detest oppression more truly than Landor did in all seasons and times; and if no one expressed that scorn, that abhorrence of tyranny and fraud, more hastily or more intemperately, all his fire and fury signified really little else than ill-temper too easily provoked. Not to justify or excuse such language, but to explain it, this consideration is urged. If not uniformly placable, Landor was always compassionate. He was tender-hearted rather than bloody-minded at all times, and upon only the most partial acquaintance with his writings could other opinion be formed. A completer knowledge of them would satisfy any one that he had as little real disposition to kill a king as to kill a mouse.

In fact there is not a more marked peculiarity in his genius than the union with its strength of a most uncommon gentleness, and in the personal ways of the man this was equally manifest. When, in the year following that to which this narrative has arrived, Leigh Hunt went to Italy and saw him, he endeavoured to convey the impression produced by so much vehemence of nature joined to such extraordinary delicacy of imagination by likening him to a stormy mountain pine that should produce lilies. "After indulging the partialities

" of his friendships and enmities, and trampling on " kings and ministers, he shall cool himself, like a " Spartan worshipping a moonbeam, in the patient " meekness of Lady Jane Grey." This is anticipating somewhat, for though imaginary conversations in manuscript lie already in his desk, none have as yet emerged from it. But from letters to his family, from papers preserved by him of this date, and from some enclosures in his letters to Southey, I have discovered that this was the precise date of some of the smaller of his poetical pieces which will illustrate the remark just made as well as almost any of his writings.

At Swansea in former years he had made the acquaintance of some ladies of Lord Aylmer's family, one of whom, regarded by him always with a very tender sentiment, went shortly afterwards to India and died suddenly while yet very young.

"Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee."

The deep and tender pathos of that little poem could hardly be surpassed, and in delicacy and sweetness of expression it is perfect. It was first printed ten years after the present date, and has since affected many readers with the same indefinable charm ascribed to it by Charles Lamb in an unpublished letter to Landor of the date of 1832. "Many things I had to say to you " which there was not time for. *One* why should I for- " get? 'Tis for Rose Aylmer, which has a charm I " cannot explain. I lived upon it for weeks."

I subjoin other brief pieces (all of them subsequently printed) from his letters during the first years of his residence in Italy. In some of them we meet again a heroine of former years, as to whom further allusion may be made hereafter; but the passion is now a playful tenderness, and sorrow or reproach has passed into very gentle pathos.

"A provident and wakeful fear
Impels me, while I read, to say,
When Poesy invites, forbear
Sometimes to walk her tempting way:
Readier is she to swell the tear
Than its sharp tinglings to allay."

"No, my own love of other years!
No, it must never be.
Much rests with you that yet endears;
Alas, but what with me?
Could those bright years o'er me revolve,
So gay, o'er you so fair,
The pearl of life we would dissolve,
And each the cup might share.
You show that truth can ne'er decay,
Whatever fate befals;
I, that the myrtle and the bay
Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls."

"Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain;
In this, or in some other spot,
I know they'll shine again."

"My hopes retire; my wishes as before
Struggle to find their resting-place in vain:
The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore;
The shore repels it; it returns again."

"All tender thoughts that e'er possest
The human brain or human breast
Centre in mine for thee . .
Excepting one . . and that must thou
Contribute: come, confer it now:
Grateful I fain would be."

"Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
Over my open volume you will say,
'This man loved *me!*' then rise and trip away."

"Pleasure! why thus desert the heart
In its spring-tide?
I could have seen her, I could part,
And but have sigh'd!

O'er every youthful charm to stray,
To gaze, to touch . .
Pleasure! why take so much away,
Or give so much?"

"*Poet.* Thus do you sit and break the flow'rs
That might have lived a few short hours,
And lived for you! Love, who o'erpowers
My youth and me,
Shows me the petals idly shed,
Shows me my hopes as early dead,
In vain, in vain admonished
By all I see.
Lady. And thus you while the noon away,
Watching me strip my flowers of gay
Apparel, just put on for May,
And soon laid by!
Cannot you teach me one or two
Fine phrases? if you can, pray do,
Since *you* are grown too wise to woo,
To listen I.

Poet. Lady, I come not here to teach,
But learn, the moods of gentle speech;
Alas! too far beyond my reach
Are happier strains.
Many frail leaves shall yet lie pull'd,
Many frail hopes in death-bed lull'd,
Or ere this outcast heart be school'd
By all its pains."

"In Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not cull'd as sweet before:
Ah yes, Lucilla, and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where Pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright:

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone for ever."

"From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down and up again as blithe as ever."

"I often ask upon whose arm she leans,
She whom I dearly love,
And if she visit much the crowded scenes
Where mimic passions move.
There, mighty powers! assert your just control,
Alarm her thoughtless breast,
Breathe soft suspicion o'er her yielding soul,
But never break its rest.
O, let some faithful lover, absent long,
To sudden bliss return;

Then Landor's name shall tremble from her tongue,
Her cheek thro' tears shall burn."

"She leads in solitude her youthful hours,
Her nights are restlessness, her days are pain.
O, when will Health and Pleasure come again,
Adorn her brow and strew her path with flowers,
And wandering wit relume the roseate bowers,
And turn and trifle with his festive train?
Grant me, O, grant this wish, ye heavenly Powers!
All other hope, all other wish, restrain."

At Pistoia he saw the hair of Lucretia Borgia, on which he wrote a quatrain solemn yet fantastic in its beauty as the subject that suggested it.

"Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
And high for adoration; now thou'rt dust:
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,
Calm hair meandering in pellucid gold."

On his way to Florence these were written:

"I leave with unreverted eye the towers
Of Pisa pining o'er her desert stream.
Pleasure (they say) yet lingers in thy bowers,
Florence, thou patriot's sigh, thou poet's dream!

O, could I find thee as thou once wert known,
Thoughtful and lofty, liberal and free!
But the pure Spirit of thy wreck has flown,
And only Pleasure's phantom dwells with thee."

It would be difficult to surpass the delicacy and beauty of writing in all these pieces. If indeed they have here and there a fault, it will be found in something of an *over*-choiceness and conciseness of expression, at times allying itself rather to subtlety of thought than simplicity of sentiment. But for the most part, as even the few thus presented will show, they are both in feeling and style as nearly perfect as such things can be, and the most famous of the short pieces in the Greek Anthology have not a more pervading and indescribable air of re-

finement and grace. Southey had now to confess, jealous as he was of the time given by his friend to composition after the ancient models, that he did not write his own language worse for having become more thoroughly practised in theirs. He told Grosvenor Bedford of Landor's improvement from his years of exile, and that his wonderful genius was freeing itself rapidly from everything harsh or obscure. But he spoke of him still as a man born pre-eminently a poet; and could indeed have had small conception that he was at this moment engaged on any prose literary labour of which the sudden and wide success would go far even to dismiss from men's further remembrance his *Gebir* and his *Julian*. The letter received by Southey immediately before the allusion to the 'dialogues' reached him which is printed in the last section, had enclosed what in especial I suppose to have at this time raised his hope so high for his friend's chances at last of being admitted to the highest rank among poets. This was two dramatic pieces: one taken from the story of Ines de Castro; and the other, under the title of 'Ippolito di Este,' a re-written version of a couple of scenes from his burnt *Ferrante and Giulio*,* out of which one or two brief extracts will not be inappropriate here, as well to justify what Southey built upon it, as for the light it throws upon the other work its author then was busy with.

It has been said of the Imaginary Conversations that it is never possible to read them without feeling that whatever may be their truth to the circumstances and times in which their supposed speakers lived, they are still more true to Landor himself; that we always feel it is he who is speaking; and that he has merely chosen characters whom he considered suitable to de-

* See ante, pp. 302-303.

velope particular phases of his own mind. There is something in this, but it is far from expressing on the particular point all that requires to be said. If the conversations had been only this, they would not have differed in result from the many similar undertakings by writers of that and the preceding century. Their distinction, and their success, was the combination with the intense individuality to which I have alluded at the opening of this section, of some of the subtlest arts of the dramatist and of the highest poetical imagination. So calm a judgment as Julius Hare's found creations in them comparable only to Sophocles or Shakspeare;* and to so keen a criticism as Hazlitt's it appeared that the historical figures they evoked were transfused with nothing short of the very truth and spirit of history itself.† Applied to some few of the conversations neither praise is in excess; and even where, as in by far the greater number, that is said from time to time which the speaker in life would not be likely to have said or to have been in the position to say, the man may thus be forgotten but the character remains. True or false, the character conceived by Landor is in the forms of thought and speech there still. The dramatic conditions continue to be observed. Landor may be discoverable where we ought to be conscious only of Cicero, but it is in a difference between the fact as known to us and the conception formed of it, not in any falsehood to that conception or in any merely personal intrusion. If it had been otherwise, the defect would have shown itself in his poetical as in his prose conversations; and it is to exhibit the same spirit animating both that I now speak of the scenes of *Ferrante and Giulio*. They

* *London Magazine*, ix. 523, 538-9.
† *Edinburgh Review*, March 1824.

are not more perfect than those which accompanied them; but in a brief space they illustrate with surprising force Landor's management of a dialogue bringing the extremes of passion and tenderness into play.

The first scene is in a cathedral, the second in a prison; and the position of the persons introduced in a few words is this. The duke Alfonso and his brother the cardinal have two brothers by their father's side, Ferrante and Giulio, whom they refuse to acknowledge. The duke is jealous of Ferrante's power over his subjects, and the cardinal of his influence over the girl beloved by his eminence himself. The prince is a tyrant of the approved type of mediæval Italy, and the priest very exactly foreshadows Victor Hugo's famous archdeacon. The first scene shows him in the cathedral, maddened by the rejection of his love.

"Surely no air is stirring; every step
Tires me; the columns shake, the ceiling fleets,
The floor beneath me slopes, the altar rises.
Stay! here she stept: what grace! what harmony!
It seem'd that every accent, every note
Of all the choral music, breath'd from her:
From her celestial airiness of form
I could have fancied purer light descended.
Between the pillars, close and wearying,
I watcht her as she went: I had rusht on;
It was too late; yet, when I stopt, I thought
I stopt full soon: I cried, *Is she not there?*
She *had* been: I had seen her shadow burst
The sunbeam as she parted: a strange sound,
A sound that stupefied and not aroused me,
Fill'd all my senses: such was never felt
Save when the sword-girt Angel struck the gate,
And Paradise wail'd loud and closed for ever."

His passion in all its forms only repels its object. Seeing her weep after leaving Ferrante, he builds upon it a kind of hope which she at once destroys, comparing him with the brother that she loves.

"All tears are not for sorrow: many swell
In the warm depths of gratitude and bliss;
But precious over all are those that hang
And tremble at the tale of generous deeds.
These he relates when he might talk, as you do,
Of passion: but he sees my heart, he finds
What fragrance most refreshes it.
How high,
O Heaven! must that man be, who loves, and who
Would still raise others higher than himself
To interest his beloved!
All my soul
Is but one drop from his, and into his
Falls, as earth's dew falls into earth again."

What follows is the dialogue in prison to which I have more especially referred, and in which is expressed what the Italian legend drily tells us, that the cardinal obtained an order from the duke to deprive Ferrante of his eyes because the girl beloved by his eminence had praised the beauty of them. Ferrante had been imprisoned for sanctioning some popular tumult, and his brother Giulio had come to solace him, when the cardinal brother enters suddenly, and after bitter words of reproach and defiance thrusts a paper upon Giulio and goes. Ferrante, ignorant that this paper contains the sentence depriving him of sight, wonders to see Giulio, after glancing at it, rush round "the wide light chamber" in uncontrollable agony.

"*Ferrante.* O my true brother Giulio! why thus hang
Around my neck and pour forth prayers for me?
Where there are priests and kinsmen such as ours,
God hears not, nor is heard. I am prepared
For death.
Giulio. Ah! worse than death may come upon you,
Unless Heaven interpose.
Ferrante. I know the worst,
And bear one comfort in my breast that fire
And steel can ne'er force from it: she I love
Will not be his, but die as she hath lived.
Doubt you? that thus you shake the head and sigh.

Giulio. Far other doubt was mine: even this shall cease.
Ferrante. Speak of it.
Giulio. I must: God pardon me!
Ferrante. Speak on.
Giulio. Have we not dwelt in friendship from our birth,
Told the same courtier the same tale of joy,
And pointed where life's earliest thorn had pierced
Amid the sports of boyhood, ere the heart
Had aught of bitter or unsound within?
Ferrante. We have indeed.
Giulio. Has my advice been ill?
Ferrante. Too often ill observed, but always good.
Giulio. Brother, my words are not what better men
Would speak to you; and yet my love, I think,
Must be more warm than theirs can ever be.
Ferrante. Brother's, friend's, father's, when was it like yours?
Giulio. Which of them ever said what I shall say?
Ferrante. Speak; my desires are kindled, my fears quencht.
Giulio. Do not delay to die, lest crueller
Than common death befall you."

The intensity of anguish in those quiet words could not be surpassed. For dramatic language and expression, in the sense formerly contrasted with stage dialogue,* the scene is indeed a masterpiece. Ferrante cannot yet take in the horrible truth. But gradually as it dawns upon him he loses faith in all things—in everything but her for whose love he is to suffer.

" *Giulio.* Talk not so.
Pity comes down when Hope hath flown away.
Ferrante. Illusion!
Giulio. If it were, which it is not,
Why break with vehement words such sweet illusion?
For were there nought above but empty air,
Nought but the clear blue sky where birds delight,
Soaring o'er myriad worlds of living dust
That roll in columns round the noontide ray,
Your heart would faint amid such solitude,

* See ante, pp. 268-9. I shall be obliged if the reader will alter upon the latter page, 8th line from the bottom, " intermediate stages" to "intermediate steps:" not my excellent printer's error, but entirely my own.

Would shrink in such vacuity: that heart
(Ferrante! can you hide its wants from me?)
Rises and looks around and calls aloud
For some kind Being, some consoling bosom,
Whereon to place its sorrows, and to rest.
Ferrante. *O, that was here* . . I cannot look beyond."

A gleam of hope then suddenly rises. The discontent of the people at Ferrante's imprisonment being heard in a clamour beneath the dungeon window, Giulio passionately urges his brother to show himself to his friends; but the other, knowing that failure will destroy both, invents a reason to evade the risk of sacrificing his brother. The scene closes as the lights approach by which the sentence is to be executed; and, from the brother whose life has been one act of love for him, Ferrante receives the dagger with which he stabs himself. No stage directions are wanted here. Everything is visible to us, as well of the outward form and movement of the speakers as of the soul that throbs and burns beneath.

"*Giulio.* Hark! hear you not the people? to the window!
They shout and clap their hands when they first meet you
After short absence; what shall they do now?
Up! seize the moment; show yourself.
Ferrante. Stay, Giulio!
Draw me not thither; speak not of my wrongs;
I would await but not arouse their vengeance,
And would deserve but court not their applause.
Little of good shall good men hope from them,
Nothing shall wiser.
[*Aside*] O, were he away!
But if I fail, he must die too, being here.
Giulio. Let me call out: they are below the grate;
They would deliver you: try this one chance.
Obdurate! would you hold me down? They're gone!
Ferrante. Giulio, for shame! weep not, or here I stay
And let vile hands deform me.
Giulio. They shall never.
Ferrante. What smoke arises? are there torches under?
Surely the crowd has past: 'tis from the stairs.

Giulio. Anticipate the blow.
Ferrante. One more must grieve!
And will she grieve like you, too tender Giulio!
Turn not away the head, the hand. What hold you?
Give, give it to me. 'Tis keen. They call you forth.
Tell her . . no, say not we shall meet again,
For tears flow always faster at those words . .
May the thought come, but gently, like a dream!"

As a matter of mere literary skill this dialogue deserves careful study. Here no action requires to be written in, no stage-direction to be given, no index or finger-post to be set up, for what the reader seems actually to see with his eyes even before the pain of it touches his heart. The marvel is that a man who could write in this way should have lived considerably beyond the term of middle age without having won for himself any name or reputation in a world to whose good opinion he never was indifferent, even when loudest in professing not to care for it. Some will also think it perhaps the greater marvel that he was now to succeed after failure during all those years, yet without abatement in the smallest particular of the wilfulness, the eccentricity, or the impatience which before had made success so difficult. The scene we have quoted may help us to a brief explanation.

One obvious advantage of his new undertaking was, that, avoiding further competition on a ground now seized and held in absolute possession by Byron, it was to be written in prose; but another and greater consisted in the fact, that while the dialogue-form not only left him scope for humours indulged so long as to have become part of his nature, but brought under some kind of discipline both the strength and weakness that were part of his genius, the general design was at the same time such as to display in their most perfect develop-

ment his choicest accomplishments as a master of style, and his most refined power as a dramatic writer. His five-act dramas had been dialogues, but his dialogues were to be one-act dramas; and, placed in future to a certain extent under dramatic conditions, there was to be hereafter some purpose in even the most violent of the caprices by which he had abused his strength, and in the idlest of the paradoxes on which he had wasted it. For whatever he had yet to say, he was to get appropriate utterance at last; his mind was to find a settled place in which it might rest and expatiate; and his life was not to be a failure altogether.

"I shall rejoice to see your Dialogues," wrote Southey to him in the letter (May 1822) following that just quoted. "Mine are consecutive, and will have "nothing of that dramatic variety of which you will "make the most. My plan grew out of Boethius, "though it has since been so modified that the origin "would not be suspected. The personage who visits "me is Sir Thomas More, as one who recognises in me "some dis-pathies, but more points of agreement. This "age is as climacteric as that in which he lived; and "you see what a canvas I have taken, if I can but fill "up the sketch." It is an ill canvas for dialogue which takes a road so narrow, "where but one goes abreast;" and such was Southey's, as it had been Hurd's and Lyttelton's in similar books; mere monologues cut up into short sentences uttered with equal appropriateness by A and B; the main object being to recommend particular systems or lines of thought, special opinions, or social changes. Far different was Landor's. His plan had taken a range as wide as life and history. All the leading shapes of the past, the most familiar and the most august, were to be called up again. Modes

of thinking the most various and events the most distant, all that had made the greatness or the littleness of mankind, were proposed for his theme. Beside the fires of the present, the ashes of the past were to be rekindled, and to shoot again into warmth and brightness. The scene was to be shifting as life, but continuous as time. Over it were to pass successions of statesmen, lawyers, and churchmen; wits and men of letters; party men, soldiers, and kings; the most tender, delicate, and noble women; figures fresh from the schools of Athens and the courts of Rome; philosophers philosophising and politicians discussing questions of state; poets talking of poetry, men of the world of matters worldly, and English, Italians, or French of their respective literatures and manners.* The very extent of such a design, if success were to be obtained at all, was a security for its fair execution. With a stage so spread before him, whether his immediate purpose were expression of opinion or representation of character, he could hardly help breaking through the "circumscrip-" tion and confine" of his own small round of likings and dislikings. His plan compelled it; and what else it exacted no man living could have supplied so well. The requisites for it were such as no other existing writer possessed in the same degree as he did. Nothing had ever been indifferent to him that affected humanity; poetry and history had delivered up to him their treasures; and the secrets of antiquity were his.

The first beginnings of his enterprise were mentioned to Southey in a letter from Florence of the date of the 9th of March 1822. "It is long ago," he writes,

* If I have here used occasionally an expression to be found in a paper in the *Edinburgh Review* on Landor's collected works, this may perhaps be forgiven, as I wrote that paper.

"since you first told me that you were writing some "dialogues. I began to do the same thing after you, "having formerly written two or three about the time "when the first income-tax was imposed. I have now "written fifteen new ones, throwing into the fire one "between Swift and Sir William Temple, and another "between Addison and Lord Somers; the former be- "cause it was democratical, the latter because it was "composed maliciously, and contained all the inele- "gancies and inaccuracies of style I could collect from "Addison. The number would surpass belief. The "two earlier ones, the first between Lord Grenville "and Burke, the other between Henry the Fourth "and Sir Arnold Savage, were written more than "twenty years ago, which no person would believe of "the former; but I gave the substance of it to Robert "Adair to get inserted in the *Morning Chronicle*, and "a part of it (now omitted) was thought too personal, "and it was refused. I hope your dialogues are printed, "that they may give some credit and fashion to this "manner of composition."

Thus employed, we leave him at the close of the first half of his life happier upon the whole than he has been since its outset in the Tenby and Swansea days, with a better outlet than has yet been open for his powers and faculties, and with even a little gleam of sunshine, from his mother's care and sacrifices, again lighting up his personal fortune. In the letter to Southey just quoted he tells him of his hope to be able, some day soon, to fix himself permanently, not in Florence itself, but in a villa in its neighbourhood; and he says that he shall add a garden to it by converting a vineyard into one, which "I cannot do unless I pur- "chase it; and (a thing I never expected) this too is in

"my power." Another thing as unlooked-for he was soon also to find within his power. He never expected that, if any considerable number of people were found to praise or admire him, he should be able to entertain other than a mean opinion of himself; and of this excuse for every eccentricity, this foolish principle which has dominated over so much of his past life, he will very shortly be deprived. He will discover that when people praise him they do not necessarily lower him to their level; that they do not prove him to be, for that reason, only so much more like themselves; and that it is not therefore essentially a base or unworthy thing to desire or to deserve, nay even in some small degree to obtain, popularity. We may not be sanguine indeed that this wiser experience will be permanent, or that old errors and extravagances will not still be abundant; but the promise is fairer than it has been, and from the last half of Landor's life there is at least the prospect of better results than have attended the years that are gone.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

ROBSON AND SON, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

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LONDON: ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016